

# MUSEUM

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

MAY, 1831.

### BELZONI.\*

GIAMBATTISTA (John Baptist) BELZONI was born at Padua, and educated at Rome. He was destined for the monastic life, but left the city when it was occupied by the French armies, and, in 1803, went to England, where he acted the parts of Apollo and Hercules, at Astley's Amphitheatre. Here he acquired, besides an acquaintance with the English language, much knowledge of the science of hydraulics, the study of which had been his chief occupation in Rome, and which afterwards carried him to Egypt. He left England, after a residence of nine years, accompanied by his wife, who faced the Arabs with the courage of an Amazon,) and took his way through Portugal, Spain and Malta, to Egypt. There he lived from 1815 to 1819, at first as a dancer, till he won the favor of the Pacha, who made use of his services. Belzoni, though often alone amidst the rude inhabitants of the country, kept them in awe by his extraordinary stature and strength. He succeeded in opening, not only the pyramid in Gheza, which had been already opened in the 17th century, by Pietro della Valle, and to which the French, during their expedition to Egypt, could not find the entrance, but also, a second, known by the name of Cephrenes, and several catacombs near Thebes, especially one, in a fine state of preservation, in the valley of Bibon el Molook, which is considered to be the mausoleum of Psammis (400 B. C.) The drawing which he has finished of these antiquities are the most exact which we possess. In the year 1816 his perseverance and skill succeeded in transporting the bust of Jupiter Memnon, together with a sarcophagus of alabaster, found in the catacombs, from Thebes to Alexandria, from whence they come to the British museum. On the 1st of August 1817, he opened the temple of Ipsambal, near the second cataract of the Nile, which two Frenchmen, Cailliaud

and Drovetti, (the French consul-general,) had discovered the year before, but had not succeeded in opening: Belzoni discovered a subterraneous temple in its ruins, which, until that time, had been unknown. He then visited the coasts of the Red Sea, and the city of Berenice, and made an expedition into the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. His journey to Berenice was rewarded by the discovery of the emerald mines of Zuhara. Belzoni refuted Cailliaud's assertion that he had found the famous Berenice, the great emporium of Europe and India, by subsequent investigations on the spot, and by the actual discovery of the ruins of that great city, four days journey from the place which Cailliaud had taken for Berenice. Belzoni's narrative of the operations and recent discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia; and of a journey to the coast of the Red Sea, in search of Berenice; also of another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon (London, 1820); accompanied with a folio vol. of 44 plates; was received with general approbation. Padua, his native city, requited his present of two Egyptian statues from Thebes, with a medal by Manfredini. In the year 1823 this enterprising traveller had made preparations for passing from Benin to Houssa and Timbuctoo, when he died at Gato, on his way to Benin, December, 3, 1823. He believed the Nile and the Niger to be different streams, and that the Niger empties its waters into the Atlantic Ocean.

From the Westminster Review.

### CHARACTER OF GEORGE IV.\*

Of the above compilations the first is an unpretending narration, composed chiefly of newspaper details of birth-day balls, and levees, reviews, processions, and other pageants, interspersed with notices of the birth of one royal person, the death of another, and meager accounts of various political events, that took place in the late King's life. The second work is ambitiously written. The author as-

\* The plate on the opposite page, is by Keenan, a promising young artist, several of whose engravings—"The Fisherman leaving home"—"The Princess Victoria," &c. have already appeared in the Museum. The style is new, and we believe that the present plate is the first which has been executed in this country.—Ed. Mus.

Museum.—Vol. XVIII.

\* 1. George IV., Memoirs of his Life and Reign, &c. By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. London, 1830.  
2. Life and Times of George IV., &c. By the Rev. Geo. Croly, A. M. London, 1830.

sumes a very high tone, and evidently considers himself a very fine writer. His production, however, and that of his more modest compeer, are both below mediocrity. We dismiss them, therefore, without further comment as to their general merits.

The purpose of the present article is to attempt an estimation of the character of George IV.; to learn what that character really was, and the degree of respect to which it is properly entitled. An inquiry into the manner by which his character, whatever it may have been, was produced, forms no part of our present plan: that inquiry is connected with questions of high political importance, which cannot be discussed in the form of incidental topics. Let us learn what the man's character was, and leave it to others to determine whether it be wise to place a human being in a situation which will almost necessarily produce it.

It must be carefully kept in mind, that the object proposed is to estimate the character of George IV., and not George IV. himself. It is one thing to form our judgment of the man, it is another to determine whether the class of mind, intellectual and moral which he possessed, was such as it were desirable that all men should possess. The latter is the object now in view.

It is obvious that no judgment as to a man's character can be framed without reference to his acts; we must, therefore, discuss the acts of the late King, and names must be employed to distinguish the degree of praise or blame to which they are entitled.—It must be recollected, however, that these names are used to characterize the acts, and are not used as applicable to the individual who performed them. To determine in what degree he deserves approbation or reproach in consequence of having performed them, is another, and totally distinct consideration, which we at present are not called upon to entertain.

A man who by his situation is called into public life, has of necessity a public and a private character; an estimate of his character as a whole must be framed on a consideration of both the one portion and the other. It will be requisite, therefore, in discussing that of the late King, to view him in his private life, and in his official capacity.

In the performance of this task, the late King will be considered as completely matter of history. The opinions about to be expressed, will be stated with the same freedom and unreserve, as would be observed were a despotic Henry, or a rapacious Charles the subject of observation. The late King, as much as they, has now become the legitimate theme of the historian; and respecting him, as respecting every other historical personage, truth and freedom of speech are undeserving of reproach. If it be requisite, that the history of mankind should be correctly told, it is absolutely necessary that contemporaneous history and contemporaneous opinions should exist; and also, that

such history should be complete, and such opinions unreserved. We must not wait until time shall have effaced all traces of those minute but important events, the history of which is whispered from one man to another; but which few are bold enough to write. If it be wished that history should be the faithful chronicle of the times, these fleeting evidences should be seized on, and the various opinions which resulted from them, should also be eagerly sought after. It is well known, that contemporaneous opinions respecting the character of public men are often founded on evidence not to be found in books; but which lives in conversation alone. It is also known, that in the vast majority of instances, such opinions are well founded, though not apparently justified by those acts which are consigned to written records. Every contemporary opinion is a piece of evidence—and as such ought freely to be admitted. Who is there that does not desire that such opinions could be obtained respecting every character which has influenced in any degree the destinies of mankind? Who is there, that does not, for example, deem the private letters of Cicero, the most important fragment of Roman History? And why, but because they are the undisguised opinions of a contemporary? To make such opinions, and contemporary history to the greatest degree trustworthy, perfect license ought to be permitted, and unreserved discussion willingly allowed. Moreover, the characters of public persons, persons intrusted with power over mankind, are of right the property of mankind. Intrusted with command, and calling on the people to obey and respect them, they should be fully open to public animadversion, so that men should know those in whom they have confided, and should thoroughly understand the worth for which their respect is demanded. At no time is such animadversion so desirable, as when based upon the fullest evidence; at no time can evidence so complete be obtained, as during the lives of living witnesses. If these observations be correct, and if the character of the late King is at any period to be discussed, this above all others is the period for thoroughly investigating it. Acting on this opinion, we proceed to our task without further observation on the perfect unreserve with which it will be performed.

The King's first appearance in the world of fashion was in the character of a lover. At the age of eighteen, in the very flush of boyhood, with all the warm feelings he ever possessed, then it may be supposed in their very spring-tide, he became enamoured, or fancied himself enamoured of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Robinson. As this transaction is remarkable on many accounts, it deserves to be particularly described.

Mrs. Robinson, as is well known, was a handsome and talented actress. Her husband being unwilling, or unable to provide for her, she was compelled to obtain her own livelihood;

young and inexperienced, she went upon the stage, to be assailed by every temptation which wealth and art could command. She, more than other women, was destined to a trying ordeal. The Prince of Wales saw and admired her; but being a sort of prisoner at Kew, could not sue in person. A Prince of Wales, however, has means beyond most men; he obtained as his go-betweens Lord Malden, and, as is sometimes asserted, the celebrated Charles James Fox. These persons were of such supereminent loyalty, that they deemed it their duty to pander to the appetites of the Heir Apparent. Having full powers to treat, they entered into negotiations with the lady, who, captivated by the glittering prize held out to her, in due form and time acceded to the wishes of her royal lover as expressed by his right honourable diplomats. The connexion continued, until the Prince grew tired; he then cast off the woman of whom he had deemed himself so rapturously enamoured, without explanation, and with insult, almost amounting to brutality. He left her without a provision, until one was actually wrung from him; and even then the small stipend nominally allowed, was never regularly paid.

This transaction gave earnest of a character which the King's after-life but too well verified.

At an age when generous feelings are usually predominant, we find him absorbed by an all-engrossing selfishness; not merely careless of the feelings of others, but indulging in wanton cruelty. The forming such a connexion was not then, is not now, deemed in the class to which he belonged, any other than a very venial offence: no inference, therefore, can be drawn from its existence, which necessarily would lead to an unfavourable opinion respecting the tone and character of his mind. But what can be said of the state of that man's mind, who in youth can be cruelly insulting to the first object of his affections? The connexion between the Prince and Mrs. Robinson had been attended with some degree of romance—it took not the character of coarse sensuality. The parties were young—they were educated; elegant in their tastes—and on one side at least, perhaps on both, there was much personal beauty. All these things tended to make the affair one rather of sentiment than mere animal passion. Allowing that these connexions are from their nature doomed to be short-lived; attaching no blame to the Prince for changing his mind, and growing tired of his beloved; what mode we ask would have been adopted by one of generous feeling, one alive to the pains and pleasures of others, to break off this connexion? There is no man of a refined, delicate, and generous mind, who can regard with peculiar and strong emotion the woman with whom he first fancied himself in love. Let his love wear away, let him even become attached to another, still this first emotion has left traces in his mind, which time

and succeeding emotions cannot efface. We may suppose, then, that a man endued with such feelings, would be careful, although the first fervour of his love were abated, so to put an end to the connexion, that no unnecessary pain should be inflicted on her who had once been the object of his affections and the loved participator in his most exquisite delights—he would be solicitous to soften the misery of separation; to soothe her wounded self-love; to allay the bitterness of disappointed hope—and above all he would have endeavoured to shield her from want hereafter. A generous-hearted boy would have done this—and we should have augured well of the future man in consequence of such kindness. But he who when the fit was over insulted his poor mistress—who, concentrating his considerations wholly on himself, forgot her and her wants—who without a thought, without a pang, let her fall from affluence to poverty—who when his own purpose was obtained, without explanation, with brutal abruptness left her at once and for ever—he who does this, and does it being yet a very boy, gives earnest of a heartless, selfish, reckless man. It will be hereafter seen if the sequel belied the commencement.

We cannot here avoid remarking on another portion of this affair. England is the land of decorum; her high places are the abodes and fastnesses of supereminent and canting decency and religion. They who are dissatisfied with the constitution of this country, are overwhelmed with every epithet which our language affords, expressive of an absence of decency, of an absence of good taste, of an absence of religion. We beg to ask what in the highest classes of society in this country, what among our well conditioned prelates, among our elegant and delicate and high-bred women, our high-minded and independent gentry, was, and is, the feeling with respect to the part which Lord Malden and Mr. Fox are reported to have taken in this affair? We are told of the dreadful effects of republican and levelling institutions—one effect is usually forgotten, (perhaps not forgotten, though never specified,) the higher classes would in virtue be raised to the level of the other portions of the community. Does any one believe, that in republican America a great statesman and a senator could be found to play the pander for any young man? There are many who would rank the name of Fox with that of Washington and Jefferson. Is there any one who for an instant, without shame at the libel his thoughts implied, could fancy Washington or Jefferson degraded to the occupation of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox? But where is it that such degradation flourishes, where is it that this outrage against decorum, against the outward doctrines of morality, of religion, is permitted, nay sanctioned? Why in England: amidst the most decorous classes, and by the censorious aristocracy themselves. The Reverend biographer of the late King has totally omitted any men-

tion of this proceeding—his mind was of too delicate a class to be employed in relating “those early errors into which he (the King) was drawn by the strong temptations that beset a Prince.”—Such are his notions respecting the duty of an historian! Would the same delicacy have been displayed, had the subject of his memoirs been less than a Prince; had he been marked out for vituperation, instead of fulsome eulogy? Such, however, is the convenient mode by which in this decorous land, offences against all the canons of their morality, when committed by the powerful, are glossed over and forgotten.

The next circumstance which calls for consideration, as indicative of the general character of the late King's mind, is the conduct he pursued on his marriage. For the better understanding the moral of this affair, it is requisite to consider the various parties as private individuals; to judge them by the rules we should employ in estimating the conduct of persons of our own condition in life. So long as they are placed at a distance, and invested with the trappings of royalty, we shall be led involuntarily to consider them a different order of beings, endowed with different feelings, and subject to different laws from those which we ourselves acknowledge. Let us then suppose a young man in ordinary life indulging in every species of extravagance, and so pressed by his debts, as to be ready to take any desperate course to escape from them. He applies to his father for assistance. The father's answer is, “marry, and you shall be freed from your difficulties.” At this period the young man, besides other indulgences, permits himself the luxury of two mistresses. In spite of the blandishments of these ladies, in spite of the love of what he terms liberty, the debts drive him to marriage. A wife is found and proposed to him—he accepts her. She is young, a stranger: about to be separated from her family, and to confide herself and her happiness to the guardianship of one whom she supposes to be a high-minded gentleman. It is requisite that this young and comparatively helpless stranger should be escorted to the house of her future husband, and that when there she should have a number of female attendants. What would be said of any man in private life, who should choose for the escort of his bride one of his former mistresses; who should place that mistress as an attendant on his young wife; should point her out as a sort of instructor in the ways of her newly-acquired country? Besides having one mistress under the same roof with his wife, besides placing that mistress at his wife's table, he renews his former connexion with his second mistress, provides her with a splendid establishment, and for this second mistress completely separates himself within a few months after his marriage from the poor young woman, whom for his own selfish purposes he had made his wife. He does this on no pretext, but that of his own

wishes. He does it openly and totally regardless of the misery he creates in the bosom of his innocent and cruelly-neglected wife. Now let it be remarked that any man who had acted thus in private life would have been hooted out of society, while there are few epithets expressive of disgust and abhorrence, that would not have been used to characterize his conduct. It is customary to admit without dispute the claim that is generally made to politeness, as a quality peculiarly remarkable in the character of the late King. They who make the claim, and they who admit it, seem to have strange opinions on the subject of politeness. If the term be used merely to signify grace in making a bow, knowledge of the petty observances in fashionable life which mean nothing, but are employed only as a species of free-masonry to distinguish those who belong to the class, possibly, though here we are inclined to doubt, the King might have been polite—but if by politeness is meant carefulness to render one another happy, in as far as petty observances and little services in society permit, if we mean watchfulness not to wound the feelings of others, an ever-wakeful desire to lend an aid to those who need it, to shield the weak, to gratify the wishes, to study the convenience, and to soothe the petty misfortunes of others; in short if by politeness is intended a wish to make, and the making, the intercourse of life in as far as we are able a means of happiness, then it may be boldly asserted the late King was not polite. To be polite in this sense, a man must to a great degree cease to be selfish, but no act of the King's life seems to have been guided by any principle but that of self-gratification—and to such lengths did this principle lead him, that in boyhood it made him brutal to his mistress; in manhood forgetful even of common decency to his wife. One of the grand tests ordinarily used to distinguish a polite and courteous gentleman is his treatment of women. But it is not merely in mannerly courtesy that he is distinguished—a thousand observances of idle respect and mocking deference will not atone for one insult, one act of ungenerous, wanton forgetfulness. What artificial courtesy could so well distinguish the character of a man's mind, could so well lay bare his real feelings, and mark the worth of his so-styled polite observance, as the cruel insult, nay brutality of making a strumpet the companion of his wife? ‘Tis strange that such things should be before the public, and at the same time, that nauseous panegyrics respecting the “finest gentleman in Europe” should be a moment tolerated. Excusing for an instant his neglect of his wife, excusing his making her a sacrifice to his convenience, excusing his having two mistresses and his not discarding those mistresses, but superadding a wife to his establishment—waiving all mention of these grave delinquencies, why, it may be asked, not treat that wife with decent respect? Why make his house a brothel, and put his



young wife into it? Why, if his own extravagancies led him to marry, should he make his wife bear all the inconveniences and miseries of the union?—A generous man would have said, “my own folly has led me to this painful situation—it is but just, therefore, that I should bear the burthen—the union is not agreeable to me, but nevertheless I alone ought to suffer the misery resulting from it, thus paying the price of my own folly and extravagance. Others, and those innocent, ought not to be punished for my misdeeds.” He would consequently have lived in harmony with his wife and behaved to her with kindness and respect. If his love for his mistress had been too strong to be resisted, one commonly careful, one but ordinarily alive to the feelings of others—would at least have practised secrecy and decorum in the illicit connexion: thus shielding his poor wife from the misery of knowing his criminal faithlessness. But no, such was not the mode in which the Prince was accustomed to reason. Self was his god, and self alone he worshipped. It was convenient to have his mistress in his own house, therefore he had her there. It would have required care and some little trouble to have practised secrecy, therefore he blazoned his neglect. It was gratifying to his vanity to have a dashing establishment for his second mistress, Mrs. Fitzherbert—therefore he had one. But let any father put the question to himself—“what would be my feelings if my daughter were treated thus? What should I say of him, being of my own rank in life, who thus cruelly neglected and wantonly insulted her?” If the conduct be revolting in private life, by what art can it be extenuated, when the parties are a Prince and Princess. If the daughter of a private gentleman, if the daughter of a peasant would be sheltered from such treatment by the indignant voice of public opinion, is there any reason why the daughter of a Duke should not be equally defended? If the rude hind, who should have been equally reckless in his behaviour, would have been visited by the execration of his people, what is the circumstance which exonerates the conduct of a Prince from equal animadversion?

Amidst these grave evidences of an all-absorbing selfishness, another may be adduced of an equally striking, though much lighter character. The evil here fell indeed upon an insect, a court beau, and thus it is difficult to feel much sympathy with the sufferer; still it is instructive to remark the nature of him who could treat even an insect thus cruelly. We allude to the well-known story of beau Brummell. Brummell had been the Prince's favourite, he lived upon his royal patron's smiles—had been indulged by him, had been privileged to use many familiarities, and enjoyed much the same sort of license as that allowed in earlier times to the royal fool. In an evil hour the beau trespassed beyond the mystic boundary with which his patron chose to be surround-

ed; and was for ever banished from the royal presence. There is something inexpressibly little in this mighty, long-enduring anger of the Prince of Wales. It shews however the character of his mind, and his exquisite sensibility when he himself was concerned.\* The silly courtier had said, “Wales, ring the bell.” The royal Prince's dignity was so injured by this sally, that forgiveness was impossible. The same man who without scruple had subjected his wife to the insult of having her husband's mistress at her own table, felt himself wounded to the soul when a poor parasite became too familiar. A few months since, the newspapers announced with becoming eulogy, that the King hearing that Brummell was starving on the continent, made him consul for some foreign port. This was mentioned as an amiable trait. “The King it was said “does not forget old friends.” Thus is the name of friendship prostituted! For a trifling folly you chase your friend from your presence—you forget his very existence for something approaching to a quarter of a century, and then by accident hearing that he was starving, you give him two hundred a year out of the pockets of the people, for filling a situation, the duties of which he is totally unfit to perform!

The fate of Sheridan is another exemplification of the character of the King's friendship. While of service, Sheridan was the friend of the Prince; when the Prince became Regent, Sheridan was no longer of use, therefore he was discarded. He was now no longer needed to fight the battles of His Royal Highness in Parliament, since money was to be obtained in a different way than by opposing the Ministry. Besides, to get rid of Whig associates now became desirable. As is well known, the Prince did get rid of them without scruple; his former connexions were cast off and totally forgotten. Among these the case of Sheridan was peculiar. He had been the *private* as well as the public friend of the Prince: he had laboured for him in his most intimate concerns; he had been intrusted in the most delicate and difficult private negotiations, and had proved himself a steady, and, to the Prince, an honest adherent. Yet this man, thus tried, was discarded without a pang, without a scruple, when no longer needed by the Prince, who “never forgot old friends.” Let it not be supposed that any apology is here offered for Sheridan. His character is indeed no subject of admiration: the public voice has long since consigned it to a merited obloquy. But for the Prince this is no excuse: to him, Sheridan had been a faithful friend, and had claims which a generous spirit could never have for-

\* The haughty, over-bearing *arrogant* behaviour of the Prince in private life, makes Mirabeau's sarcastic description of the Duke of York, applicable to his brother. “Pour moi je lui trouve toute l'allure d'un prince Allemand double d'insolence Anglaise, mais depourvue de la libre cordialité de cette nation.”

gotten. The punishment inflicted upon Sheridan, was such as all men deserve who make personal considerations the guide of their political career. He who inflicted that punishment, however, is entitled to no applause, but adds another stain to his tarnished reputation even by the very good effected.

These instances of selfishness, and flagrant opposition to the dictates of common decency, are usually avoided (to use a law phrase) by declarations respecting the general spirit of benevolence which characterized the late King: his spirit of benevolence being inferred from the numerous acts of public charity which he is known to have performed.

To judge correctly of a man's benevolence, it is necessary to know the amount of the sacrifice of personal advantage induced by the charitable act. A person of very moderate means, sees a case of distress and is desirous of relieving it. His moderate means restrain him: to carry into effect his charitable wishes, he must not only forego many pleasures, but absolute necessities. In spite of the great sacrifice of personal convenience and comfort, he relieves the distress: this is evidence of great benevolence of spirit. One twenty times as rich as he sees the same object; out of his carriage window, without one atom of sacrifice, he throws twice the sum given by his poor benevolent neighbour. Is he twice as benevolent? Can we conclude that he is benevolent but in a very moderate degree from this act? So with His Majesty's donations. He sends a thousand pounds to the poor weavers at Spitalfields. The act is extolled to the skies: but does any one believe that the King sacrificed ought by this act of ostentatious charity? Did one wish go ungratified in consequence? Did one bauble go unpurchased? Was one idle whim unsatisfied? Was there a statue less on Buckingham-house? A facing the less on the dress of the guards? A race-horse the less in the royal stables? We know well there was none of this. Where, then, was the charity? During the late King's life, the people of this country, at various periods, suffered grievously from want. Thousands died of starvation, and millions lingered out their lives in hopeless, direful penury. Much of this want was supposed to arise from the wasteful extravagances of the government. Did the Prince unnecessarily increase an already lavish expenditure, or did he, guided by that spirit of benevolence so vehemently insisted on, diminish in as far as his personal expenditure was concerned, the sum torn from the people? The answer to this question will be found highly instructive.

From July 1783 to July 1786, the sums expended by the Prince were as follows:—

#### Debts.

Bonds and Debts . . . . .	£13,000
Purchase of horses . . . . .	4,000
Expenses of Carlton House . . . . .	53,000
Tradesmen's bills . . . . .	90,804
	<hr/> 160,804

#### Expenses paid.

Household, &c. . . . .	£29,277
Privy Purse . . . . .	16,050
Payments made by Col. Hotham . . . . .	37,203
Other Extraordinaries . . . . .	11,406
Salaries . . . . .	54,734
Stables . . . . .	37,919
Mr. Robinson's . . . . .	7,059
	<hr/> 193,648

Total £354,452

In three years he thus expended £160,804 more than his income. When his first establishment was formed, £50,000 per annum were allowed him, besides the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, amounting to £13,000 per annum, and £100,000 for outfit. This was not sufficient: £160,000 was in three years added in the shape of debts. This would suffice to make many displays of charity, even at the rate of that so generously bestowed on the Spitalfields weavers. There is yet more to be added: the King, his father, after the year 1783, granted him £10,000 per annum in addition to his income. In spite of this, in 1795, on his marriage, came forth another estimate of debts, amounting to the enormous sum of £642,890. 4s. 4d. The spirit of benevolence must have been weak in the royal breast, since it permitted the Prince to wring from a suffering people this extraordinary expenditure, to be lavished in worthless amusements, in degrading pursuits, and often criminal indulgences. What could he, what did he offer in return for this extravagant waste? What benefit did he produce? What service did he render? Had he ought in his own bosom to justify this flinging away of other men's wealth; could he say, I have done this good, I have performed that service—I am being paid for my labours, am enjoying the reward of the many good deeds I have performed for my country? Truth would have held another language: she would have bade him say—"I am a burthen to the people: at their hands I deserve nothing. I am an idler, a spendthrift, a follower after debasing pleasures; my hours are spent in riot and debauchery, in drinking, in horse-racing, in visiting prize-fights, in gaming; I spend what I have never earned; I am lavish of other men's gains; and, careless of their misery, indulge in wild and reckless extravagance." "Quæ Charybdis tam vorax? Charybdis dico? quæ si fuit, fuit animal unum; Oceanus (medius fidius) vix videtur tot res \* \* \* tam cito absorbere potuisse. Nihil erat clausum, nihil obsignatum, nihil scriptum. Apothecæ totæ nequissimis hominibus condonabantur: alia mimi rapiébant, alia mimm; domus erat aliatoribus reperta, plena ebriorum: totos dies potabatur, atque id locis pluribus: suggerebantur etiam sæpe (non enim semper ipse felix) damna aleatoria. \* \* Quamobrem desinite mirari hæc tam celeriter

esse consumpta. Non modo unius patrimonium, quamvis amplum (ut illud fuit) sed urbes, et regna, celeriter tanta nequitia devorare potuisset."

Hitherto the character that we are examining has offered few attractive qualities. The sequel if possible is of a still graver complexion.

The passion of the Prince for horse-racing led to exceedingly disagreeable results: in consequence of certain transactions respecting a race in which he was concerned, he thought fit to retire from the turf; other versions of the same story, say that he was expelled. The reverend biographer of his Majesty touches this affair with a very delicate hand; making the dispute arise solely out of the conduct of a jockey, and describing the Prince as indignantly retiring in consequence of the ill-treatment of his servant. Other accounts give a different complexion to the matter. The jockey was accused of fraud of some sort, and whatever the imputation was, it extended also to the jockey's master. Rumour says, that on the night previous to the race some person obtained an entrance to the stable of the favourite, and gave him a pail of water. The horse in consequence lost the race. The Jockey Club, whatever might have been the offence, decided against the jockey, and it is often asserted, cast blame at the same time upon the Prince. It is well known that the Prince was openly insulted in consequence of this transaction, a threat being expressed that his rank alone shielded him from personal chastisement. That the Prince was suspected by some of being a participator in the fraud is certain, that such suspicion was openly avowed is equally certain. It is reported, though for the truth of the report we would not pledge ourselves, that the Prince was expelled in consequence from the Jockey Club. A slur was evidently cast upon his character, which neither he nor others have even yet effaced. Retiring in indignation was no satisfactory answer—men seldom flying to their dignity for support, until most other defences have failed.

The public papers teemed with accounts of the transaction, and the following extracts from letters and pamphlets of the time, mark that an opinion was abroad unfavourable to His Royal Highness. In a letter published in the "World," December, 1791, the writer says, "It was he ALONE who absorbed the guilt and infamy of the transaction; he alone sustains the odium; for his situation in life deprives him of the poor and sorry consolation of an associate in the crime laid to his charge. Were there a thousand accessaries he would eclipse them all: he alone would be considered as the principal, and stand alone exposed to public censure and derision; for who among the most necessitous and profligate of his pretended friends would have presumed to suggest so foul, so iniquitous, an expedient; and he that gave that advice will he have the effrontery to

avow it? I am positive he will not, though it were to screen the deluded youth from reproach and ignominy. The fraud was no sooner committed, than it blazed forth in all its turpitude: vice felt herself honoured by the audacity, as well as by the atrociousness of the trick, and gloried in what has been matter of profound grief and astonishment to every virtuous mind in the kingdom. It was at first imagined, that the splendour of rank would have dazzled the million, and afforded a shield to the dignified perpetrator: those who counted upon this security, paid but an ill compliment to the morals of the nation. These gentry (meaning the turf associates of the Prince) have since been taught that the morals and manners of the people are not to be violated with impunity. They have found that even the public prints, whose mistaken lenity has hitherto spared their persons and their crimes, disdained a criminal taciturnity upon the occasion, and demonstrated their patriotism by stigmatising what they justly considered a dishonour to the country. Their zeal and their clamour appear to have penetrated into the very sanctum of turfswindling, and to have frightened even the stoutest of the Banditti.

"A mean and pitiful request was made in a succession of anonymous paragraphs, that the public would suspend their judgment until a certain club, or combination of men, gave their report."

This club was the Jockey Club, and they gave their report against the Prince; thus affixing on him the accusation, that he was participant in the fraud. A groom was made to swear before a magistrate respecting the affair, and a species of defence set up, upon which the above-quoted writer declares, that "the story, so far from being elucidated, seems by this lame and nameless defence, to be more than ever perplexed; so far from being brought into the clear and brilliant atmosphere of truth, it seems to be more enveloped than ever in dark and sulphurous clouds which blacken even to the complexion of Erebus the hapless object whom it is pretended to bleach and purify." And as to the testimony of the groom he observes, "I think it was indecent if not dangerous, to make the character of one of the most elevated men in the kingdom depend solely on the credit, which may or may not be given to the testimony of a man in one of the very lowest and certainly least honourable occupations in life, (he was jockey as well as groom,) and who being unfortunately, though no doubt undeservedly, involved in the same censure that affects his royal master, will find it difficult to escape suspicion." In another portion of the same collection it is said, "It was with a view to reclaim his royal highness from bad company, that the letter signed Neptune was addressed to him in 1784, and when at the distance of seven years the scandalous adventure at Newmarket proved that admonitions were without effect, when it appeared

that bad habits and bad examples had taken strong and deep root in a mind, on the purity of which the fate of millions might hereafter depend, it was surely justifiable in the writer who signs himself Legion to expose in all the severity of language, a conduct, in which guilt and meanness, disputing the superiority, aimed at depriving the nation of its fairest hopes and promises." Mr. Croly's account of this transaction would not lead any one to suspect that suspicion had attached to the Prince. He, like a loyal person, and a sincere lover of agreeable truth, leaves out every thing not favourable to his royal idol. The next time he attempts to become an historian, it would be well if he altered his conduct. Let him attempt to write a true history: with some pains he may probably succeed.

One other instance of want of faith on the part of the Prince, is as flagrant as the one already mentioned, and more strongly evidenced. Of his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, there is now no doubt. Though this fact be perfectly notorious no surprise needs be excited by the bold assertion of Mr. Croly to the contrary. A bold denial of an evident truth, being by certain classes of persons deemed judicious policy. Mr. Fox and the party of which he was the head, had painful reasons to know that the accusations respecting this piece of imprudence were but too well founded.

When the Prince applied to Parliament for money to pay his debts, Mr. Pitt endeavoured to frighten off the claimant, by threatening to make his marriage public. At this time Mr. Fox was ignorant of the exceedingly injudicious conduct of the Prince. Mr. Pitt's threat led him to inquire of the Prince, and to ask what course was to be pursued. Upon the assurance of his royal highness he came down to the house, and boldly denied the marriage. "His royal highness had authorized him to declare, that as a peer of parliament, he was ready in the other house, to submit to any the most pointed questions; or to afford his majesty or his majesty's ministers, the fullest assurance of the utter falshood of the statement in question, which never had, and which common sense must see never could have, happened." Fox afterwards discovered the falsehood, and as is well known to those who were his intimates, never forgave the Prince for making him the bearer of it. It may be conceded that the marriage, though considered by the law a gross delinquency, is in fact, if any, a very slight offence. It was an indiscreet act, and that was all.—But the making his friend assert a solemn falsehood for the purpose of denying it, was a piece of treachery which nothing could palliate. It tended to throw doubt upon the most sacred ties which bind man to man, to induce suspicion where the most perfect trust ought to prevail, and thus to destroy some of the sweetest sympathies of our nature; making friendship but a hollow name, and confidence a mockery. There are few if any

temptations which ought to induce us to look with a lenient eye upon such a transgression. When, however, we call to mind, that a desire to gain money to support his unbounded extravagance, led to the commission of this offence, the nature of the temptation, serves but to heighten our disgust.

Besides being gentle, benevolent, and polite, ever considerate of the feelings, and solicitous respecting the happiness of those around him, and pursuing no selfish gratification when inimical to the interests of others; besides being firm in honest purposes, frugal in his habits, generous in his friendships, of spotless integrity, and eschewing all arts of mean hypocrisy, besides all this a finished character should in his tastes and pursuits give evidence of a cultivated and exalted mind. The "finest gentleman in Europe," even on this point, is hardly deserving of admiration. In early life his association with the leaders of the opposition threw a lustre over his career, which has blinded many of his historians. That association was the result of selfish views, both on the one side and the other; and even brilliant as were the talents of many of the persons who composed his circle, the tastes which predominated among them were of a grovelling description. The Prince associated with them because they were useful to him—not because they were talented. He and they spent their hours in the worst species of debauchery; drinking, gambling, horse-racing, boxing, were the chief amusements of this crapulous assembly. In later times when these talented associates, or others like these would have been of no service, humbler and vulgar spirits were selected as the fit partakers in the same sensual orgies. When the Prince became thoroughly his own master, freed from the trammels of a subordinate situation, he withdrew from every thing that could be called talented society. The humble dependent, who required not consideration, who was satisfied with the honour of losing his senses at a royal table, became alone the sharer of his intimacy.\* With the exception of the leaders of the opposition party, who, of the many great men that adorned the reign of his father and himself, could be ranked among the friends and associates of the late King? It is true that the really great would have fled such society as surrounded him; but still we see no endeavours to win them to his circle. There was no manifestations of interest in those pursuits and investigations which are connected with the great interests of humanity. The many discoveries in moral, political and physical science, which occurred within his life, seem to have attracted no attention, appear not to have lured him for an instant from important investigations into the

\* It is well known, that during the latter years of the King's life, the conversation at his table was not only lewd but absolutely disgusting. The coarsest jokes conveying most pleasure to a faded appetite.



capacities of the various competitors for the St. Leger, the elevated indulgences of eating and drinking, or the equally worthy consideration of the chances of the hazard table. The sum of his private munificence to the professors of science or of art, is confined to a few scanty pittance to a broken down play-wright or a superannuated fiddler. But, when was seen an interest in the progress of science, an anxious solicitude for its success—a kind and friendly cheering on of the student and professor through times of doubt and despondency and want? Where was evinced a love of science for science itself? Where, unless some paltry interest of personal vanity was involved, was any science or any art made a matter of consideration? It is not by buying books, collecting pictures and statues, or building houses, that an interest is evinced for the arts and sciences. "N'avez-vous jamais oui parler du Marquis Tacconi a Naples, grand-tresorier de la couronne, grand amateur de livres, et mon grand ami, que l'on vient de mettre aux galeries? Il avait 100,000 livres de rente, et il faisait de faux billets; c'était pour acheter des livres et il ne lisait jamais. Sa bibliothèque magnifique était plus a moi qu'a lui: aussi suis-je fort fache de son aventure. \* \* \* Mais, dites-moi, auriez-vous cru que la fureur bibliomaniaque put aller jusque-la? l'amour fait faire d'étranges choses; ils aiment les livres charnellement, ils les caressent, les baisent." \* A man who forgets to buy books he never reads may have an extraordinary love for books, or may be vain of possessing them; but assuredly he cannot be said to have a love of the knowledge which those books contain; which love alone evinces a cultivated mind and a true and worthy interest in the progress of science. His collection, considered as evidence respecting the character of his mind or pursuits, might as well be a room surrounded by shelves, adorned with painted backs of books. So with pictures; it is not merely by possessing them, that a taste is evinced for the art itself, or an understanding of its principles, or an interest in its success. Of his Majesty's interest in literature besides the possession of books he never read, we have no evidence. As to official donations to literary-job-societies, they are matters of mere observance; done in a public capacity as part of the duties of that capacity; the money also coming directly out of the pockets of the people, and being used as matter of patronage. Moreover the societies themselves are, with very rare, perhaps it may be truly asserted with no exceptions, hindrances to the advance of science. To foster them is to render literature and art, like every thing else in this country, a job, an instrument of personal, undeserved advantage, and not a public benefit. These societies arise out of, and are conducted with a view to personal interest; and high patronage is afforded to them from personal vanity, or for

political purposes. Make every thing, and above all literature, a job, and you take the most effectual means of maintaining the great dominant parent job, the government.

There was one taste of the late King which may be correctly said to be an elegant taste, viz. his supposed love of painting. The disposition of his mind, the class and character of his ideas, were here evinced in a no less remarkable manner than in his debasing amusements. As is well known to every one, the beauties of the art may be, and are usually divided into two distinct classes; first, such as result from the depicting senses, whose interest depends upon moral causes; and second such as result from a correct imitation of mere physical objects. To the first class belong all the grand conceptions of the art; conceptions which make its professors often for intellectual power, take a rank with the leading minds which from time to time elevate and do honour to our species. They who take delight in the works of these men; they who do so, not from fashion, but from a thorough understanding of the high intellectual characteristics which distinguish them, are, and must be themselves, *pro tanto*, men of cultivated and exalted tastes. The second portion of the art may again be, and is usually subdivided. In depicting mere physical objects it may happen, that those are chosen, which, though they are not immediately the results of human passion and thought, still by association come to be intimately connected with them. Such, for example, are the landscapes of Claude. He who takes an interest in these productions, an interest based upon an understanding of their intellectual character, he also evinces, *pro tanto*, a cultivated and elegant taste. But there is another portion of this second division, which is in no way, or very slightly, connected with human emotions, or if connected with them, it is with those of the least elevated description. Such, for example, are those exquisite imitations by Dutch painters, of brass pans, large cabbages, glasses of wine or beer, or the light of candle. Such, to make one step higher in the art, are drinking, dancing, and amorous bores. These are admired in the one instance, merely as excellent imitations—we admire the ingenuity—nothing more—the artist is little if at all superior to the maker of a pretty toy. In the other with some singular exceptions, the class of the painter's mind, is not of necessity, so far as the art is concerned, much above the rank of a low and clever buffoon, while that of his admirer may take its station with that of the buffoon's applauders. It is well known that the pleasure which the late King took in painting was almost totally confined to an admiration of the lowest class. His collection of the Dutch masters chiefly occupied such portion of his attention as was bestowed upon painting. His painted brass pans are the best in the world; in fact in the vulgar

\*Lettre de Paul Louis Courier a M. et Madame Clavier.

walks of the art he is reported to have the best collection in Europe.

When praise is claimed for his late Majesty on the score of taste, let it not be whispered by any that his Majesty had a building taste, and a dressing taste: let Buckingham House be passed by, as if it were a spectre, let every one turn away his eyes and dread to behold it, let no one say, that there is a Pavilion at Brighton, let no one raise the laid ghost of the Chinese Bridge, let all forget the guards, be silent as to the tenth; and bury in oblivion those numerous and important orders issuing from the Horse Guards, to determine the position of a button, the conduct of a sash, and the colour of a facing. In charity we say, let no man speak of these things.

Such was the man "whose manners," according to the Duke of Wellington, "received a polish, whose understanding acquired a degree of cultivation, almost unknown to any individual, and who was admitted by all to be the most accomplished man of his age." This most accomplished man of his age, could not write his own language correctly, (the noble Duke, we may observe, is nearly in the same predicament,) he whose understanding was cultivated beyond that of all other men, never said, wrote, or did a single thing which, as a proof of intellectual power, would entitle him to rank above the poorest dabbler in wit, science or literature. This is an assertion made advisedly, and one that we wish to have scrutinized to the very letter. Look through the late King's life in his public and his private character, take every, or any act well authenticated as his, and then let the question be asked how many men in this country could do and have done things immeasurably superior. Is he to be the most cultivated man of his age, whose life must actually be ransacked to find even one act evincing mental power—and that too when the world teems with men whose whole lives have been a series of long, uninterrupted efforts of intellectual labour; who day after day have added to the stock of human knowledge, and have rendered service to human nature? Shall we look back and compare him as to a cultivated mind even with his own political associates? Where is the man who placing him by the side of Burke, does not see the royal compeer shrink to the dimensions of a pigmy? Can we liken him to Fox, to Sheridan? To go still higher, did not Hume live within his day? Was not Smith of his age? To descend from this high estate (for the mere mention of these two names seems a bitter mockery) let us go to something even below the ordinary level. Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. were both far the superiors of his late Majesty in every portion of their education: and their tastes, particularly those of Louis XVI. were for the most part the tastes of educated men. To make the assertion of the Duke of Wellington still more ridiculous, let us take as a comparison a man of high rank,

brought up in dangerous indulgences, in the enjoyment of wealth and without a ruler; one of dissolute and idle habits; let us in short take Lord Byron, and place him beside the King, to be judged as to the cultivation of his mind. In what single circumstance could the King claim superiority? Change their situations; make Byron the King, and the King a peer, and who is there that does not see that his late Majesty would have been undistinguished from the herd of right honourable mediocrity, while Byron for mental power would have stood almost alone in the world's annals of Kingship? But it may be said, this is not what is meant by a cultivated mind; neither knowledge nor intellectual power is intended. But if not, are we to understand by it a power acquired by care over our desires—a good government, in short, of ourselves in life, obtained by watchfulness and training? A review of the late King's career at once proves, that no such meaning could have been in the speaker's thoughts. Truly polished manners cannot be supposed to be the cultivated understanding spoken of, for those are expressly added in the list of advantages. Let us cut the matter short and at once avow, that the Duke, determined to eulogize, let his imagination get the better of his judgment, and throughout was more solicitous of making flattering than correct assertions.

It may possibly be objected that the whole of the above observations respecting the private character of the late king and the mode pursued throughout in forming our estimation, have been based upon an incorrect principle. It may be said, that to take isolated transactions, transactions happening at long intervals of time, and on them to form an estimate which includes the whole of a character, is to pursue an unfair, and deceptive method: that a character can only in fact be correctly estimated upon a contemplation of the whole of a man's acts, and that any one formed upon consideration of less than the whole must be erroneous. That, for example, in the case of the late king, allowing the acts adduced to be far from praise-worthy, it may have happened that the intervals of time between them may have been passed in the most exemplary and meritorious manner; and, consequently, it may be asserted that the impression likely to be left on the mind of the reader by our observations, would be wholly incorrect.

To this apparently plausible objection, (which indeed is often pressed into service on this subject,) the answer is easy.

There are certain classes of acts, the commission of which without further evidence, is sufficient to prove the existence of peculiar states of mind; for example, a single assassination, in the present stage of civilization, would of itself be sufficient to establish the existence of a criminal carelessness of human life, of the well-being of society, and of the general feelings of mankind. The turning of your family

out of doors, and leaving them to starve, would alone, and without additional evidence, prove you cruel and criminally hardened against reproach. Thus isolated acts may be sufficient to justify an opinion respecting certain portions of a man's character. The isolated acts we have adduced as evidence of certain portions of the late king's character, to us appear to possess this quality; and, it must be remembered, that although they be isolated, and happening at various periods of his life, they point, many of them, to the same conclusion, and thus form the strongest chain of evidence that could be desired. Certain passages of his youth were brought forward which seemed to indicate a strong tendency to selfish consideration; of his manhood, many were adduced which forcibly evidenced the same disposition; in old age his acts bore the same characteristic. Thus, step by step throughout his whole life, the evidence has been sought, and not confined to any one isolated portion of it. Many of the circumstances, besides proving this strong selfish feeling, evinced a cruel recklessness concerning others. This recklessness is not made to result as a conclusion from any one act, or from acts performed in any one portion of his life; here, as in the former case, the evidence extends from boyhood to old age. In addition to these traits of character, the conduct mentioned, in many points, proves extravagance, debauchery, low and vulgar tastes, habitual opposition to acknowledged principles of virtuous action, contempt of public opinion, contempt of decency, contempt even of an outward shew of decorum. Many of the acts described, of themselves would be sufficient to prove all this, although in no case does the opinion rest on the support of one alone. If the conduct of the late king connected with his marriage be alone taken, who does not see, that he who, like the king, sacrificed the happiness of a young, helpless stranger to his private convenience, who first made her his wife so that he might rid himself of his debts; who, when this end was accomplished, neglected and insulted her; exposed her to the arts of his own mistress, and finally in a few months separated himself from her, leaving her a widow though a wife, and indulging himself in the full unblushing enjoyment of his former illicit connexions—who, to rid himself of his wife openly braved the public indignation, forgetting all decency and decorum, forgetting every manly, every generous sentiment; who is there, we ask, that does not see that this conduct alone is sufficient to mark the real character of the king? Who is there so blind, that does not at once discover, that a *habit* of mind was the cause of all this flagrant deviation from duty? Who can believe that the character was not depraved when the deviation was so steadily, so unblushingly continued? In one not habitually wrong, there would have been some one feeling of remorse; one generous wish, one generous act, at least, would have betray-

ed itself during the transaction. Can any such be found? In what, from the beginning to the end, could there be seen ought but the most confirmed and reckless selfishness? Need we require more damning evidence, and extend nauseous inquiry through a whole life?

It should be observed, moreover, when all that is known of a man's acts are for the most part marked deviations from duty, any one is justified in supposing, that the unknown conduct is in accordance with the known; and no one is justified in calling in question that supposition, by a mere surmise to the contrary. Such evidence as exists favours the first hypothesis, and evidence, and not surmise, is required to refute it. If it can be shewn, not merely surmised, that the conduct of the king, which intervened between the acts we have adduced was, not simply harmless, but absolutely in direct opposition to that on which we have founded our opinion, then, but not until then, shall we be willing to acknowledge, that these grave derelictions from duty are not deserving of the severe rebuke, which, under the present circumstances, they so richly merit; and also to allow, that the character which those derelictions now justify, must in a great measure be differently drawn. But where is the evidence thus potent? And how has it happened that such blazing instances of merit have so long been hidden from the world? If, however, none such can be discovered—if, in examining closer, we find that where absolute and open violation of established morality was not practised, there existed low debauchery, debasing indulgences, vain and haughty insolence of demeanour, and an overweening self-estimation, we have little inducing us to believe that the small portions of the royal life, not yet laid bare to public inspection, would do credit to himself, or add much support to the too willing admiration of his admirers.

The previous examination has been confined to the private character of the late king; his conduct in public life now claims attention.

There would without further evidence be much reason to believe, that a mind constituted like that of George IV. was little fitted to take a beneficial part in the government of any country, much less in that of one, the interests of which are so extensive and complicated as that of England. To be enabled to govern any country with wisdom, much knowledge must be acquired, much labour must be gone through. To be enabled to govern it with probity, there should be, besides self-command of no ordinary description, an active principle of benevolence to excite and to guide the ruler; and a deep and strong feeling of the duty imposed on him, of the great trust confided to his hands, of the solemn obligations connected with his station should dominate over all other feelings, and be unto him as a species of religion. In him who ran the frivolous race above so often alluded to, whose mind was occupied by the petty pleasures of fashionable

life—who when at eighteen he was freed from the dominion of his tutors, believed his education finished, and acted on that belief—who dedicated himself solely to the follies and enjoyments of a life of mere pleasure—who believed his only duty was the gratification of his own wishes—in this man it would almost appear idle, to look for the great qualities of a worthy ruler. The sop cannot by intuition gain those exalted powers, which even to a well-trained, laborious, and capacious mind, are matters of difficult attainment;\* and the idler, accustomed to yield unbounded license to his desires, is little calculated to resist the temptations which beset the path of a king, freed on many important points from all real responsibility. It now remains to discover, whether this general probability was belied by the result.

Until the time of the Regency, the Prince of Wales appeared seldom as a public man, except in the character of a suitor for money. The Opposition, with Fox at their head, made use of his name, and derived a species of countenance for their political schemes, by joining him to their party; in return for this service they were ready at all times to ask money of the Commons, to defend the Prince's conduct, and to attack his opponents. This mutual service continued until the illness of George III, and the consequent Regency of the Prince of Wales, who then for the first time appeared in the capacity of Ruler. The ministers of the king had always been the declared political enemies of the prince, while the friends of the prince were the regular opponents of the king. Now that the prince had in fact mounted the throne, it was fondly hoped by the Opposition, that their term of expectation was at an end, and that the long-wished-for time of enjoyment had arrived. Vain were these anticipations. The ministry, for the first year of the regency, were retained, it was stated, out of respect for the king. When in 1812 the Prince became Regent without restriction, he declared that "he had no predilections to indulge, no resentments to gratify, no objects to obtain, but such as are common to the whole empire." In other words the whigs were discarded. As a matter of political importance, it was utterly indifferent as regarded the nation, whether the whigs or their opponents were intrusted with power. The sudden change in the opinions of the Prince derived an interest solely from the evidence it afforded, respecting the principles which must throughout have governed his political conduct. If during the time previous to the illness of the king, the

difference existing in the opinions of the Ministry and the Opposition was sufficient to justify the marked conduct of the Prince, in openly giving the latter party his name and countenance, for the purpose of counteracting to the utmost the proceedings of the ministry, this same difference in opinion ought to have had the same effect when the Prince became Regent. The interests of the nation were the same; at the one period as well as at the other the people required a good government; and if the principles of the so-called Tories were opposed to good government before 1811, they being the same, must have had the same pernicious effect after that period. One of two suppositions under this hypothesis must be correct; either the Prince changed his opinions without reference to the interest of the people, or if he did guide his conduct with reference to the general welfare, he must have discovered that his political doctrines up to the mature age of forty-nine, were utterly erroneous. The first supposition seems by far the most plausible. It is a curious circumstance, that since the accession of the House of Hanover, every prince of Wales (George III., who was but a child during the reign of his grandfather, excepted) has been in violent opposition to the reigning king; and that George II., who was surrounded by the Opposition precisely as was George IV., left his friends and his supposed principles on his accession to power, exactly after the same manner, and with as little scruple as George IV. These coincidences, which will appear the more striking and complete, the more minutely they are examined, strongly favour the opinion, that personal and not general views, led to the change in both cases; since it is extremely improbable, that both George the II., and George the IV., should, by a singular fatality, be kept in political darkness, one to the age of forty-four, the other to the age of forty-nine; that both should suddenly be enlightened, and on the same event, viz. accession to power; and that both should at once get rid of disagreeable friends, influenced solely by a wish to promote the public welfare. However, let it be supposed that the regent did change his opinion on public grounds, it is remarkable, to say nothing more, that the evidence which led to such change had never before been seen and considered by him. There must have been extreme haste in taking up his opinions, and something approaching to criminal neglect in maintaining them for so long a period, seeing that the evidence by which to correct them could so easily have been obtained. Under this supposition, therefore, the Prince, up to this period of his political life, appeared only as one hunting after the public money, and supporting with criminal facility and obstinacy, a set of political opinions, utterly erroneous. Whilst rendering this great national service, he expended some millions of the people's money. Thus careless in his younger days as to his principles both of

\* Mr. Lloyd, carrying his eulogy still farther than even the Duke of Wellington, when speaking of the king, says—"His majesty, whose observation nothing could escape,"—from this possibly we are to conclude, that his majesty having left off study at the age of eighteen, was inspired with all knowledge, and gifted with super-human intelligence. It is difficult to conceive how men bring themselves to utter such fulsome nonsense.



public and private conduct, his example by elevating the tone and character of the reigning morality, must have tended greatly to the solid improvement of the British youth.

In the government, which is vaguely denominated the constitutional monarchy of England, the part that can be played by the monarch is of a very peculiar description. If his desire be to do good, he finds the greatest caution, labour, and talent required, to put his good intentions into practice; if, on the contrary, his wishes be evil, nothing is more easy to a certain extent, than the fulfilment of them. Should a philosophic and philanthropic monarch by accident be placed on the throne of England, it is more than probable that his desire would be to reduce the expenditure of the government, to educate the people, to free them from the oppression of tyrannic laws, to relieve the poor from the cruel domination of the rich. He would wish to see justice within the reach of all, and dealt equally to all; the game-laws and game-preserving magistrates would be the objects of his abhorrence. Quarter-sessions justice, and the influence of every local aristocracy, he would wish to have destroyed. These abuses, and a hundred others, however, having powerful supporters, could not be reformed through the means of any monarch, without serious pain and disturbance to himself. The aristocracy would wage war with him, render his life a burthen, and perhaps drive him into the arms of the people. On the other hand, in the present state of things, the people have acquired some power—oppression extends only to a certain point—hitherto to grind them by the exaction of enormous sums to be spent by the aristocracy, has been no very difficult matter; but there is a step beyond this, which, when attempted, becomes dangerous. To keep the people in subjection, then, is an arduous task; and the king who should attempt it, or who should assist the aristocracy while they attempted it, would find his peace now as much disturbed by the clamour of the people, as, when endeavouring to do good, he was disturbed by the clamours of the aristocracy. Any one, therefore, merely desirous of personal comfort, and careless of his duty, would steer a middle course; he would share with the aristocracy the plunder, which the people are accustomed to yield quietly; he would aid them in all oppressions patiently submitted to; while, on the other hand, he would abstain from such outrage as would endanger his own quiet; he would neither exasperate the aristocracy by attempting to do good, nor the people, by any unusual endeavour to do evil.

George IV. was essentially a lover of personal ease—during the latter years of his life, a quiet indulgence of certain sensual enjoyments seemed the sole object of his existence. Although the whole frame of his mind was of a haughty, despotic character, and although, in consequence, he loved and sought obedience to his will, still the love of ease predominated

over this and most of his other passions, and led him to take that middle course described above. A sort of compromise was made, his love of power was gratified by making those who approached him servile in their bearing, and apparently the slaves of his will, while his ease was carefully preserved by attempting no very outrageous opposition to the public will. The mode of life he had pursued up to his regency, had deadened (if we may use the expression) the springs of his existence—his energy both mental and bodily was destroyed, or nearly so—as age crept upon him, the effects of his dissolute career became more and more apparent, by his increasing fear of any disturbance of his quiet—His life, in fact, became that of an old man, who had lost all taste for boisterous animal indulgences, and who never had any mental ones.

With this morbid love of ease or fear of disturbance beginning to make its appearance, he came into power. For some years, though a strong, it was not the dominant feeling. In the years of the Regency, therefore, he manifested a much stronger disposition to go to dangerous lengths in oppressing the people than in later times. In Lord Londonderry he had an active co-operator in any scheme proposed for maltreating the many; and while this minister lived there were few plans left unattempted to enslave the people throughout the whole of Europe. Though the name of the King of England was not with the Holy Alliance, his spirit, his good wishes were. While the members of that blessed fraternity were sedulously, though vainly, endeavouring to forge chains for the continental nations, the ministers of George IV. were equally busy in the same nefarious practices here. The Six Acts were passed—the Manchester people were murdered—plots were hatched to punish, and get rid of the troublesome, and those who were not cut down by the swords of the dragoons, were judicially sacrificed: juries were packed to condemn those who exclaimed against these proceedings;—spies were employed;—terror reigned throughout the land;—the confidence even of private life was shaken:—and never were there seen in England times of greater misery, dread and doubt. In a moment, auspicious for the people, Lord Londonderry committed suicide, and the King, now robbed of the support of this bold, bad Minister, was still called upon to fight the battle of despotism. But age was now coming upon him, and his love of ease had been rapidly increasing. In the former contests with the people he found he had gained little more than universal dislike. His greatest admirers allow, that he was exceedingly unpopular. (Such is the

\*We hope that some conscientious member of the legislature will press upon the present ministry, the necessity of repealing these infamous enactments, as well as that by which a man may be transported upon a second conviction for libel. This last act is the work of Mr. Peel.

mild expression!) Whatever benefit the aristocracy had derived from these struggles, the consequence to himself, he but too plainly saw, was disagreeable, not to say dangerous. The public indignation grew every moment louder—day by day the people becoming more instructed, grew in their demands more united—more steady, and more impatient of opposition. To stem this increasing torrent required one firm in purpose, quick in resources, careless of danger, careless of trouble. George IV., decrepid through a premature old age, was totally unequal to the task. He determined, as far as he was concerned, therefore, to pursue a different course, and avoid the dangerous encounter.—His ministry in accordance with these wishes adopted milder measures, and as the aristocracy themselves had been alarmed by the fierce resistance of the people, little opposition was manifested towards these more peaceable proceedings. In this obedience to the popular will there is nothing to be admired, while in the previous despotism there is much deserving of the severest reprehension. The principle of the one portion of the King's conduct and of the other was the same; a desire for his own personal convenience led to both, the welfare of the people was considered in neither case. So long as it was deemed that there was nothing dangerous or disagreeable in oppression, oppression was practised—when, indeed, alarm came upon their oppressors, the people for a while were freed from molestation. But is this the object for which a government or a governor is chosen? And shall they claim praise for abstaining from mischief, and being merely useless? "*Quale autem beneficium est quod to abstineris nefario scelere?*" But thus it is ever, with the Government of this country. So long as they are cruel and oppressive, they demand admiration for the courage with which they resist the demands of a misguided people. When to resist the self-same demands becomes impossible, then our rulers lay claim to equal admiration for the liberality of their conduct. Thus, whether actively vicious, or yielding a reluctant and forced consent to beneficial changes, and thus being merely useless, they demand, and too often receive, laudation.

Before proceeding further in the discussion of such matters as are personal to the late king, will be well to make a few observations respecting the extent to which the military acts which occurred during his reign, ought to be considered connected with his character as a sovereign: the language commonly employed when speaking of these and other remarkable events being likely to lead to exceedingly erroneous opinions. If, during the reign of a given king, events have taken place which are deemed "*glorious*," the reign itself is called "*glorious*;" and, by a natural transition, the epithet is applied to the monarch. If this be mere matter of formal observance, no harm can be considered to arise from it; but if, as

is too often the case, persons are really led to believe that the character of the king is affected by events happening during his reign, which events he in no way contributed to bring about, then a serious evil does flow from this absurd application of epithets. It may, and does happen, that in the reign of a monarch essentially stupid and vicious, many acts are performed, many discoveries made, which conduce greatly to the welfare of the country he governs. If, in spite of his own vicious conduct, the monarch may come to be considered worthy of admiration, in consequence of these beneficial acts and discoveries, our notions of right and wrong are perverted; a false and fictitious standard of morality is set up. It is requisite, therefore, completely to separate the acts in which the monarch took a part, from those in which he had no share, and to judge him solely by the former class. Thus, during the Regency of George IV., many proofs were given by the British army of extraordinary valour, and by some of our generals, of great military skill; but, as the king had no share in these achievements, they redound not to his credit, and personally no admiration is due to him on their account. In such portions of the planning the campaigns as really resulted from the ministers, the king might have had a part. There is, however, no evidence of this; neither is there any evidence, that the plans, as far as regarded the share of the ministers, deserved any praise. For the conduct of the campaigns, it is plain that no praise is due but to the general and his army. No admiration, for example, is due to George IV., from the circumstance that the Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo, was not completely out-manœuvred by Napoleon, and that the soldiers of the British army, by their unconquerable courage, turned the fate of the day. This victory has no more connexion with the consideration personally belonging to George IV., than has the discovery of the spinning-jenny by Arkwright; that of the safety-lamp by Davy; the principle of population by Malthus, or that of foreign trade by Ricardo. The king is as completely separated from the military as from the philosophic renown.\*

The same observations hold as to the various attempts lately made, to reform the law. Whatever credit results from these attempts on the part of the ministers, in as far as the ministers are concerned, is due to Mr. Peel. A still higher praise is due to those who, against years of opposition and contempt, set forth the evils of our law, and who, by creating a general demand for its melioration, forced the government to commence the difficult task. Take away the

\* This observation must be taken with one limitation; so much of military renown as results from the late various changes in the regimentals of the army should, we are given to understand, be shared between the king and the army tailors. Perhaps this was the circumstance which induced Lord Stewart to style His Majesty the first cavalry officer in Europe.

share of merit due to Mr. Bentham, to Sir Samuel Romilly, and Mr. Peel, and what will be left as the portion of his majesty? His majesty existed when the reform was attempted, and so did St. Paul's. He indeed may be the historical sign by which the time of the reforms can be marked; and such will be the only service rendered by him on the occasion.

Catholic Emancipation, which will be cited as an instance of the liberality of the king, is another of those acts which, though happening in his reign, do no honour to himself. The measure itself was a highly beneficial one, and the ministry, by yielding wisely to the pressure of circumstances, deserves a little praise, for policy—but for policy alone. So long as the measure could be resisted, it was resisted; when opposition became dangerous, emancipation was granted: the principle of our government being, not to do all the good possible, not to advance cheerfully with the people, and even to precede them in improvement, but steadfastly to resist every advance, obstinately to maintain every pernicious privilege as long as possible; to yield a benefit only on compulsion. However, whatever be the approbation due, it is well known, that the measure was, even by the ministry, forced upon the king; that he was frightened into compliance, and that he never ceased to intrigue against the measure till the bill had actually passed. The share he really did take in the proceeding had little worthy of public approbation.

Leaving then aside these various acts in which the king had no share, what, it may be asked, is really attributable to him? The king, for his private satisfaction, prosecuted the late queen; thus, for the purpose of gratifying his selfish desires, setting the whole kingdom in a flame. The king, for the purpose of playing a part in a pageant, got up a coronation at an unparalleled expense. The king squandered enormous sums in fitting up Carlton House, which was afterwards pulled down; he also expended some hundreds of thousands of pounds in repairing the palace of St. James, which he visited not half a dozen times after. He spent still more in repairing Windsor Castle, which was only fit to receive him a few months before his death; and lastly, he commenced rebuilding Buckingham Palace, which he left unfinished. This last abomination creates a blush even on the face of official hirelings; the extravagance, impolicy, and injustice, which attended this precious proceeding, utterly overwhelmed the long-tried impudence of Downing Street. The ministers, one and all, shrunk at the very mention of this scandalous attack on the pockets of the people.\* The statement of childish, yet criminal wastefulness

\* Mere extravagance was not the only offence connected with the rebuilding of Buckingham House. The money unjustly withheld from the Baron de Bode, is believed upon evidence painfully efficient, to have been squandered on this frightful palace; the principles of common honesty being utterly scouted on the occasion.

may yet be increased by a list of sundry changes and grotesque exhibitions of taste at Virginia Water; not to mention the expenditure entailed upon the nation by the costly household military establishment, the decoration of which occupied such portion of the royal attention as was not devoted to the more arduous task of adorning his palaces and cottages, laying out his fish-pond, and other similarly important considerations.

These were the personal acts of the late king. If future ages mention his name with reverence, and consider his achievements as doing honour to humanity, these are the deeds which must justify their applause. His character, neither as a public nor private individual, will demand honour from mankind, because he was endued with exalted feelings; because he was strenuous in the performance of the great duties of his station; because, as a ruler of the people, he was frugal, just, laborious; because he made private yield to public convenience; was great in intellectual power, and possessed of the knowledge requisite for the head of a great nation; because sedulously careful of the public weal, he devoted his hours to constant study, so that he might acquire all such lights as improving science daily produced; because in his private life he set a bright example of self-restraint, adherence to duty, of elegant and elevated tastes. These are not the sources from whence George IV. deserves, or will derive applause. If posterity award approbation to his memory, the task of discovering the grounds on which it is to rest may be well left to their labour and ingenuity.

From the Monthly Review.

#### HUMBLE POETS.\*

THE three works whose titles we have here copied, are the productions, respectively, of individuals, whose fortune it has been to be placed in a situation of life which afforded them neither the means nor the opportunities of cultivating their minds. The volumes, we should observe, have been almost simultaneously sent to us by their various authors, and remembering the remoteness at which they live from each other—one being an inhabitant of Glasgow, and another residing in the vales of Devonshire—we cannot but be struck at the coincidence. We feel proud, however, of the conjoint compliment which we have thus received, for, no doubt the authors were induced to place their works under our inspection, from the conviction, that as neither wealth nor rank ever extorted our approbation in favour of a bad book, so would we never be prevented by

1. *The Retrospect, or Youthful Scenes: with other Poems and Songs.* 8vo. By John Wright.—Edinburgh, 1830.

2. *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse: Moral and Religious.* 12mo. By John Wright. Southampton, 1830.

3. *The Mechanic's Saturday Night, a Poem in the Vulgar Tongue; humbly addressed to Sir Robert Peel.* 12mo. By a Mechanic. London, 1830.

the humility of its lot, from giving to merit ample applause.

We, at the same time, acknowledge, that we have never sat down to pen a criticism on any work that came before us under the circumstances which accompany the present volume, without feeling to irksomeness the extreme delicacy of our task. We read on with delight—we are astonished at the originality and power of the writer—we pause over the achievements of his unassisted mind, and yield to the excitement which his untutored eloquence produces upon us. But then, in most instances, this delight springs altogether from the remembrance of the relation which subsists between the performance and the means of execution. We think of the little degree of cultivation the author enjoyed—we think of the hasty glance which his narrowed circumstances have allowed him to snatch of the treasures of intelligence, and we wonder at the power of the natural genius which, with such a limited share of resources, could accomplish so much.

This then is a distinct pleasure from that which we should derive, in the abstract, from genuine poetry; and the great and delicate question with us on all these occasions is, whether or not we shall admonish the humble poet of the fact, that nothing but extreme excellence in his line will ever satisfy the reading world; that posterity do not enter into the domestic circumstances of bards, but that they will sternly decide upon the commodity that is before them, and keep a deaf ear, alike to the pleading of poverty, as to the influence of station and affluence. We have, however, always felt that it is by far the best course to give genius—more particularly genius that has to war against fortune—every encouragement in its onset. The danger of such encouragement, which is that it may drive the object of it to a literary occupation, where, alas! his hopes, either of fame or reward, may never be realized—this danger, we say, may, in most instances, be averted, by the exercise of that instinctive sagacity which almost always accompanies native strength of intellect; so that, on the whole, the chances of doing mischief by early incitement, are as dust in the balance, compared with the probabilities of doing good.

We shall allow the author of the first of these works to urge his claims to indulgence in his own unaffected accents:—

‘TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

‘Glasgow, October, 1830.

‘SIR,

‘I have taken the freedom of sending you a copy of the *Retrospect*, a poem of mine, newly published, to which I trust you will give a timely perusal; at the same time making much allowance for a young man, in the largest sense of the word—illiterate, who was never under the tuition of any one except for six months, at a very early age, though I am fully sensible that no circumstances whatever can apologize for in-

spid poetry. If you judge it worthy of being noticed in your periodical, you will oblige  
‘Yours,

JOHN WRIGHT.’

The *Retrospect* is a poem of considerable length. It is evidently the production of a mind deeply imbued with the melancholy and querulous strains of a Byron. The stanza, too, is after the Childe Harold fashion, and the conduct of the poem is, in like manner, in close imitation of the same model. In the endeavour to concentrate his meaning in as few words as possible, the author has sometimes fallen into obscurities of expression. This is one of the principal faults which present themselves to us, and which we mark only for the purpose of recommending it to the author's attention. The most promising characteristic about this poem is the ardent and bold fancy which it displays—wild, indeed, and undisciplined, but not on that account the less consistent with the years of Mr. Wright. We quote the following stanzas on that month so dear to the poets.

‘For ever lovely, thy deep thoughtful hue,  
Soft Autumn eve! these clouds thy spirit fair,  
Like necromantic chariots posting through  
The blue expanse, here life all, lifeless there—  
As serpents billowing forth with speckled glare;  
And there a serpent rests upon the snow  
Above, and belches down abrupt through air,  
A burning fire-flood to the plain below,  
And o'er an azure deep, where little skiffs float  
slow.

‘Here towers a golden statue, born in air  
By pebbly rock, and poised by gentlest wind;  
There witch-forms scamper ‘mongst the moon-  
beams fair,  
Or sail along on hills, their charms unbind:  
As they withdraw relaxing, like the hind,  
In overseer's wished absence, or removed,  
An army, from its leader; now reclined  
On the horizon hills;—and now, unmoved,  
Unnerved, the cold, pale moon, less lovely, yet  
beloved.

‘As lovers lingering in each other's sight,  
The more apart, more fixed the fettered eye;  
As bard the eagle, in its upward flight  
Surveys, through air, cleft clouds, and yielding  
sky;  
As mariner tossed on ocean, surging high,  
His bark o'erset, hails land, afar unfurled;  
Thus greet we these fair forms, and still desery  
Enchantment there—live emblem of the world!  
Poesy and passion, thus, all subaltern whirled.

‘Though fettered to the spot, we first begin  
To live—and die, unseen the world by sight,  
The beauty and sublimity therein;  
And though our hearts ne'er heaved on Alpine  
height,  
Nor sailed on iceberg through the Polar night,  
Oh! deem not thou, aloft where fortune shines,  
Our day-spring darkness, our enjoyments slight;  
In lovelier, loftier dome the Bard reclines,  
These dread stupendous forms his Alps and  
Appenines.

‘Kind Heaven, to reimburse the shackled limb,  
A world of wonders at our feet lets fall;



As is the light that glides them as they skim,  
As is the hand that shaped them—seen by all;  
Obsequious still to fancy's forming call;  
The pleasure ground of Poet's boundless home;  
Spirits of thunder! and the lightning's pall!—  
When dark from ocean's bed abroad ye roam,  
With half its waters drenched, o'er earth to fret  
and foam.

'Spring's verdure fades, and Summer's flowrets  
die;

Ye never—Nature still keeps watch o'er you,  
Ministrant delegates of the Most High!  
Still marked with joy and gratulation due,  
What'er your embassy, or form, or hue:  
To few a blessing, and to all a bane,  
Who may avow! ye seek not to undo  
Existence, but primeval life maintain;  
Hope, Love, and Mercy bear these fire-bolts  
o'er the plain.'—pp. 35-37.

The reader will not fail to discover, in the description of the clouds of an autumnal evening, a bold, and we think a very happy, attempt to embody the fantastic shapes which they assume to a contemplative imagination. To such a vigorous fancy as Mr. Wright evidently possesses, some controul is essential, not, however, for the purpose of restraining its sallies, but in order to give them proper regulation. The best poets must submit to labour, nay, even to drudgery, in order to avoid offending in those smaller points in which they are expected to be as perfect, at least, as all other candidates for literary fame. There are some minor pieces, of various merit, in this volume, which our limited space alone prevents us from noticing.

Mr. Manley next claims our attention, in the following modest and candid epistle—

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

'Sir—I take the liberty of soliciting your opinion of the inclosed book. It may be necessary to inform you, its contents are the youthful productions of one moving almost in one of the humblest situations in life, whose scholastic advantages have not exceeded a country charity school education, and who, thus far through life, has had to struggle with poverty, and latterly with a lingering illness. It may be deemed a boldness in a poor and perfect stranger to make such a request; but, after a perusal, should you deem it worthy a review, your opinion of it will, perhaps, contribute to the welfare of my very humble servant,

'R. MANLEY.'  
*Southmolton, Devon, September 4, 1830.*

With less of fancy and depth of feeling than Mr. Wright, the author of the *Miscellaneous Pieces* is a good deal his superior in correct expression and melody of versification. Mr. Manley has not ventured upon any lengthened and sustained effort of his muse, but contents himself with clothing the thoughts of the moment in very neat, and often very forcible language. A strain of tender and delicate feeling, with just so much of a religious spirit mixed up with it, as gives a solemn and almost affecting character to his lyrics, marks every line of this collection. We would challenge the whole body of *Annals* for 1831 to produce

an effusion upon a subject, which every one must admit to be nearly an exhausted one in poetry, at all comparable to the *Lines to Death*, which we shall now quote.

'How chill thy bed, and how dreary thy regions!

What darkness surrounds thee! how boundless thy reign!

How rueful thy wastes! and, what numberless legions

Go, shivering, down to thy gloomy domain!

'The sage and the hero thou takest, nor sparest  
The wife of the bosom, the child of the heart;  
And often, alas! are the friends we love dearest,  
The first who submit to thy terrible dart.

'How our nature starts back from that moment  
of anguish,

And hope is the last that submits to the blow;  
Even those who in sorrow and poverty languish,  
Are afraid of thy coming, and deem thee their foe.

'The Christian, alone, redeem'd from life's errors,

Can meet thee with courage and cheerfully sing.

O grave, thou art vanquish'd, and where are thy terrors?

O death, thou art conquer'd, and where is thy sting?'—pp. 33, 34.

Blush, ye scions of Aristocracy, you who are supplied with all the luxuries of life to excite your fancies, and all the opportunities that affluence can bestow to cultivate your minds, blush, that a village youth—he seeks no better name—struggling with poverty and illness, should thus outstrip you in the arena of the highest intellectual contention.

The simple beauty of the following very feeling lines will, we are sure, call forth the admiration of every reader:—

'EARLY FRIENDS.

'And where are those we valued once,  
When life was young and gay?

The friends of earlier years? they're gone  
To brighter worlds away:

'But still we love to think upon  
The time we've spent with them,  
And cherish feelings sweet, that grew  
On friendship's sacred stem.

'The verdant meads, the purling streams,  
The peaceful woodland bowers,  
Where once we wander'd carelessly,  
Recall those happy hours;

'Recall to mind, not to enjoy,  
For, ah! they're ever past;  
The joys of early friendship were  
By far too sweet to last:

'But shall not hearts, united here,  
By strongest ties of love,  
Still meet, when all life's ills shall close,  
In brighter worlds above?

'I'll mourn not then my griefs below,  
Nor all their baneful train,  
So I, at last, may meet above,  
My early friends again.'—pp. 59, 60.

Having dwelt so long on the saddening  
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strains of two kindred votaries of the melancholy muse, we very willingly turn to a bard who seems very capable, if we mistake not, of striking up in our souls a merrier, though it may not be—a better, mood. And yet there is in this 'Saturday Night' enough to convince us, that the "Mechanic" mixes up a little scorn with his mirth, whilst he affects to laugh at the follies and excesses of the less prudent members of his class. The object of our author is to give a description of a Saturday night; such, alas! as that night is too often found to realise. It opens with a graphic representation of the tap-room, and the progress of the *score* during the evening. The interpolation of the *revels*, which is described in the following stanzas, is both excellently well imagined and executed.

'And then came in a gentle looking creature,  
Seeking her husband, modestly she stept,  
Grief and dismay seem'd busy in each feature,  
And in her arms a half-clad baby slept.  
Handsome she had been, but a train of sorrows  
Had chas'd the roses from her cheeks away,  
And in their stead pale want had laid her furrows,  
And dimm'd the lustre of her dark eye's ray,  
And in their half-raised lids a tear did ling'ring stay.

'She spoke not harshly, but assayed to lure him  
Unto his home with accents kindly mild,  
Then angel-like she bent her knee before him,  
And shew'd him his sweet sleeping lovely child:  
Pleading for home and child in vain she stood,  
Her kind looks he return'd with angry frown,  
And rais'd himself in shameful attitude,  
Prepar'd to strike her and her infant down,  
Poor thing! she then retir'd, for she'd submissive grown.'—p. 9.

The picture of a *row*, far too natural not to be expected as a necessary scene in such a poem, then follows.

'A *row* across the tables now begins,  
Three frowning ones on each side fierce engage,  
The blood from twisted noses quickly spins,  
And trembling neutrals redden into rage;  
Full in the centre of the room descry  
A wrathful pair engag'd in combat dire,  
With tongs and red-hot poker brandish'd high,  
They beat each other's skulls with phrensied ire,  
And for a *reg'lar row* the company's on fire.

'Down go the tables, elbow-chairs, and benches,  
The struggling combatants too "bite the dust,"  
Alike foes, friends, and wives, and wenches,  
Fly at each other's throats like demons curst;  
The light, beneath a blow meant for some neighbour,

"Gave one bright glance, then total darkness fell,"

Through the dark scuffle still they foam, they labour,

Then rose a scream, surpassing far the yell  
The fiends in concert howl'd when Clarence  
div'd to hell.

'Then murder! thieves! fire! watch ascended,  
In deep infernal tones and mournfully,  
A sound of sadness with the loud howl blended,  
Of one half-strangled "in his agony,"

The landlord then his myrmidons assembled,  
In his brave hand the kitchen poker swung,  
Beside him too the short fat pot-boy trembled,  
Beneath a bludgeon o'er his shoulder flung,  
And the good landlady around the landlord  
clung.'—p. 12, 13.

We are sure that every man of well-directed mind will cordially concur with us, in congratulating the country upon the exhibition of such talents, tastes, and feelings, as are displayed in these three works, by members of the industrious class. If there be any person now in existence who has a doubt as to the policy of diffusing that blessing, education, as far as the light of Heaven can penetrate to enable a human being to see the alphabet, let him only think what a crime would be committed against society, were such persons as the authors of the above effusions to be cut off from the pale of intellectual cultivation.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

#### SPIRIT OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.\*

THE reign of Philip-Augustus belongs to two centuries, the twelfth and thirteenth—centuries of no little importance in the history of European civilization. At a period like this, when events which have their origin in the progress, decay and reproduction of past institutions are daily being developed, the study of the different steps by which the citizen has become what he is, must be an occupation of the most lively interest. It is a remark of the author of the work before us, that we are apt to consider revolutions in a far too confined point of view; we limit the epoch by its visible signs and its finished results; but these results have been in long preparation. Society does not receive a new form in a day; the ideas cast abroad in one century become the leading principles of the next; in short, in the history of mankind everything is gradual;—a revolution is but the explosion of a train that has been long and curiously laid.

The period in which Philip-Augustus was a great instrument in modelling and arranging the internal forms of society, is marked as the age in which the beginnings of numerous great changes had their commencement—in which they arose into obvious existence, without, however, then receiving their accomplishment. It was the dawn of the great intellectual reformation, which has since made such rapid progress, and is every day more and more expanding its propitious light.

The two grand elements which operated on society from the establishment of the barbarous invaders in Roman Gaul, and which maintained a continual struggle for predominance over the opinions of men from the seventh to the tenth century, were the material force of the conquerors, and the moral and intelligent force of the

\* Histoire de Philippe-Auguste, par M. Cauchéque. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. 4 vols. 8 vo. Paris, 1830.

clergy. M. Capefigue has traced the fortunes of this singular but most important strife at length; we will do so shortly, as an appropriate introduction to an article on the Spirit of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, of which the reign of Philip-Augustus is the great centre, and during which the results of the events of the two or three previous centuries showed themselves in the shape of results.

The annals of the Merovingians and the Carolingians are filled with the quarrels and mutual encroachments of the warriors and the clerks; the one operated by the seizure of the lands or the treasures of cathedrals and monasteries; the others revenged themselves by interdicts and excommunications. However, at the tenth century the triumph of the Church may be considered complete. Its advantages over its rival are obvious: it was a regular institution, possessed a formal hierarchy, consecrated forms, a written code, invariable maxims: it pursued a given end with order and perseverance. The armed feudality, on the other hand, was but a confused mass of isolated forces—a government without a common object, sometimes prepared to resist, sometimes to succumb. What it gained by its violence it lost by its uncertainty. What ascendancy could the mailed baron preserve, who in the evening was seen plundering a monastery, and the next day, prostrate at the foot of the altar, demanding pardon of holy relics for his offences against God, and loading pious recluses with presents in expiation of his sins? Opposed to him and his physical force were the territorial and monachal clergy, the bishops and their suffragans, the secular priests and the different orders of monks holding their rights from the pope, whose absolute jurisdiction they maintained, all animated with a common spirit, a common object—the triumph of religious ideas and the prerogatives of the Church.

Nearly half of the territory of Roman Gaul belonged to the clergy of the monasteries and the cathedrals; in addition to which they reaped the tenth of the productions of the other half, without the exception of royal domain, baronial castle, or serf's cottage. Besides the influence of riches, the clergy possessed the influence of superior instruction. The little knowledge afloat was confined to them, the scattered elements of some disfigured science, the traditions of sacred and profane literature. They alone could read or write: they were necessary in every castle of France: from the suzerain to the least vassal, all had their chaplain to draw up their deeds, to recite the breviary, or enliven the long nights of winter with some tale or legend of chivalry. They were consulted on all domestic affairs, and they had contrived to connect almost every act of life with religious offices or religious ideas. The Christian faith of the middle ages was a vast polytheism, the deities of which were in continual relation with mankind. The catalogue of the church of Cluny exhibits a

list of eleven thousand saints, habitually invoked by the people. The immense power of the Church was preserved in a spirit of unity by the frequent assembly of both general and provincial councils, in which the clerks deliberated upon the means of maintaining the purity of doctrine, or of consolidating the authority of the Church. From the twelfth century to the thirteenth the great collection of the *Pere Labbe* contains four general councils, in which all the bishops of Christendom were assembled to the number of upward of a thousand, and three hundred and seventeen particular of provincial councils, in which the necessities of the local churches were deliberated upon and provided for by the bishops and prelates of the neighbourhood.

In fact, before we arrive at the end of the eleventh century, we find that the Church had become the unique source of all social existence. From it every thing flowed, the moral and intellectual order of men's ideas were founded on its doctrines, it served as an active and regular authority, the only rational forms of legal jurisdiction were established by it; in short, nothing existed out of its pale but brutal and unorganized force, which could not long oppose any effective resistance, and which was disgraced by every attempt it made against an authority sacred in the eyes of all.

At this period Europe may be considered as a great religious federative republic, governed by a clerical aristocracy, consisting of the Bishop of Rome for its president, and the rest of the bishops of Christendom, their suffragans, their canons, and the monks.

But the Church itself was destined to undergo its revolution: the bishops of Rome set forth their pretensions as true spiritual monarchs placed by God on earth: the famous Hildebrand (Gregory VII.) first established this maxim. The Church then lost its liberal form of government by councils, and assumed an aspect altogether monarchical: this revolution was in progress from the pontificate of Gregory VII. to that of Innocent III. The pope then became the only visible organ of the Church; and as it had previously become the unique source of power and influence, it naturally followed that the pontiff maintained a sort of universal monarchy over all the princes and people of Christendom; and during the period which forms the subject of the work before us, the proofs of this authority are displayed by the different popes in a manner not to be misunderstood. We find Gregory VII. establishing the doctrine that kings were his temporal bishops. Urban II. made Philip I. of France submit to his will in a point of private morals by relieving his subjects from their oath of allegiance. The emperor Henry IV. submitted to a similar humiliation; and in the long pontificate of Innocent III., contemporary with a great part of the reign Philip-Augustus, we find this pope excommunicating the king, putting the kingdom under an interdict proclaiming himself suzerain of

England, and, in short, attempting, and successfully, to exercise all the acts of a universal monarch. And his influence was not only exerted over the kings, but it was felt by whole masses of the population, who moved at his beck. In the eleventh century all Europe was put in motion by the voice of Urban II. commanding the delivery of the holy sepulchre. It was he who directed the enthusiasm of the multitude, and regulated its movements. Bulls accorded privileges to the crusaders and relieved them from their debts, and pontifical regulations interfered in the settlement of disputed rights and of the public peace, without consulting any authority but its own. Sometimes it directed its force against the East, now against Spain or England, at another time against the Albigenses; in short, the feudal population of the middle ages appear to have become the devoted subjects of the despotic pontiffs of Rome.

The pontificate of Innocent III. was the epoch of the greatest splendour and energy of the Church, and yet at that very moment its power carried within itself the seeds of decline. The grand principle of the Church was the argument of authority: its science began and ended in the official interpretation of the Scriptures, the regulations of councils and popes. A Christian owed his faith to his Catholic teacher, as the serf his service to his master, as the liegeman to his lord: it was no part of their duty to examine motives, or to look to consequences. But in the period from the eleventh to the twelfth century, the sphere of men's studies became enlarged, manuscripts were multiplied in the libraries of the cathedrals and monasteries; these did not all contain merely the traditions of the Church—there were found among them the precious remains of Greek and Roman literature. In the twelfth century the classics had become familiar to the lettered clerks; all the pious books of the time display a familiarity with them, and even women had begun to devote themselves to learning the elegant tongues of Greece and Rome. Thus a source of instruction was opened which did not flow from the Church, and by this very fact, and also by the nature of the instruction, its authority received a blow from which it never fairly recovered, and of which the consequences were more strikingly exhibited every day. The philosophical character of many of the authors then beginning to be studied gave birth to heresies, the existence of which had an important influence upon the history of clerical power; and as, moreover, a branch of instruction was discovered which did not emanate from the Church and formed no part of it, it naturally produced a body of teachers devoted to its circulation. Hence arose the continental universities, the great birth-place of heresies; that is to say, of Christian notions combined with the dogmas of ancient philosophy. But this was not the only rival institution to the spirit of the Church that arose out of the studies of antiquity.

Up to this time almost all jurisdiction had

been usurped by the clerks, who decided according to certain texts, supposititious or misapplied, of Scripture. The lay jurisdiction was reduced to a few cases of feudal privileges. The discovery of the Roman law produced a great change; a class of persons arose who acted under a system of notions totally independent of the Church and of religion. The study of the Pandects also enlarged the circle of the ideas of laymen; and the opinions of the people began, in cases of right and wrong, to refer to entirely different tests and standards from those of the Church. The Pandects becoming objects of especial study, professors arose to teach the codes and institutes. From that moment a limit was set to the influence of the Church. The kings established another mode of procedure than heretofore, by the system of *procurator bailiffs* in the different localities; the laws were written, and the towns and seigneuries had magistrates, who were placed in a position directly opposed to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. This rivalry endured up to the complete triumph of the laical jurisdiction.

The progress that had been made in the sciences, although small, tended still somewhat towards the emancipation of the mind, and the weakening of the power of the Church. Every discovery which teaches a man to reflect and compare, gives a blow to all systems of authority. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries are full of the quarrels between bishops and burghers disputing for jurisdiction and power. In former times, the people had been passively obedient; the Pope had but to speak, and all Europe arose or sat down at his wish; but his wishes no longer found that prompt and enthusiastic accomplishment; the remonstrances of the Church, it is true, continued to produce an effect, but it was faint and temporary. The kings, in their turn, felt the influence of the spirit of the age, and, as soon as they could, threw off the oppressive yoke of Rome: their ability to do so depended on the disposition of the masses; for it is, in fact, on them, after all, of whatever character they may be, that all power is founded. This is a truth not sufficiently attended to in the history of the middle ages.

With the masses, that is to say, the great bulk of the people, always must rest the supreme force: when they are unanimous, and in motion, there is no other force in a state that can resist it. They have besides a force of inertia: the secret is to know what they will tolerate, and how much they will bear: this is the limit of the authority of a governing power. In the middle ages this force was merely brutal; it was moreover incapable of exercising its real power from want of mutual communication; that is to say, its power was smaller than in a more enlightened state, but still it was supreme. All authority that has ever existed has acted on a kind of instinctive knowledge of the nature of this power. The feudal system tried to cope with it, by multiplying its own force



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by means of armour, horses, and implements of war, the building of castles, donjons, and keeps; and, on the other hand, by reducing the masses into the vilest state possible, and shackling their exertions by every force, physical and moral, that they knew of. The clergy attacked them intellectually: they infused into them certain notions of their own sanctity, and turned the religion of Christianity into a further means of power, by convincing the ignorant man that it was for his *interest* to be guided by them, that his fate in the next world was in their hands. The seigneur bound the body of his thrall, the priest his mind:—the giant was blind. Gradually, with the progress of his intellectual improvement, has the influence of his power been felt; but even in the state of his uttermost darkness, in the middle ages, his power was known, and his temper consulted. They were afraid he would burst his bonds. It may be observed, that reformations, or great changes in the order of things, never take place till the masses are ripe for them. There were many Luthers before the successful one. The history of Italy and even of Spain, presents numbers, as may be seen in Dr. Mc'Crie's excellent works on the suppressed reformation in those countries. Why did Luther, from his cell at Wittenberg, pour forth his bulls with more authority than the Pope? Why was he not seized and burnt like so many before him? Simply because his voice found an echo in every bosom; the masses were with him; and before them, kings, popes, and even armies, are powerless.

In the times of which we are writing, the Church contributed greatly to its own fall from the post of guide and ruler of social existence, by its excessive immorality, by its offences against decency, its open negligence of those rules it prescribed to others, and by prostituting its different sanctions for the sake of extorting money. As the ascetic virtues of the original cenobites had not a little contributed to the establishment of the power of the Church, the vice and luxury of their successors, in a proportional degree, undermined it. The popes and councils were well aware of this consequence. The letters of the popes of this age, both circular and particular, constantly turn on the reformation of the morals of the clergy, for they felt that to be essential to the preservation of the influence of the Church, no doubt perceived to be declining. The spirit of the age also required such a reformation. The authority of the Church demanded for its maintenance the extinction of heresy; hence the establishment of the Inquisition. The violence of this atrocious institution may be considered the last effort of a tottering authority.

When the people were emancipated from the slavery of the Church—that is to say, when the Church ceased to hold despotic sway over the minds of men—for it has never entirely lost its power as a political body—the feudal institutions remained, though greatly changed

and mutilated. The suzerain had erected himself into a king, and greatly extended his feudal powers; to the extension of this power the barons were still opposing a continual resistance. In the mean time another form of government had arisen; the people collected in towns began to be conscious of their force, and vindicated to themselves certain privileges. Scattered abroad in the fields, or collected in small hamlets, the serfs were the slaves of their masters' will; but when once they had gathered together in communes, had learned to sympathize with each other, and to act in concert, they disdained the seigneur's authority. In some countries they succeeded in establishing the independence of the commune; in all they accomplished a certain degree of liberty. We have before traced the emancipation of the people from the Church. The history of the communes is the history of the emancipation of the people from the feudal system, and in fact the foundation of society as it exists at this moment. Attention has been more peculiarly called to them of late by the very admirable letters of M. Thierry\* on the History of France.

An observation of M. Capefigue on these communes is full of practical wisdom. He observes that the desire of liberty broke out in these communes pretty nearly about the same time; and during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the collections are full of charters giving the name of *right* to that liberty that was enjoyed in *fact*. Thus a popular revolution was afterwards sanctioned by the royal and feudal power. A grand lesson, says our author, for societies. The best way to obtain freedom is, to take it first of all, and get it written down afterwards.

The spirit of association, arising out of the necessity of mutual protection, was the characteristic of the middle ages. Every society fell into the form of a corporation—a sure indication of the absence of a central authority. Although the establishment of municipal institutions was widely spread, yet there were shades of difference between those adopted in the towns of Italy, France, Flanders, and England. In Italy the municipal system was converted into a regular republican government. The cities of Lombardy elected their own magistrates, and treated of war and peace, as independent sovereignties. They differed in no respect from the republics of antiquity, resembling more especially the Achaean league of the latter ages of Greece.

The municipalities of Languedoc were constituted after the same model. If there were

\* The author of the *History of the Norman Conquest of England*, reviewed in our last number: the same, we believe, whose lectures were suspended by the ministry some short time previous to the glorious Revolution of July. Lady Morgan, in her "France in 1830," speaks with praise of a *History of France* by M. Thierry. There is no such work. She, probably, speaking on the recommendation of some friend, alludes to these excellent letters in her chapter on History.

any hope of securing absolute sovereignty, the citizens never hesitated to proclaim it. Marseilles, Montpellier, Toulouse, and Arles, several times declared themselves republics in the middle ages, and maintained their independence against the counts and bishops who claimed authority over them. Wherever in the cities a power was retained by some feudal lord, it was the occasion of perpetual revolt on the part of the burghers. In the space of fifty years the inhabitants of Avignon put to death one of their viscounts and two of their prelates.

In the communes of France the municipal privileges were not so extensive. The communal charters guaranteed to them the election of their magistrates: the meetings in which their elections were held took place at the sound of the church bells, in the public square, and neither king nor seigneur had any right to interfere with them. The magistrates regulated the police, the management of the contributions, superintended the walls, *fosses*, and roads. The cities had their own military establishments, a jurisdiction independent of that of the king, which was administered by their mayors and echevins. The municipia of Languedoc differed from the republics of Italy in this, that very few of them had been able to shake off their dependence upon some superior power, whether of the king, the counts, or the bishop.

The towns of Flanders were ruled by a sort of federative system, founded on their commercial relations. They were strictly devoted to their counts, but still so jealous of their municipal privileges, that they would admit no feudal banner to approach their walls without permission. The sole right possessed by the seigneurs was to man the citadel and appoint the governor of the castle. The citizens undertook to support the troops, in return for the protection and privileges they enjoyed from their feudal lord. Their exertions were chiefly of a mercantile cast; their commerce embraced all the known world.

The municipal rights in England were mixed up, as in France, with the feudal system, though to a greater extent. The Conquest was recent, and the military vassals had preserved a good deal of their authority over the citizens. The municipal privileges partook largely of the character of fiefs, and in fact existed by and under the swords of the barons. A great principle was however proclaimed in Magna Charta. The immunities of the towns were recognized by the King, and the representatives of the communes were called to parliament to vote in matters of aid and subsidy.

In the heart of the cities interior municipal bodies were formed: all was corporation and exaggeration. Every trade and branch of industry had its peculiar laws, privileges, and magistracy. The glovers, the butchers, the fishermen, as well as the rest, boasted of their banners, their guard, and their provost, as well as the towns and barons.

The cities became in no long time the depositories of all the wealth of the country, and the king soon discovered that they were the readiest sources of supply. The baron, possessor of the soil, lord of a rude and empty castle, was a poor contributor to the wants of the state in any other metal than steel, which he was more ready to draw in his own quarrel than that of the country at large. The citizen on the other hand, constantly exchanging his merchandize against coin, always had the means of relieving the wants of the king in the way most agreeable to rulers in general. But he who has the power to grant supplies, or withhold them at will, is sure sooner or later to be consulted in the disposition of them: this leads to the great step in the history of modern government, the representation of the commons in parliament by their deputies.

If we may apply the term "opposition" to the government of the middle ages, we may distinguish three bodies in which it was severally centred. First, the Church made its weight felt by its discourses, its interdicts and excommunications; by its promises as well as by its wealth: then came the barons with their opposition of pure physical force: at last it centred in the citizens, and had its foundation in their power to refuse or grant supplies. Of these three oppositions, the burghers were the one which gave the least trouble; and as it was the only one which turned upon the only sole true principle of government, viz. the interests of the governed, it is the one which has remained, has been greatly expanded and extended, and must continue to be so in proportion as the people learn the nature of their rights, and the art of self-government. We must not suppose that the commons were ever cited to council, because their advice was wanted. It is the remark of an old French writer, "he must sadly want eyes who does not see that the *roturier* was never added to the States General, contrary to the old order of France, for any other reason than that he was sometimes wanted to bear all the principal burdens and charges."—*Pasquier, Recherches sur la France*, liv. ii, c. 5.

After the junction of the commons with the other two elements of feudal government, the barons and the king, a sort of fusion was established between all three, out of which the composite form of modern states has arisen. The extinction of some feudal privileges, the aggrandisement of the power of the suzerain, and the existence of the commons as a separate power, enable the government to assume a general character. Previously, the king treated with his vassals, the barons were sovereigns of their own domains, and the people only had privileges when they were collected in sufficiently large masses to take them. Since the period of junction, the race of power has been between the kings and the people, in which the former have had greatly the superiority. The kings took advantage of the ge-

neralization which their authority had acquired, and published edicts and ordinances, which, though they respected particular privileges, still gradually gained an authority, controlled certainly by the states, which the kings took care to call as seldom as possible.

The generalization of the royal authority was also greatly aided by the action of the Roman law, and the works of the juriconsults, who, taking for guides the maxims of the Pandects, and for models the absolute monarchy of the emperors, warmly and industriously maintained the plenitude of the royal legislation and administration. The number of works written by the ancient juriconsults is immense. The theory that it was the courts of justice which greatly contributed to generalize and render absolute the authority of the kings, is admirably developed by Montesquieu.

Such may be considered a general picture of the political movement of the 12th and 13th centuries: but civilization embraces the progress of mankind in other points besides those which relate to the character of the governing body. We will again follow M. Caphigie in collecting the facts which mark the development of the human mind during the period which we have described as the age when so much was begun for the future, and so little finished for the present: this is as applicable to the literary, scientific, and intellectual history of the time as to its moral and political institutions. We will proceed in our endeavour to convey the character of these centuries, by noting down the facts which will of themselves mark the progress of the world in the various departments of mental culture.

The exact sciences in the 12th and 13th centuries had made but small progress: nevertheless the period which produced Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus cannot be considered sterile. The fault of the times was, that the sciences were made the subject of dissertation rather than of observation. The corrupt translations of Aristotle, derived through the medium of the Arabs, were the source of the philosophy of the age; even *Aristotleism* had not made any great progress; but so far as it was known, no changes were permitted in the doctrines of the ancients, but such as were drawn from the prevalent system of Christian Theology. Three celebrated men have written descriptions of the physical world, Saint Thomas, Saint Bonaventure, and Albertus Magnus, and each falls into the same train of ideas. The following short summary of them is taken from Brucker:—"The different aspects of the celestial bodies are the causes of generation and corruption. All the properties and faculties of terrestrial bodies are nothing more than the forms and conditions impressed upon them by the stars, and above the stars by superior intelligences: their motion is produced by a mutual but secret action: it is thus that the attractive virtue resides in an occult form, which the celestial spheres confer on the magnet. An

element is the simple principle of composed or composable bodies; the quintessence is an existence which is distinguished from all bodies, and which contains in itself no principle of contrariety, and consequently of corruption."

Such verbiage necessarily rendered no assistance in the acquirement of a knowledge of nature. The absurdest discoveries and pretended facts are recorded in the writings of this age. In the *Speculum Naturale* of Vincent de Beauvais, the unicorn is placed in the list of the animal kingdom: to catch it, a young virgin must be employed, because she is the emblem of purity. The ostrich is said to hatch her eggs by the heat of her looks.\* Rigord relates, that, after the taking of Jerusalem by Saladin, children ceased to have more than twenty-two teeth, and the Chronicle of St. Denys carefully informs us, that the death of Philip-Augustus was announced by a comet.

The compass, one of the properties of the magnet, gunpowder, and the properties of convex glasses, are discoveries that belong to these centuries.

The most complete description of the compass is in the book of Guyot de Provins, known under the name of the *Guyot Bible*, published in the reign of Philip-Augustus. Its utility to mariners is also spoken of by other poets and writers of the same age.

The discovery of gunpowder is attributed to a German monk: the much more ancient description of it by Roger Bacon would seem to give the credit of the invention to England. He says in his work *De nullitate magia*, "in order to imitate thunder and lightning, take some sulphur, nitre, and charcoal, which when separate produce no effect, but when mixed together discharge themselves the instant a light comes in contact with them, from any hollow machine in which they may have been shut up, with an explosion which equals the report and flash of thunder." As early as the year 1200, the Arabs used this mixture in order to shoot stones and balls from tubes. Nevertheless the first mention made of the employment of this powder in France, is in an account of the year 1335, of Barthelemy de Drake, treasurer at war, in which is registered a payment to Henry de Faumechon for powder and other things necessary for the cannon employed at the siege of Puy-Guillaume.

To Roger Bacon are also attributed the principal discoveries in optics; such as the first idea of the *camera obscura*, spectacles, telescopes, &c. In a manuscript of 1299, the author complains that he is no longer able to read without spectacles; and in a sermon preached in 1305, it is said that they were invented about twenty years before.—(*Tiraboschi*, t. iv. p. 196—199.)

The progress of the mathematical sciences was not so considerable as the physical ones. However, calculation by ciphers was already

\* Vincentii Bellovacensis Opera; Specul. Natur. § 68.

applied to geometry, astronomy, and even to music and architecture. The principal object of these studies was to get at the mysterious connection between numbers and the occurrences of human life. The introduction of the Arabian numerals contributed greatly to the extension of the arithmetical calculus. The first use made of them in France was by an Englishman of the name of Holywood, (Joannes de Sacrobosco,) a professor in the University of Paris, in a treatise on the sphere. They are there used for multiplication, and even for the extraction of cubic roots.

There still exists a commentary on Euclid by Campanus de Navarre, which belongs to these times. But geometry was confounded with architecture, and certainly, whether by theory or practice, seems have been carried to a considerable degree of perfection. In the middle of the 13th century Alain de Lisle defined right lines, curved and circumflex, the triangle and tetragon. Euclid's Elements began to be taught. Two MSS. remain of treatises of geometry in these times, written in French, in which all the figures are drawn in gold.

Mechanism made considerable strides. Albertus Magnus made a speaking head, and an automaton human figure, which arose and opened a door when it was knocked at. Roger Bacon made a mechanical flying pigeon.

The first Latin Book on astronomy is by the before-mentioned Campanus de Navarre. It is a complete treatise of the sphere, and contains a planetary theory. He adopts the system of the ancients, with the corrections of the Arabs, who were our masters in this science. The most remarkable monument of the epoch is the undertaking of Alphonso X. in Spain, who employed some Jews and Arabs to compile the astronomical tables which still retain his name, and which served for a long time as the basis of all astronomical calculations.

Astrology, of course, occupies a large place in the state of the sciences of these ages. Talleyrand-Perigord, bishop of Auxerre, an adept in the art of divination, wrote a special treatise on astrology: it served as the basis of the vast labours of Albertus Magnus, whose works contain an immense quantity of cabalistic theories, and of those systems of numbers and signs which are supposed to indicate the course of mundane affairs. Albertus also teaches us the art of preparing the simples, the alchymical mixtures of blood and mud, for the purpose of fabricating living beings: he gives us a description of these imperfect and horrible creatures, into which he tried to infuse the breath of life. The works of Albertus Magnus form twenty-one volumes in folio, (Lyons, 1631;) they are composed of separate treatises on all the occult sciences.

Astronomy made also some progress under the more exact and rational observations of Roger Bacon. His labours on the magnitude and refraction of the heavenly bodies, on the

equinoxes and the solstices, prove that his mind had taken the only right direction in philosophical inquiry, the procedure by experiment. He rectified numerous errors in the calendar then in use, and proposed to Clement IV. that it should be remodelled; but the time had not then arrived for that change. The ordinary writings of the times betray the prevalence of the most absurd ideas on this subject. Alberic, the monk of Trois Fontaines, speaks of leaps which he has seen the sun take. (Chron. ad ann. 1212.) The chroniclers tell us, with perfect simplicity, that the sun passes the night in lighting up Purgatory: that the earth is sustained by water, water by stones, the stones by the four Evangelists, and they by the fire of the Spirit. The universe was compared to an egg, the earth is the yolk, the water the white, and the air the shell.

The little geography that was known in these centuries was derived from the Arabs. The Chronicles abound in the most absurd geographical mistakes. The blunder of Shakespeare, who speaks of the sea shore of Bohemia, probably after some old chronicle, may be taken as a specimen of the notion of a prior age. Paradise is found in their writings in the centre of Asia, whence flow the four great rivers the Nile, the Ganges, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. Gautiea de Metz occupies a whole book with the description of the island of Meroes, where there is six months of day and six months of night. "As for us," says Gervase of Tilbury, "we declare the world to be a square placed in the middle of the seas." The *Speculum Naturale* of Vincent de Beauvais, which has been already mentioned, must be distinguished from the ignorant descriptions of his contemporaries. His work contains a tolerably exact picture of the state of geography in the middle ages. He gives a methodical list of the different countries of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Concerning Palestine, as his information was founded on the observation of pilgrims, his report is pretty accurate. When he comes to the north, then but very little known, numerous errors occur. He supposes that Europe is terminated by the ocean at the 60th degree of latitude: beyond which islands only occur. Albertus Magnus has rectified many of his imperfect notions on this point.

The spirit of travelling, whether under a religious or mercantile form, which took possession of the Christian world during the middle ages, with all the ardour of a passion, necessarily extended the geographical knowledge of the time. The second part of the *Annals* of Roger Hoveden contains a detailed description of Syria and the countries visited by the crusaders. The hope of converting infidels led several missionaries into distant regions at this period, and some have left interesting memorials of their observation. Such are the travels of Pietro Carpini who made known the great rivers of Russia under the names of the Dnieper, Don, Jaik, and Volga; of the monk Ru-



bruiquis, who was sent to Tartary on a rumour of the conversion of the great Khan. He gives a living picture of the manners and usages of the nations he traversed in his journey to Caracorum. The most important of the writings of these travellers is however undoubtedly the work of Marco Paolo. He may be considered as the creator of Asiatic geography.

The habit of composing chronicles, as shown in the stupendous quantity of these monuments of monastic patience, might, it may be supposed, have had a salutary influence on chronology. For it was in a chronological form that they preferred to record the events of history; they put down the transactions they describe day by day. The confusion of their geography is, however, not more decided than that of their chronology. They are only to be depended upon for the events which occurred immediately under their eyes, and in recording these they differed greatly in their calendar. In most of the provinces of France, in Burgundy, in Narbonne, at Foix, as in Italy, the year began at Easter; at Rhodex, Cahors, Tulle, and in Spain, on the 25th March. The first of January rarely occurs as the commencement of the calendar year.

M. Capefigue attributes the slow progress of science during the dark ages to the method of instruction. "Adopt," he observes, "a philosophical course, and the result obtained will show, by the liberality and elevation of the studies pursued, the admirable effects which flow from such a source. Shut up," he adds, "the intelligence in narrow bounds, and you will have an education without end, aim, or result." This may be very true—*tristities* even as far as it is intelligible, for unluckily M. Capefigue is sometimes misled by sound—but it seems to us that the defect of the middle ages was rather in the matter than the method of instruction. Observation had as yet done so little for them, that there was scarcely any actual knowledge to teach, and as, when their bodies are idle, men's minds must be actively employed, they occupied themselves in the boundless regions of the imagination. The intellectual occupation of the scholastic ages was the comparison of ideas: as that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has been that of facts. The one, it is true, is a barren study, and leads to no result; the other is the gate of all happiness and improvement. In composing their logical treatises of the times, the most thorny and disputable points were selected from the works of Aristotle and St. Augustin, on the groundwork of which the art of reasoning was taught. M. Capefigue says that this was not the art of reasoning, but the art of abusing reason. But the fault was not in the art, but in the subject; a constant comparison of ideas, without guide or standard, can lead to no stable conclusion. For instance, they discussed the interior structure of Paradise: whether Jesus Christ ascended into Heaven in his clothes, and whether his body,

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as administered in the sacrament, is naked or clothed? In discussing such absurd questions, it is possible to reason very correctly and ingeniously, but where is the result to be obtained? and if obtained, of what utility is it? This appears to have been the fault of the middle ages, that the intellect was employed *per se*, and with no other end than its occupation. Its influence on the happiness of mankind when employed in the collection and classification of facts was not dreamed of.

There was certainly one important error in the method of instruction, which was the laying down in *limine* of certain *formulae* which it was necessary to receive as articles of faith. Science was divided by the doctors into four grand classes: theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, medicine: all four were subject to the common method of authoritative instruction, which was termed scholastic.

Theology was one of the essential studies of these two centuries; and such parts of the Scriptures were selected for commentary and interpretation as fell in with the tendency of the age towards mystical discussion. The prophecies of the Apocalypse were a favourite subject. Albertus Magnus, Saint Thomas, Saint Bonaventura, commented on the most mystical parts of the Old and New Testament, the Epistles of Paul, the Psalms, and the sufferings of Job. We owe to this age the first concordances, and the division of the Bible into chapters, as it exists to this day. The study of the sacred languages was not entirely neglected. Two doctors of the University of Paris were able to translate the Talmud. The theological works of the time, used as text books for the purposes of education, are derived from two sources: the one class are commentaries upon the great book of *Sententia*, by Peter Lombard; the other are *Summa*, or abridgements of religious science, and answer to the *Syllabus*, or rather the *Elements*, of the modern professor. The *Summa* of Saint Thomas, which has been handed down as an elementary book of theology, embraces three parts: the first treats of the nature of things, of the Creator and his creatures; the second of morality; the third of the sacraments and the incarnation. In this work Aristotle is referred to in every page, along with the Fathers of the Church and the texts of the Old and New Testament. One of the first books printed was the *Summa* of William Durand, bishop of Mende, under the title of *Durandi Rationale*, Mentz, 1459.

The study of the canon law was one of the principal branches of scholastic instruction. It was drawn exclusively from the collection of pontifical decisions, published by Gratian, in the middle of the 12th century. This code attributed absolute power to the Popes, as the sole ecclesiastical authority. Raymond de Penafort, a Spanish Dominican, added five books to those which Gratian had published; they contain the Decretals from Innocent III. to

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Gregory IX. These two collections are the basis of the canon law, and were exclusively consulted by theologians, in preference to the councils and all the other acts of the church. Italy was peculiarly the theatre of this melancholy study. When rising schools of the civil law gained a footing, a noisy rivalry was commenced between the two chairs, and the University is said, by a contemporary, to have resounded with the thunder of their disputes. Civil jurisprudence began to be studied in the 13th century, at Paris, Toulous, Orleans, Montpellier, Angers, where flourished the celebrated professor Thomas Desfontaines. In Italy, where the Roman jurisprudence naturally regenerated with vigour and brilliancy, flourished several of its most distinguished professors. Alzon published at Bologna two juridical *Summæ* and an *Apparatus* of codes. Accursius, his most illustrious disciple, wrote a collection of glosses on all the texts of the Roman law at that time known, which displays a singular example of patience and industry: this work is still used in schools of law; though it was only in the subsequent century that the study of the Roman law took its present enlarged and liberal character, under the guidance of the celebrated Barthole.

Philosophy produced nothing in the middle ages except commentaries, more or less obscure, on Aristotle, which were by turns upheld and condemned by the Church. It was about the 11th century that Aristotelism began to appear in the schools, and it reigned till the condemnation of Amaury de Chartres, who had applied it too bodily or too subtly to the doctrines of Christianity. Amaury thus proved that God and matter were indivisible—"A simple being," said he, "is one that has neither quantity nor quality. Such is God—such is also primal matter; but can there be two simple beings? No—for they could only be distinct by qualities, or by parts which one had, or the other had not. But this is incompatible with the nature of a simple being: consequently it follows that God and matter are one and indivisible." Amaury de Chartres was compelled to retract, and his disciples were burnt outside the walls of Paris. Aristotle was proscribed in the schools, with the exception of his logic; at the request of Philip-Augustus, Cardinal Robert de Courcon forbade the teaching of the Greek philosopher in the University.

Medicine was the fourth faculty of the University. This science, which had made so considerable a progress in ancient Greece, appears to have been totally lost in the dark ages; except some feeble traditions of the art of healing, that appear to have been preserved in the monasteries. Medicine returned into Europe through the medium of the Arabs. The works of Mesue, Geber, Rhases, Avicenna, Avenzoar and Averroes, were the sources of instruction for the Western physicians. Unfortunately anatomy and physiology were neglected, and

surgery was left in the hands of the barbers. It was in the thirteenth century that anatomy, the true foundation of all medical knowledge, was commenced, and that in the West. The Emperor Frederick ordered that no person should be admitted to his degree who had not studied anatomy and the dissection of the human body. There remain some remarkable works on medicine written at this period, among which is the *Tresor des Pauvres*, or Manual of the Art of Curing, composed by John Peter of Spain, who afterwards became pope under the name of John XXI. The most complete works on medicine, of the age, are those which were published by Gilles de Corbeil, canon of Paris, in Latin verse. They consist of two treatises, one *De Pulsibus* and the other *De Urinis*, besides a poem in four cantos on the *Virtues of Medicaments*.

Neither the object nor result of all the intellectual activity of these centuries can be said to have much advanced the true interests of mankind. Nevertheless, some of the indirect effects have had great influence upon subsequent ages. One of these undoubtedly is the multiplication of manuscripts and the formation of numerous libraries, where were to be found not only contemporary works, but also all the remaining productions of antiquity. Libraries then began to multiply. Philip de Dreux, Bishop of Dreux, had more than 300 MSS., which he bequeathed to his cathedral. "There is at St. Medard a beautiful library," says Gauthier de Coinci, in speaking of the Abbey of St. Medard of Soissons. Vincent de Beauvais is in raptures when he speaks of that of St. Martin of Tours.

In these centuries commenced the great struggle for pre-eminence between the Latin and the vulgar tongue, the parent of the French language. Latin reigned in the schools, the sciences, the church, and the formal documents of public and civil life. It was taught in the grammar of Priscian, of Albertus Magnus, and the grammatical "Elements" of Alexander de Villedieu, and the *Dictionarium Locupletissimum*, the only lexicon which dates from this age. The vulgar tongue was the language of conversation among the laymen, and even among the clergy. In spite of the efforts of the universities and the monastic orders to arrest its progress, it began to make its way into the business of instruction. In the thirteenth century, especially, some books were translated into French for the use of the people. The Gospels and the Bible passed from the oriental to the vulgar tongue, greatly to the scandal of the church. A curious fusion was made of the two idioms: they were mixed together in the rhymes and verse of the times, as in this example—

"Je maine bonne vie *semper quantum possum*.  
Si tavernier m'appelle, je dis *eccæ adrum*.  
A descendre le mien *semper paratus sum*."

\*Des Fances, des Dez et de la Taverne, p. 74. Fabliaux, tom. iv. pp. 485—488.

The chronicles were among the first productions of the national tongue. The Latin chronicles are in general written with tolerable correctness, but they are bare and meager enumerations of facts. Most of the chronicles were witnesses or contemporaries of the events they record; so that they either speak from actual observation, from the communications of eye-witnesses, or the rumour of the day. But it is chiefly in the chronicles written in French, such as those of Joinville and Villehardouin, that we find those traits of manners, that pleasing simplicity, or that liveliness and picturesque narrative which gives them their chief value. They are also less clerical, and written rather with feudal than ecclesiastical prejudices: they recount all they have seen in the course of their pilgrimages or their adventures in court and castle.

The number of chroniclers of the two centuries is very great. We have mentioned the names of the two principal ones, who wrote "*soit en naif francais, soit en ramage de leur pays*." The history of Rigord, though in Latin, was translated in "*beau parler en les grandes et incomparables chroniques de Saint Denis*." Guillaume-le-Breton, the author of the *Philippid*, has also written a history in prose, which is only valuable where it continues that of Rigord. Matthew Paris is certainly the most remarkable of the narrators of this period. His chronicle is a bulky folio, comprising the national history of England. It is characterized by a spirit of opposition to, and independent criticism on, the Church of Rome, not a little remarkable in a monkish author of the middle ages. Jacques de Vitri, who writes chiefly of affairs connected with the Holy Land, presents us with a most interesting report of all that was known in the West of the history, manners and customs of the Saracens, as well as a very animated picture of the corruptions of the clergy. The work of Alberic, the monk of Trois Fontaines, is a compilation of chronicles anterior or contemporary. The same may be said of the *Miroir Historial* of Vincent de Beauvais. The number of chronicles of this period which relate to particular provinces or special events, such as the crusades against the Albigenses, is almost infinite, and they partake pretty generally the character of the history of the period.

Philippe Monsi, Bishop of Tournay, wrote the history of France in Latin verse, "*en rimes dialectales*." He begins with the Trojan origin of the Franks. Guillaume-le-Breton's poem on Philip-Angustus contains twelve thousand verses. It is a metrical chronicle, with metaphors and figures borrowed from the classics. Laisier, in his Literary History of the Poets of the Middle Ages, counts upwards of one hundred and eighty in these two centuries. The middle ages are equally abundant in sermons, epistles, tracts, essays, in short in all those kinds of works favoured by the religious spirit of the time. Sermons by Saint Bernard, Peter

of Blois, and John of Salisbury remain, on reading which it is difficult to conceive wherein lies the spirit which shook the whole world, and ruled the society of Christendom with such absolute power.

It was during the thirteenth century, from the year 1201 up to 1280, that the songs of the troubadours were chiefly in vogue. During this period occurred the crowd of *gai chanteurs*, such as Cadenet, Balacs, Giraud, De Borneuil, Boniface de Castellane, Pierre Cardinal, Isarn, the Monk of Montaudon, Giraud Riquier, &c., whose poems were so celebrated in castle hall and lady's bower. These men impressed a literary character on their age by their productions: they are the only ones of the time in which the spirit showed itself in freedom and truth, and are the best monuments of the history of the period.

The productions of the *Gai Saroir* are of several kinds. The *sirentes* are satires, general or personal, in which no one is spared, lord or priest, king or people. The *sirentes* of the Monk of Montaudon and Peter Cardinal are full of interest; the one paints the dissipation of the castle, the other of the clergy. The troubadour of Montaudon is especially severe upon the ladies; their infidelity, their ornaments, their gallantry, are each in their turn the subject of his caustic railery. The *tenson* is a dialogue in verse between two persons on any question in the code of love, of poetry or chivalry: they are generally of a tame description, but sometimes exhibit a satirical turn. In one of them Rambaud de Vaqueiras reproaches the Marquis of Malespina with robbing on the high road. The marquis does not deny the truth of the allegation, but excuses himself by saying that it was for the purpose of giving away, and not of hoarding. Avarice was a crime, but robbery a violence in harmony with the feelings of the times. *Epistles* in verse sometimes occur, in which the poet addresses advice to his correspondents respecting their conduct in life. Amadiieu des Escas teaches his mistress how she ought to arrange her toilette, to put rouge on her cheeks in such a manner as to eclipse the brilliancy of the painted glass, how she should soften and whiten the skin of her whole person, receive her lover secretly at night at the foot of the little tower, and take him to her heart. The *pastorals* are more monotonous than the *tensons*, and invariably turn upon the hacknied ideas of the rural eclogue. It is always a shepherd wandering in the fields, who meets his shepherdess gathering flowers; or a lord who in vain attempts to seduce the fidelity of the shepherdess, who prefers her swain. There are also some *tales* which have been used by the Italian poets of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and another species of poems, termed *planites*, which are elegies on the death of a friend or mistress. Sometimes political misfortunes are deplored in them, such as the taking of Jerusalem, or the unhappy state of Languedoc dur-

ing the crusade against the Albigenses. The *aubades*, the song of the dawn (*l'aube*), and the *serenade*, the song of the evening (*ser*), were dedicated to feelings of gallantry and pleasure. In the *aubade* every strophe necessarily ended with *alba*, in the *serenade* with *ser*; in the *ballade* the first verse was uniformly repeated.

The poetry of the *trouvères*, or songsters of the north of France, had a different character from that of the *troubadours*, or minstrels of the south. The latter are more gay, and more satirical: the former have less variety, are more monotonous in their tone, and also more elaborate in their execution. To the *trouvères* may be attributed those vast and complete productions, the *Romances of Chivalry*, the descriptions of a new world and an imaginary state of manners, a stock of heroes and adventures of a most marvellous character, but uniform, consistent and striking. Such are the *romances* comprised under the three great classes, 1. of the Round Table; 2. of Charlemagne; 3. of Amadis, which belong to a later date. To them and to this age belong the *Roman de la Rose*, and the *Bible Guyot*, one of the most faithful memorials of manners. The author of the last named work announces his design in these verses:

"D'un siecle puant et horrible,  
M'estuet (me convient) commencer une bible,  
Pour poindre, et pour aiguillonner,  
Et pour grant exemple donner."

Every class of society passes in review before the author—kings, counts, barons, clerks, bishops, lawyers; and the vices of each profession are unsparingly depicted. "The clergy," he says, "had married three virgins, Charity, Virtue and Justice, but after having deflowered and repudiated them, they put in their places Treason, Hypocrisy and Simony." The *Bible of the Seigneur de Beze* is written in the same spirit. In the *Chemin d'Enfer* of Raoul de Houdon, he puts many of his contemporaries, princes and prelates, among the *dampnes*.

The *batailles* of the *trouvères* are dialogues, like the *tensons* of the troubadours, in which there are frequently discussed scholastic questions of great nicety. The *chastisment* are didactic poems, in which the *trouvères* embrace complete bodies of instruction for the use of particular individuals. The *bestiaires* are fables; frequently translated from *Æsop*: at other times they contain bitter satires in the form of an apologue, the most famous of which is undoubtedly the romance of "The Fox." These poems of different kinds have still their admirers, and many find in them, not only talent and power, but also consider them as the source of the modern school of poetry. Be this as it may, and it is not a little doubtful, there is one thing certain, that the historian who would attempt to seize the spirit of this age without consulting them, would commit an irreparable error.

Amidst a state of society so rude and so un-

settled, the fine arts cannot be expected to have made much progress; nevertheless a style of architecture arose and was carried to perfection in these times, which is not surpassed for beauty and harmony, and aptitude to its purposes, by that of any other country or age. The cathedrals of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with their elegant arches, their clusters of light and lofty columns, their elaborate portals and gorgeously painted windows, are monuments of skill, science, industry, and religious enthusiasm. The details exhibited in the ornamental parts show the utmost facility in the art of sculpture, and by their grotesque character and varied nature, add greatly to our means of understanding the history of the times. It is true that the figures want animation; and the same remark applies to the exquisitely beautiful illumination of the MSS. of the time. The art of invention, the art of colouring, the art of grouping—all are there, excepting that appearance of motion and life which makes the difference between representing an animate and an inanimate object. This step in the progress of the arts of sculpture and design was reserved for a subsequent period. In music, however, a discovery was made, which effected a complete revolution in that science. Hitherto that which is called *accompagnement* was utterly unknown even to the ancients; it was tried in the cathedrals under the name of *dechant* or double chant, and was, like so many other good things, forbidden and condemned by the pope. The *dechant*, however, continued, and ended in completely discarding the old method of singing in unison, and accompanying the voice with the same part on the instrument. For this discovery we are indebted to that noble instrument the organ, itself a creation of the middle ages, in admirable harmony, both in sound and appearance, with the vaulted roofs and carved chapels it adorns.

We have thus, with the aid of M. Capefigue, run through the principal facts which mark the character and tendency of this age, with the exception of those which relate to commerce. Commerce is itself an element in civilization, the activity of which is rarely taken into sufficient account.

We have seen how much the liberties of Europe were indebted to the spirit of association which prevailed among the middle classes of persons during these two centuries. The origin of this spirit is doubtless partly attributable to motives of self protection against the force and discipline of powerful chiefs; but it also arose in part out of the necessities of trade and commerce. Persons practising the same arts of life must necessarily come to some understanding respecting the general conduct of their business, and consequently they must associate. Also in carrying on commerce with distant countries, in venturing property far from home, and in order to facilitate communication, it was again necessary to associate. These wants induced the people of the middle



ages, after the birth of trade and commerce, to unite themselves into corporations and guilds, from which union they derived great part of their force. The influence of their wealth has already been alluded to besides which a moral strength doubtless arose from the commercial intercourse with other nations; for it is one of the blessings of commerce, amongst the many it carries with it, that, by constant communication with other countries, it greatly contributes to the acquisition of knowledge, and the consequent enlargement of the mind.

The merchants of the middle ages, feeling the necessity of protection from power, and being already considered a useful and valuable body as administering to the increasing wants of a luxurious nobility, demanded and procured various grants of privileges *pour le faite des marchandises*, such as safe conducts through the territories of plundering barons, and freedom from tolls and exactions of various kinds, which every *seigneur* of the time imposed upon the unhappy persons obliged to pass through his *demesne*. These privileges naturally gave rise to others, and as they were likely to be as beneficial in similar cases, they were granted. At length the citizens grew strong enough to take such as they wanted.

When communication between different parts of a country is difficult, the utility of *fairs* is obvious. They are characteristic of this period. Every city and village, even monasteries, solicited the privilege, as a royal or seigniorial concession, of holding a fair on a given day in each year. Some of these fairs were celebrated over the world: at that of the Landit, at St. Denys, even Armenians were present; and the chroniclers describe with wonder and astonishment the quantity of merchandise exposed for sale, and the number of purchases completed within the short space of time allowed for traffic.

These centuries were rich in events, and no reign is more striking in the character of its transactions, or of the persons that figured on the stage of Europe during its continuance, than that of Philip-Augustus. The *personal* history, if we may use the term, of the time, is equally curious with the philosophical view of the elements of civilization then in operation, which we have endeavoured to take. The heroes of the age are innumerable. Our own Richard, the model of the warriors of his time, brave, passionate, ignorant, coarse, unsurpassed in feats of arms, and gifted with a taste for song; Philip, himself a perfect knight in the field, violent in his wrath, wily in his plans, unscrupulous in his means, unfeeling and unrelenting. Innocent III., the ruling spirit of the times, the indefatigable, the indomitable, mild and persuasive as long as gentle measures were likely to effect his purpose, fierce, uncompromising, and inexorable when strong measures alone could serve his ends. His power was felt everywhere, his influence settled even questions of private life: disputes

were submitted to his arbitration from all quarters of the world, and when they did not interfere with the domination of the Church, of which he was the great upholder, his decisions were prompt and just: his activity, and almost omnipresence in Europe, is one of the marvels of the age. The immense collection of his letters remains a monument of his authority. Our John possesses a large place in this history, but it is one of distinguished baseness. He possessed not a single virtue of his age, and there is scarcely a vice of any other for which he was not notorious. The sovereigns partook of the character of the chivalry of which they were the head; civilization and refinement had not as yet set them apart from their fellow men. In some relations they were suzerains, and in others vassals, doing homage to their own liege men; and the vassal and the suzerain were not unfrequently at war; in some great sieges, as in Guienne and Poitou, the vassals had a feudal right to carry on independent wars. Under such circumstances a degree of equality and parity, both in character and bearing, existed between kings and seigneurs, inconsistent with the modern notions of sovereignty. Philip-Augustus was indeed the first who, in establishing a general authority, and concentrating a vast mass of power and property, first raised the throne of France high above the seats of the nobles. It was his system to undermine the feudal power of his *grand-tenanciers*, and his long and active reign enabled him to make great advances towards the completion of his project. When he commenced his reign, the King of England was the actual sovereign of a territory in what is now France, fully equal to all the rest of the French king's dominions. The fiefs of Normandy, Brittany, Poitiers, Anjou, and Guienne, compose the richest and most valuable half of France: while the counts of Flanders, whose authority extended over Artois, the counts of Champagne, and the dukes of Burgundy, owed but a formal homage to him as their suzerain, and as often carried their gonfanons against him in the field as on his side. At his death, the whole of the fiefs of England had passed into his hands, and besides greatly humbling the independent authorities of the great feudatories on the other side, he had consolidated and generalized his authority over the whole of his own kingdom, in which previously there had been as many kings as there were castles.

With the view of illustrating what we have called the *personal* history of these centuries, we will select some details of a few of the events and characters which stand out most prominently on the historical canvass. They who are slow at gathering the spirit of the times from general remarks may perhaps get more instruction from the living pictures which abound in the work before us. We shall not dwell upon the great movements of the period, such as the crusade of Philip and Richard, which ended in the captivity of the latter; nor the expedition

of the Franks to the East, when they took Constantinople, and made a count of Flanders emperor of Byzantium, and a count of Champagne lord of the Morea; nor yet the great league of the barons against Philip, which was dissolved by the decisive battle of Bovines, (which Mr. Capefigue compares to the battle of Waterloo); nor yet the wars of Richard or John in France, nor those of Louis of France in England, which have been so imperfectly narrated by English historians; to do justice to all these, a space would be required far beyond the allowed limits of an article. But by some insulated facts which will not take up much room, we can gauge the spirit of the age. By the description of the establishment of a single *commune*, we will give a specimen of the manner in which these bulwarks of our modern liberties were built up, and it is not improbable that, abridged as it is from the contemporary chronicles, it will better conduce to a due impression of the nature of this struggle for privileges, than any thing we have hitherto stated.

The history of the commune of Laon presents as complete a picture of the progress and development of these municipal guarantees as that of perhaps any other. The town of Laon was subject to the temporal authority of its bishop. It had no police, and was constantly the scene of the greatest disorders. The nobles and their followers exercised every kind of cruelty and injustice upon the burghers; the burghers, in their turn, oppressed the peasants and serfs; taxes were levied by the strongest, and property was not respected. In the year 1106, the bishopric had been got possession of by dint of money by one Gaudri, a Norman, who frequented the altar but little, and was mightily given to horses, dogs, and falcons. To these unseemly pursuits he joined the greatest cruelty of character. Among his followers was one of those black slaves brought by the barons on their return from a crusade. This slave had been one of the instruments of the bishop's cruelties exercised on burghers: in the bishop's palace he had torn out the eyes of one inhabitant of the town, and by his orders had assassinated another in the metropolitan church. The burghers were naturally exasperated by this treatment, and conspired to establish a *commune*. Gaudri was at that time in England with the Norman king. The burghers addressed propositions to the nobles and the chapter of the church, offering to purchase their municipal liberties. The deeds were drawn up, and considerable sums of money paid. On his return from England, Gaudri himself confirmed them, "because he had himself a great want of money." But the bishop had soon squandered, in horses, dogs, and gambling, the money of the burghers, and he found that the duties payable by the town, and fixed by the municipal charter, were not enough to satisfy his wants. He resolved, therefore, to abolish

the commune, and he persuaded the nobles, and even the king, Louis VI., to second his designs. The king came to Laon on Holy Thursday, A. D. 1112; the next day it was published by sound of trumpet that the commune was dissolved, and that the burghers should no longer retain their banner, their town-house, and their belfry. This news created great confusion: all the shops and hosteleries were immediately shut, and the burghers took arms. Forty of them took a mutual oath to kill the bishop and all the nobles who had threatened the existence of the rising commune. This conspiracy got wind, and Gaudri was informed of it. His friends beseeched him not to go out on the day of the Easter procession. "For shame!" said he, "I die by the hands of such folks as them! If John, my black, was to amuse himself by pulling the nose of the stoutest among them, he durst not even grumble." However, he caused himself to be surrounded in the procession by his knights and servants, who wore arms under their robes. Whilst the procession was winding down one of the streets, the mob began to cry "*commune! commune!*" but owing to some want of understanding among themselves, this time the project of the conspirators fell to the ground. On Easter Thursday, while the bishop, in complete security, was conversing with an archdeacon named Gauhier, the cry of "*commune! commune!*" was again heard. At this signal, numbers of banded burghers, armed with lances and bows, clubs and axes, surrounded the episcopal palace. The nobles, who ran from all parts to its succour, were massacred, and the citizens by main force entered the palace, crying, "Where is the traitor of a bishop, the scoundrel?" Gaudri had hid himself in a vat, where he would not have been found but for the treachery of a servant. One Therland, a serf of the church of St. Vincent, who was the ringleader of the insurrection, having taken off the cover of the tun, struck it with his club, crying out "Is there any body within here?" The trembling bishop answered, "Ah! it is an unhappy prisoner." "Oh, it is you, then, master fox," said the serf of St. Vincent's "that have hidden yourself in this tun!" Saying these words, he dragged the bishop by the hair out of his hiding place: the poor Gaudri prayed and supplicated, promising on the Gospel to abdicate the bishopric, and leave the country for ever. But his prayers were not listened to; and the serf gave him a blow on the head with his two-edged axe. The second blow finished him. The burghers cast off his little finger, in order to take his rich pastoral ring; his body was dragged into the street, and every one that passed threw mud and stones upon it.

When the exasperation of the burghers had subsided, they saw the danger to which they were exposed. Feeling that they could not resist the vengeance that was sure to fall upon the town, they resolved to put themselves un-

der the protection of Thomas de Marle, seigneur de Coucy, whose name figures in all the popular tales which describe the violence of the barons of the middle ages. The Sire de Coucy promised them his protection, but only in his castle, for the town of Laon was incapable of defence. The burghers abandoned their town in tears, and it was sacked by the troops of Louis VI.; the lands of de Coucy were overrun by the forces of the barons; the victory was followed by vengeance: more than three hundred burghers were hung. But such was the perseverance of the population in the pursuit of their privileges, that sixteen years after the murder of Bishop Gaudri, the burghers of Laon succeeded in obtaining a new charter under the title of *Institutio Paci*; it was only, however, confirmed in the reign of Philip-Augustus.

The story of Philip's marriage with Ingeburg, the Danish princess, his disgust, his divorce, and his subsequent passion for Agnes de Meranie, his forced separation from her, her death, and again his forced resumption of Ingeburg by the authority of the pope, who laid the country under an interdict, and, in effect, deprived Philip for the moment of his kingdom and his subjects, is one which, in all its parts, is not only of great interest, but an admirable practical illustration of the manners and modes of thinking of the times.

The king seems to have married Ingeburg on the credit of the praises of the Bishop of Hamburg, who, in a letter to Philip, enlarged with rapture on her great beauty, and—as the clergy were always special in these matters—on the brilliancy of her fair hair, and the dazzling whiteness of her hands. Philip went to meet her on his charger, with his casque on his head and his hauberk of silver mail on his shoulders: she met him riding on her white hackney (*haqueence*.) He looked, disliked, but yet married her. But it was with great difficulty that he could be prevailed upon by the priests to consummate the marriage, and he immediately resolved on a divorce. The obedient clergy then set to work, and arranged some genealogical trees, by which they proved that the parties were within the prohibited degree of consanguinity: they were related within eight degrees by the marriage of some great grandfather. The queen was ignorant of French, but when she was called into Council and an interpreter explained to her the decree that had gone forth, all she could say, was "*Mauvaise France! Mauvaise France!*" then, after a pause, she added, "*Rome! Rome!*" She meant by this that she intended to appeal against the injustice committed against her to the Pope, and in good time he interfered effectually in her behalf. In the meanwhile, however, she was sent by her capricious husband into the confinement of remote castles and convents, where her wants were so little attended to, that she was indebted to the charity of some churchmen for subsistence. Stephen, Bishop of Tour-

nay, wrote a most pathetic letter in her behalf to the Cardinal of Champagne, which, however, does not seem to have produced its proper effect; it remains an honourable testimony of his humanity, and the sufferings and virtues of the unhappy Ingeburg.

Stephen says,

"There is a precious stone in these realms which men tread under foot, but which the angels honour, and which is worthy of the royal treasury. I speak of the queen, shut up in Cisoiz as in a prison, overwhelmed with grief and misery. We bewail her destiny, and leave to God alone to pronounce on the cause and end of her disgrace; but who has such a heart of stone as not to be touched by the misfortunes of a princess, the descendant of so many kings!—to see her in such a state of poverty, so young, so beautiful, so venerable in her manners, so modest in her words; with a face more lovely than that of the Ambrosian Virgin. I would say she is better made than Sarah, more virtuous than Rebecca, more pleasant than Rachel, more devout than Anne, more chaste than Susanna. They who are judges of the beauty of women assure us that the queen is not less lovely than Helen. Her daily occupation is to read, to pray, or to work; she plays at no game of chance, nor even at chess: she prays to God with sighs and tears from morning until the sixth hour, not only for herself, but for the king our sovereign: she is never seated in her oratory, she is always either standing, on her knees, or prostrate on the earth. This princess, so beautiful and so noble, is forced to sell and pawn her clothes and furniture for the means of subsistence: she asks for the means of life, she solicits alms, she stretches forth her hands to receive them. She weeps, and often do I weep with her: my heart is melted within me. I exhort her to put her trust in the Lord: she answers, 'My friends, my near relations are as much estranged from me as if they did not belong to me; my only refuge is the Lord Archbishop of Rheims, who has protected me, kept and fed me so liberally since the commencement of my misfortunes.'"—*Baluze Miscellan.* t. i. p. 420.

While the divorced wife was in this pitiable condition, Philip married Agnes, sister of Otho, Duke of Moravia. Agnes was a lady of ravishing beauty; the monks tell us of her fair hair, which descended to the ground, and of her little foot and her white hand. She was, moreover, a huntress, indomitable in the chase, and on her fiery horse in the depth of the forest, like another Diana or Camilla, gave the death-blow to a stag or boar, with a grace which enchanted the whole chivalry of the court. At tilt or tourney, she distributed the prizes with a dignity and sweetness that won all hearts; many were the young chevaliers that wore her colours. The King became desperately in love with her, and she appears to have duly returned the passion.

The news of Agnes's beauty and accomplishments reached even the remote tower where the pious Ingeburg was confined: she confided her griefs to the bosom of the Pope. In

her letter, among other touching things, she says, "By some diabolical counsel of the great, he has just espoused Agnes; more beautiful, perhaps, she may be than me, but not one who loves him more; while I, a sad plaything of fortune, am shut up in the depths of a castle, where I cannot even see the heaven to which I hourly lift my supplicating hands."

These letters produced but little effect as long as Celestin occupied the pontifical throne: but the scene changed as soon as Innocent assumed the tiara. The divorce had been granted by a council without reference to the papal authority; and he determined not to let so flagrant an encroachment of his prerogatives pass with impunity. What might have been overlooked in the injustice to Ingeburg was unpardonable in its offence against the Pope. On the other hand, opposition only strengthened the passion of the royal lovers. "Agnes is my wife," said the king; "no person shall separate me from her?" Gentle measures were at first tried and failed, and at last the fatal, tremendous interdict was laid on the country.

The legate convened a sort of council at Dijon. The archbishops of Lyons, Rheims, Besancon, Vienna, eighteen bishops, and a great number of abbots were present. Two abbots were charged to summon the king, who had put them out of the palace. On the 6th of December, the bishops and priests assembled, each with a torch in his hand. In the dead of the night the clerks chanted in a funeral tone the *miserere*, and prayers were addressed in the names of the culpable to the God of mercy: the echoes of the church repeated the melancholy sound, and immediately the bells, heard for the last time, rang the dead peal. The Christ on the altars was veiled, the last consecrated wafers were burnt, and the bodies of the saints and images of the patrons were carried down into the crypts. In the presence of the assembled people, the legate, attired in his violet-coloured stole, used on Passion Day as in the service of the dead, elevated his voice, and announced to the multitude on their knees, in the name of Jesus Christ, that all the domains of the king of France were laid under an interdict, until he ceased his adulterous intercourse with Agnes de Meranie his concubine. A deep groaning was heard in the church; the old men, the women and children wept: it seemed as if the hour of judgment was come, and that all were going to appear before the avenging God without the succour of the church.

The influence of this proceeding can only be calculated by those who know the depth of superstition in which the masses were at this period plunged. From the moment of the fulfilment of the bull, all religious offices were suspended, the images of our Saviour outside the church were covered up, as also those of the Apostles and the Virgin, the guardian angel, before whom the baron and his vassals were accustomed to kneel every sabbath and

feast day. The cross on the steeple was also covered with black cloth: the gates were closed, and the noisy bells, which announced the close of labour for the day and the hour of prayer—were alike muffled:—service ceased from one end of the kingdom to the other, the choir was silent and the monasteries still: marriages and baptisms were celebrated in the churchyard, and they who died during the interdict did not receive Christian burial. People left the kingdom to attend the ceremonies of the church in neighbouring countries; they flocked to Normandy, into Brittany and the fiefs of England. At many points of the kingdom violent commotions took place: the multitude attempted to force the bishops and priests to re-open the chapels, and to celebrate the holy mysteries.

Philip tried in vain every means of resistance, and at length was obliged to send two clerks to ask that the interdict should be taken off, protesting that he was ready to put the question of divorce to a trial of its validity. The Pope answered, "I am willing: but first of all let him send away his concubine and take back Ingeburg: then, and then only, will I proceed to examine the case of divorce, and take off the interdict!"—"My God! my God!" cried Agnes, "where now shall I take my grief?" Philip in a moment of fury exclaimed: "Well then, I will turn my back on the Church—Saladin was happy to have no pope." Philip assembled his parliament and summoned the principal barons and prelates of his realm: Agnes appeared before them, in a suit of mourning, in grief, but beautiful in her tears; a mortal paleness marked her face, and her far-advanced pregnancy did not diminish the interest her appearance excited. The barons and the prelates, however, could find no means of relieving their sovereign: they decided that the king must obey the wish of the pope, that Agnes de Meranie should be dismissed, and Ingeburg brought back from her prison.

Agnes wrote an affecting letter to the pope, who only answered by sending a legate to inquire into the affair of the divorce. She retired to a castle in Normandy, where she died at the end of two months in child-bed. In the meantime the council sat at Soissons to deliberate on the validity of the divorce, and it was joined by envoys from the king of Denmark. The affair was every day assuming a more serious character, when one morning the assembly was informed that the king had all of a sudden arrived on horseback, and had rode away with Ingeburg on the croup behind him. Here was an end of their grave deliberation on the divorce, and the council was dissolved. Philip, however, had no further intention than that of confounding a council debating on a point that no longer concerned him: he again shut up Ingeburg in an old palace, and it was only on his death bed that he ever again consented to see her.

The extraordinary power of the Church un-



der Innocent is also strikingly displayed in the treatment of the Comte de Toulouse, when Provence, which was a fief of the king of Aragon, was invaded by the crusading barons, bent upon destroying the Albigenses by fire and sword. When this powerful prince—for such was the Comte de Toulouse—saw that it was impossible for him with his vassals and allies to make head against the Frank seigneurs under Louis of France, he determined on making his peace with the Church, which charged him with heresy or the protection of heresy. After promising to give up into their hands seven of his strongest castles, and taking an oath to confirm it, the Comte was admitted to make his abjuration. Advancing towards the sanctuary, an altar covered with relics, naked to the waist, a rope was drawn tight about his neck, and two bishops held the ends of it, as if they were holding a beast of burden; the Comte then pronounced an oath, beginning thus: "In the 12th year of my lord, the Pope Innocent III., I Raymond, in presence of the holy relics, the host and the wood of the true cross, swear, that I will obey all the orders of the pope and yours, Master Melon (the legate) touching the articles for which I am excommunicated, &c." When the ceremony of reconciliation commenced, the legate put a stole on the neck of the count instead of the cord, and taking the two ends, he took him into the sanctuary, whipping him with a rod. The lord count cried out, and was red with shame: at last the legate gave him absolution. The crowd in the church was so great, that they were obliged to send him out of the church all covered with blood, by the subterranean passage leading into the fields.

We shall now pass to another aspect, in which the church, or at least a churchman, was exhibited to an admiring multitude. In one of the engagements between Richard and Philip, the Bishop of Beauvais was taken prisoner: he was found by the side of Philip, with his helmet on his head and lance in his hand: and in the course of the battle had made great carnage among the English. Richard treated him harshly, and locked him up in a fortified tower. He wrote a bitter complaint to the pope that a churchman should be so treated: the pope answered rationally enough: "You quitted the peaceful rule of the shepherd for the turbulence of war, the mitre for the casque, the pastoral crook for the lance, the cup for the cuirass, the ring for the sword, and you write me word that evil has befallen you. I am not astonished: you sought—well! you have found: you struck, and lo! you are stricken in your turn: however, I shall write to Richard to ask your deliverance." At the great battle of Bovines, the same Bishop was again in arms, and distinguished himself greatly by his marvellous prowess. The venerable prelate fought with a massive iron club, for he had a scruple of conscience about taking life

away by an effusion of blood. The chance of the fight brought him in contact with the Earl of Salisbury, upon whom he fell with his club, and quickly brought him to the earth. The bishop had by him a *châtelain*, the Sire de Nivelles. "John de Nivelles," said he, "drag this Salisbury along for me: say it was thou that struck him, for I am doing unlawful work. I should not change my staff for this club." Saying these words, he went forward gaily upon the English, knocking them down with his club, right and left.

Among other signs of the times recorded in the history of this remarkable reign, is the crusade of the children. The spirit of an age may be indicated by the turn of the infantine mind: in a country engaged in a popular war, the children will always be found playing at soldiers. But the religious duty of the Crusades had taken such universal hold of men's minds, that it produced a movement, even among the children of Europe, of a kind unparalleled in the history of the world.

In the year 1212, many thousands of boys and girls abandoned their homes, not only in France but in Germany and Italy, giving out that they were bent upon delivering the Holy Land. The eldest were not more than eighteen years of age. It was in vain that their parents attempted to restrain them. They watched opportunities of escape, and got away by making holes in the walls; and sallied forth from the paternal mansion with as much joy as if they had been going to a festival. The fate of these unhappy children, as may be supposed, was most unfortunate; they were entrapped in numbers by merchants of Venice, Genoa and Marseilles, who were at that time engaged in the infamous traffic of supplying the seraglios of the East with children. A great many were shipped in the Mediterranean ports, and many died of hunger and fatigue in the long journeys to which they had voluntarily devoted themselves, but for which their strength was utterly inadequate.

It would be very ungrateful, after having made such copious use of a book as we have done in this article, to speak ill of the author, and therefore we feel easy in strongly recommending M. Capfigue's history to general attention. It is written after a plan as yet unpractised in England, and which can scarcely be called history. It consists almost wholly of a reproduction of morsels of the old contemporary writers, monks, chroniclers, poets and letter writers, frequently in their own words, and almost always partaking of their simplicity, at the same time occasionally varied by a remark which belongs to the present century. In itself this style of weaving history produces a kind of party-coloured performance, which is far from being agreeable at first sight: a little attentive contemplation, however, shows that the natural result is that of deeply imbuing the reader in the colours of the time.

From the Monthly Magazine.

# CARMEN DI SEPOLCRI.

COME to my narrow bed—  
My cold and calm sojourn !  
No riot there is bred,  
No raging passions burn ;  
No cruel wrongs their poison shed—  
Come to my narrow bed !  
Come to my narrow bed—  
To her whom thou didst love !  
In life we could not wed,  
And death our faith will prove ;  
Come to thy nuptial with the dead—  
Come to my narrow bed !  
Come to my narrow bed !—  
Six boards the couch compose ;  
The worm, our bridemaid, at my head,  
Attends our long repose ;  
Thy last of life is well nigh sped—  
Come to my narrow bed !  
Come to my narrow bed !—  
Life hath no rest so sweet ;  
With me thou canst not dread  
The sod at head and feet,  
Where Spring's sweet flowers are bred—  
Come to my narrow bed !  
Come to my narrow bed !—  
No toil awaits thee there ;  
Pain never racks the weary head,  
Unknown is carking care :  
Come where no grief can ever tread—  
Come to my narrow bed !  
Come to my narrow bed !  
There holy peace is given,  
There care-worn souls are led  
Up to the land of heaven,  
To taste of bliss unlimited—  
Come to my narrow bed !  
Come to my narrow bed !—  
Come to thy parted bride !  
Sweet is the slumber, 'mid the dead,  
Of lovers side by side :  
Come, by our long-told love, and wed—  
Come to my narrow bed !

From the Monthly Review.

## ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY.\*

IT is the sacred duty of posterity to pay every mark of honour to the memory of those worthy men, who, in times of great danger, have signalised themselves as the defenders of their country, and descended to their tombs in its service. Were we not animated by this feeling, we should have allowed these two volumes to enjoy undisturbed repose, since, in a literary point of view, they have not succeeded by any means in engaging much of our attention. The notices of Lord Rodney's life, given by Major-General Mundy, are exceedingly scanty and uninteresting ; he leaves the venerable Admiral to tell his own story for the most part, not in private letters, which, being familiar and unreserved, might have been attractive, but in public dispatches, and other

\*The Life and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Rodney. By Maj. Gen. Mundy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1850.

official papers, which being always formal, and covered with as smooth a gloss as possible, never afford entertainment to the mind, and very seldom instruction. The letters, which the collection presents, from the Admiral to his lady, and from the latter to the former, are few, compared with the number of the public documents ; and even these few are rarely tinged with those colours of domestic life, and of home interests and affections, which lend so many charms to the correspondence of Lord Collingwood.

The controversy which has been carried on for some time, in professional circles and publications, concerning the right of original property, in what has been called the invention of breaking the enemy's line, as well as the justly celebrated character of the hero himself—the predecessor in glory of Nelson, who, alone, perhaps, outshines Rodney in naval fame—will render this work acceptable to a numerous class of readers connected with the service. Into that controversy it is not our intention to enter, further than by observing, that no great merit appears, in our humble opinion, to be due to any man for the mere invention of a manœuvre so simple in itself, and so easily suggested to the mind of a lion-hearted commander. It is to him who dares to undertake it, and who, like Rodney, has the firmness and good fortune to carry it into execution, that the glory of achievement must ever belong. We may add, by the way, that there is good evidence to shew, that the invention of breaking the enemy's line, if there be in it any thing worth owning, belongs really to a jesuit named Paul Hoste, who was employed in the service of Louis XIV. This appears so clearly from the father's description of the manœuvre, that we are astonished to find the claim set up on behalf of Sir Charles Douglas, so long persevered in.

We shall condense, into a narrow compass, such of the particulars of Lord Rodney's life, as may be likely to prove interesting to general readers. Descending from an ancient and respectable English family, he was born on the 19th of February, 1718, and after receiving a brief education at Harrow, he obtained from the king a letter of service, the last, it is said, that ever was granted ; he went to sea in the twelfth year of his age ; in his eighteenth year became a lieutenant, and in his twenty-first, a captain. Such was the expedition of promotion, in those days, at least in the case of young men specially patronised by the king, who was Rodney's god-father. After having been employed during several years, in various parts of the world, he was appointed rear-admiral in 1759, when he may be said to have commenced the more important part of his career, with the bombardment of Havre de Grace, which he completely destroyed as a naval arsenal. He succeeded also in rendering useless a number of flat-bottomed boats, a species of machine upon which the French, at that period, as well as in

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the time of Napoleon placed much reliance. The admiral was next appointed (1761) to superintend the naval operations of the grand armament, destined for the attack of Martinique, then the most populous and flourishing of all the French settlements, beyond the Atlantic. This service he performed in the most gallant manner, and soon added to Martinique most of the other islands, colonised by the French, in the West Indies. These were with some exceptions, afterwards exchanged by the treaty of peace (1763) for Canada, and other French possessions in the north, arrangements which were much disapproved of at the time, by the nation at large. No part of the blame, justly attached to the treaty, fell, however, upon admiral Rodney, who upon his return home, was raised to the rank of a baronet, having been already made vice-admiral of the blue; was married to an amiable woman, by whom he had several children (four of whom are still living); and was appointed governor of the royal hospital at Greenwich, where he is still remembered, as one of the best friends the pensioners of that noble establishment ever had.

Having gone through the various shades of rank, from blue, to white and red. Sir George Rodney was again sent (1771) to the West Indies, where he was appointed commander-in-chief at Jamaica, with a considerable squadron under his orders, as it was apprehended that Spain wanted only a decent pretext to come to an open rupture with England. To this disposition, it was said, at the time, that admiral Rodney gave as much provocation as he could, by his demeanour towards the Spanish authorities, with whom he, or his officers, happened to come in contact. It is not improbable that this conduct, added to some complaints connected with the details of the service which were made against him at home, caused him, not only to be recalled, in 1774, but to be consigned, during the ensuing four years, to the most disheartening neglect. This was the period of what astronomers would call, the obscuration of the star of his destiny. His rank and fame had already introduced him into fashionable society, for which he had every necessary requisite, being of a handsome exterior, and courteous manners. Unfortunately he had not the courage to resist one of the greatest vices of those days, as it is of these—that of gambling. He was a frequent guest at the duchess of Bedford's assemblies, where many a fortune was won and lost. He had, moreover, been involved in more than one election contest; and such was the embarrassed state of his finances, that he was obliged to take refuge from his creditors, in France.

'He here lived,' says the editor, 'in very straitened circumstances, until better days came; and to the credit of that gallant nation it must be mentioned, that they treated the English Belisarius with the respect due to his fate and misfortunes.' Upon the breaking

out of the American war, he wrote to the admiralty, at the head of which was then Lord Sandwich, his great friend and patron, to make an offer of his services; but to his infinite mortification, the only acknowledgement which his letter received, was the mere usual dry official one, that his communication was laid before their lordships!—while promotions were prodigally lavished upon officers, not only his juniors in the service, but confessedly inferior to him in every respect. This treatment wounded him so deeply, that he was determined to present himself to the king to protest against it: but he was without pecuniary means sufficient to enable him to leave Paris, where he had contracted debts for his ordinary expenses. It would appear, that at this time, the admiral and his family had been subjected to severe privations. He applied for assistance to his friends in England, but without effect. In the midst of his disappointments, the thought of his country was, however, always uppermost in his mind. One or two extracts from his letters to lady Rodney, at this period, will be read with a melancholy interest, when it is recollected, that they were written by the man who, not long afterwards, inflicted a blow, then unparalleled in history, upon the fleet of the very nation, in which he found—what he failed to find at home—a generous and sincere friend in the hour of his adversity.

Paris—(no date.)

'Not hearing either from yourself or my son, by the last messengers, gives me uneasiness inexpressible, as the delay of completing what has been promised obliges me to remain in the hotel where I am, at an expense I could wish to avoid, and daily adds to my embarrassments. What to do I really don't know. To speak to Lord Stormont I am unwilling, but I will talk to Mr. James upon the subject, as he is a good man, and feels the distresses I am driven to.'

'I beg you will desire my son to see Lord North again, either at his house or his Levee: Delays are worse than death, especially at this critical time, when every hour teems with momentary expectation of war.'—vol. i. pp. 172, 173.

Paris, March 20, 1778.

'Since writing to you on Lord Stormont's recall, inclosing you a letter I sent him on my unhappy condition, in being obliged to remain in an enemy's country till such time as I should have a remittance sent me to pay my debts, which prevented my personally offering my services at this critical time, I have reason to believe that I shall be able to procure the sum necessary to enable me to leave this city. Should this desirable event take place in a day or two, you may expect me in London very shortly.'

'I have again written a strong letter to Lord Sandwich, offering my services, and pressing him to employ me at this important juncture, as it will be the means of my serving my country, and at the same time the only method by which I can have an opportunity of honourably settling with my creditors.'—vol. i. p. 175.

The hope of assistance, to which the above letter alludes, was fully realised. It came, we are almost ashamed for our country to say, from a foreigner, a Frenchman, the celebrated Marechal Biron, who, in the most delicate manner, tendered to him whatever sum he might want; adding that "all France was sensible of the services which the admiral had rendered to his country, and that the treatment they all knew he had received, was a disgrace to the nation and its ministers." Undoubtedly it was so. It would be vain now to speculate upon what the consequences might have been, if the admiral had been detained by his necessities in France during the war, or if, stung by the neglect of which he was the victim, he had attached himself to the service of the nation which had produced so great an ornament to human nature as Marechal Biron. It will be sufficient to add, that Sir George Rodney, with the greatest reluctance, and not until all other resources had failed him, accepted from the Marechal one thousand Louis.

'Nothing,' he writes in May, 1778, with a spirit poignantly wounded, 'but a total inattention to the distressed state I was in, could have prevailed upon me to have availed myself of his voluntary proposal; but not having had, for more than a month past, a letter from any person but Mr. Hotham, and yourself, and my passport being expired, it was impossible for me to remain in this city at the risk of being sued by my creditors, who grew so clamorous, it was impossible for me to bear it; and had they not been over-awed by the lieutenant of the police, would have carried their prosecutions to the greatest length. Their demands were all satisfied this day; and the few days I remain in this city will be occupied in visiting all those great families from whom I have received so many civilities, and whose attention in paying me daily and constant visits, in a great measure kept my creditors from being so troublesome as they otherwise would have been.'—vol. i., pp. 180, 181.

It is stated, though not upon very satisfactory authority, that the marechal had waited upon Sir George with an offer from the king of France of a high command in his fleet, which he instantly and indignantly refused. It is due to the character of the house of Drummond's to observe, that as soon as the admiral arrived in London, and mentioned to whom he was indebted for the assistance which he had received, they enabled him forthwith to repay the loan.

It was not, however, until the autumn of 1779, that, chiefly through the influence of the king, Sir George Rodney was again employed as commander in chief of the Leeward Islands and Barbadoes. On his way thither, he encountered a Spanish squadron, and after a smart battle obtained a complete victory, thus securing the freedom of the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, which had been, for some time, shut up from our commerce. The merit of his victory was the greater, as, at the time

when it was fought, the British navy had almost lost all discipline, in consequence of the party spirit which had been excited in it, as well as in the whole nation, by the war with America. Added to this, the navy, generally, had been badly treated for some years by the government; the dissatisfaction which existed, reached from the highest to the lowest branches of the service, and, on more than one occasion, broke out in open mutiny. It was to this state of things, that the admiral was indebted for a severe disappointment which he experienced, soon after his arrival in the West Indies, when, having encountered the French fleet of twenty-three ships, and having a prospect before him of another splendid victory, he saw it escape from his hands, in consequence of the neglect with which his signals were treated. To the restoration of discipline all his attention was, therefore, most forcibly directed; and having in the West Indies an active sphere for exercises he soon reformed the service thoroughly, and made it capable of those gallant actions which soon afterwards crowned his exertions.

Among these, was the capture of St. Eustatius and other Dutch Islands, on account of the hostile and treacherous part which they took in the American war—a capture, however, which, though apparently promising a golden harvest to the captors, involved the admiral in a course of litigation with private individuals, which was attended with endless losses and anxiety. The confiscation of the property found in St. Eustatius, which was immense, created various disputes at home, together with accusations in Parliament, which gave him the greatest annoyance. A severe complaint having obliged him to return to England, in the latter part of 1781, he had an opportunity of successfully vindicating himself in the House of Commons. Bad as his health was at that time, no sooner did the unfortunate news arrive of the drawn battle between the French and British fleets off the Chesapeake, and of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army, than he offered to return to the West Indies without delay, where he arrived in March, 1782, in time to put a stop to the conquests which the enemy were every day making, and to forward arrangements for a general battle, to which he was determined to bring them on the first opportunity.

The French fleet, which consisted of thirty-three sail of the line, and two ships of fifty guns, and having on board five thousand four hundred men, accompanied with heavy cannon and every other requisite for the reduction of Jamaica, their immediate object, was at this period anchored in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, under the command of a very brave officer, the Count de la Grasse. It was his design to form a junction, if possible, with the Spanish fleet and land forces waiting at St. Domingo, in order that the combined hosts might overwhelm the British fleet in case of resistance. To pre-

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vent this junction, to preserve the West Indies, and even the independence of England itself—which was never more seriously endangered—was the tremendous task that now devolved upon the man, who, a few days before, was an exile from her shores. How gloriously that great duty was accomplished, we need not say. Many narratives of the battle have long been before the world. We shall only glance at a few of its leading features.

Intelligence was received by Rodney, on the morning of the 8th of April, that the French fleet had unmoored and were putting to sea. The British fleet, which had been waiting prepared for this event, without loss of time stood towards the enemy with all the sail they could crowd. The next morning they came in sight of each other and a partial action ensued, which, together with an accident that happened to one of their vessels, reduced the French fleet to thirty-two ships of the line. By great efforts, however, de Grasse avoided further encounter during that and the two following days. But on the 12th he was so much pressed by Rodney that he could no longer think of escaping, and the line of battle was formed.

Sir Gilbert Blane, who attended Rodney as his physician, gives to Lord Cranstoun the credit of suggesting the breaking of the enemy's line. His narrative of the battle is concise and animated.

'About half an hour before the engagement commenced, at breakfast on board of the *Formidable*, the company, consisting of the Admiral, Sir Charles Douglas, captain of the fleet, (an officer whose functions nearly correspond with those of the adjutant-general of an army,) Captain Simmons, commander of the ship, Lord Cranstoun, a volunteer post-captain, the admiral's secretary and myself, the conversation naturally turned on the glorious prospects of the day; and Lord Cranstoun remarked, that if our fleet maintained its present relative position, steering the same course close hauled on the opposite tack to the enemy, we must necessarily pass through their line in running along, and closing with it in action.

'The Admiral visibly caught the idea, and no doubt decided in his own mind at that moment, to attempt a manœuvre at that time hitherto unpractised in naval tactics. It was accordingly practised by him with the most complete success, setting the illustrious example in the ship which bore his own flag; for the signal for close action being thrown out, and adhered to in letter and spirit for about an hour, and after taking and returning the fire of one half of the French force, under one general blaze and peal of thunder along both lines, the *Formidable* broke through that of the enemy. In the act of doing so, we passed within pistol-shot of the *Glorieux*, of seventy-four guns, which was so roughly handled, that, being shorn of all her masts, bowsprit, and ensign staff, but with the white flag nailed to the stump of one of the masts, breathing defiance as it were in her last moments, became a motionless hulk, presenting a spectacle which struck our Admiral's fancy as not unlike the remains of a fallen hero, for

*Museum.*—Vol. XVIII.

being an indefatigable reader of Homer, he exclaimed, that now was to be the contest for the body of Patroclus; but the contest was already at an end, for the enemy's fleet being separated, fell into confusion, a total rout ensued, and victory was no longer doubtful.—vol. ii. pp. 223—231.

The admiral, writing to Lady Rodney, says:

'The battle began at seven in the morning, and continued till sunset, nearly eleven hours; and by persons appointed to observe, there never was seven minutes' respite during the engagement, which, I believe, was the severest that ever was fought at sea, and the most glorious for England. We have taken five, and sunk another. Among the prizes the *Ville de Paris*, and the French admiral, grace our victory.

'Comte de Grasse, who is at this moment sitting in my stern gallery, tells me that he thought his fleet superior to mine, and does so still, though I had two more in number; and I am of his opinion, as his was composed of large ships, and ten of mine only sixty-fours.'—vol. ii. p. 253.

When the news of this decisive victory arrived at home, the nation, which had, of late, been greatly depressed, by the series of disasters with which the American war was attended, became almost frantic with joy; thanks were voted by the two houses of Parliament, and the dignity of the peerage was conferred upon Rodney, as well as a pension of 2000*l*. He was compelled, however, suddenly to quit the scene of his glory, having been peremptorily recalled by the new ministry, who had come into power on the 19th of March. The order of recall was, indeed, given before they could have heard of the victory; but the manner in which he was universally received, upon his return to England, more than compensated for this slight, which, though ill-intended, contributed only to raise him to a higher station in the public esteem.

The peace which followed left no further opportunity of employment to Lord Rodney. He had been much subject to the gout, and after enduring repeated paroxysms of this malady, it at length attacked him in the stomach, and terminated his existence on the 23d of May, in 1792, in the 74th year of his age, he having been then in the navy sixty-two years, and upwards of fifty years in commission.

General Mundy's concluding remarks upon Lord Rodney's life and character will not give the less pain to generous bosoms, because he has expressed himself with mildness.

'It would be superfluous, in this place, to offer any lengthened observations upon the character and actions of this celebrated commander and truly great man, since the reader will best be able to form an opinion of them from a perusal of the preceding pages. To state that he did not pass through a long and active public life, without becoming occasionally the object of attack and censure, is but to say that he was successful and eminent; but his political enemies, as soon as their immediate design had

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been attained, did not hesitate to bestow upon him the highest *eulogiums*, and his services, at a time when the naval renown of this nation was beginning to decline, and the desponding spirits of many of his countrymen considered its revival as hopeless, must ever awaken to the truly British mind sentiments of gratitude, veneration, and affection. However the splendour of more recent events may have tended to eclipse the actions of this great naval officer in the eyes of the present generation, let it never be forgotten, that his skill and resolution, contending with, and overcoming obstacles, of which, in these days of improved and strict discipline, the modern commander can form no conception, set an example, and roused a spirit which has led the way to the proudest triumphs of the British navy.

Other commanders may have gained more victories, but be it remembered that whenever Rodney fought an enemy, and his officers did their duty, he conquered.

Notwithstanding a long career, attended with such splendid successful achievements as might have been supposed adequate to have placed Lord Rodney in easy, and indeed affluent, circumstances, it must be recorded that he died poor; but so did Aristides.

It has been alleged (it is to be feared with too much truth) that those in high command in foreign stations, by sea and land, have not always acquired the wealth of which they were proved to be possessed, through the purest means. The great Marlborough himself was not altogether clear of a suspicion of underhand dealings with commissaries. It will indeed be invidious to probe to the quick the methods by which eminent characters, in our own times, have accumulated fortunes by practices allied to this. The West Indies have not been so much the scene of peculation and public robbery as the other hemisphere, though not entirely free from similar imputations. The fortunes made by commanders have been chiefly made by prize-money.

It has been seen, in the course of this work, that Lord Rodney, so far from being a gainer, had been a loser from this source; and he was frequently heard by his friends and those about him to descant on the superior enormity of public frauds, abuses, and robberies, above private delinquencies, inasmuch as the public had not the same facility of defending itself against them, which gave an additional moral turpitude in their perpetration. He therefore not only kept clear of all direct lucre himself, but, as far as was possible, watched the proceedings of others in the unavoidable pecuniary dealings of those who supplied or contracted for the necessary provision of the fleet.

The consequence of all that has been said was, that Lord Rodney died in an honourable poverty, more enviable than all the gratifications derivable from the utmost affluence dishonourably acquired.

No less multiplied than vexatious were the law-suits against which Lord Rodney had to defend himself in the last ten years of his life, by which his private fortune was greatly impaired.—vol. ii. pp. 363—366.

One or two anecdotes of Rodney's kindness

of heart will be read with pleasure. That of the bantam-cock is not the least amusing.

Being not only a great sea-officer, but a man of highly-polished manners, he had always young men of family who walked his quarter-deck; and, in his relations of little incidents which happened on board, I was often charmed with the effusions of his heart.

When his dinner was going aft, he has often, he says, seen the hungry *mids* cast over the dishes a wistful eye with a *watery* mouth; upon seeing which, he has instantly arrested their supporters, and ordered the whole of his dinner, save one dish, to be carried to the midshipmen's mess.

When a woman, who had, contrary to the rules of the navy, secreted herself in her husband's cabin and fought a quarter-deck gun in the room of her wounded husband, who was down in the cockpit, was discovered, Lord Rodney severely reprimanded her for a breach of orders, but gave her, immediately after, ten guineas, for so valiantly sustaining the post of her wounded husband.

The little bantam-cock which, in the action of the 12th of April, perched himself upon the poop, and, at every broadside poured into the *Ville de Paris*, cheered the crew with his "shrill clarion," and clapped his wings, as if in approbation, was ordered by the Admiral to be pampered and protected during life.—vol. ii. pp. 374. 375.

When his present Majesty adopted the profession of the navy, he commenced his career under Rodney, whom he always afterwards treated with every possible mark of kindness and sincere friendship. The speech which he pronounced in the House of Lords, after the gallant Admiral's death, reflects so much credit upon his head and heart, that we are induced to present it to the reader.

"I cannot," said his Royal Highness, "give a silent vote on the present occasion. The services of the late Lord Rodney are so great, that it did infinite honour to his Majesty's Ministers to pay every respect to his memory. Such services merited the highest rewards from his country, and I am happy to bear this public testimony to their value and importance. For myself, I have particular reason to endeavour to do justice to the singular merits of my deceased friend, who, unhappily for this country, is no more; but I hope the House will indulge me a few moments, while I briefly recall to their recollection the noble services his Lordship had rendered, which I am certain they never can forget."

"I must first remind their Lordships that Lord Rodney had taken Martinique, Grenada, &c., &c., from the French in the war before the last. In the last war, in going out to Gibraltar, he had taken a Spanish admiral with a valuable convoy. Without this most seasonable and fortunate capture, Gibraltar was so short of provisions, that the most serious consequences were to be apprehended. He had abundantly supplied the garrison, and happily relieved it. The House will recollect that Lord Rodney had taken the island of St. Eustatius and a Dutch convoy; but the most glorious period of his life was the 12th of April,

1782, which will ever be held as a most sacred epoch in this country. The enemies of England were vain enough to think they could crush her for ever; but the event of that day clearly proved, that a British fleet of nearly equal force, when opposed to a French fleet, will be sure to beat them.

"The victory of the 12th of April was the more honourable to Lord Rodney, as it was obtained over De Grasse, one of the best and bravest admirals that France ever produced. Had it been in the power of valour to have saved a brave man from disgrace and misfortune, it would never have been the lot of De Grasse to have been disgraced and banished from the French court—a conduct, however, *that had too often prevailed in courts*. It was that victory which decided the fate of the war, and taught our particular enemy, France, that, however for a moment we might be depressed, we arose, after a seeming defeat, with renovated strength and courage.

"I trust," concluded his Royal Highness, "the House will pardon my expatiating on the virtues and great professional merits of my departed friend, for which myself and every officer of the British navy entertain the highest respect and veneration."—vol. ii. pp. 382—384.

Strange to say, Lord Rodney was a most strenuous advocate for the slave trade! His great argument in its favour was, that if negroes were not allowed to be imported into the West Indies, the labour which their tribes executed there must be performed by indentured servants, the result of which would be an injurious decrease of the population of these kingdoms! This it is for Admirals to become politico-economists!

From the Monthly Magazine.

### TO A SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

Once, and yet once again,  
While my full heart beats heavily along,  
Will I to thee awake a gentle strain,  
A melancholy song.

For though thou art far away,  
Like a bright star in th' enamell'd skies,  
Still on my soul there gleams one sunny ray,  
Whose home is in thine eyes.

And in the silent hour,  
When the heart communes with itself alone,  
Thy voice falls on my ear with that deep power  
That dwells in every tone.

Then like a magic scene,  
Memory recalls her treasures of the past;  
Raising the shadows of what once hath been,  
'Ere life was overcast.

And then, thou true of heart!  
I bless thee for the tears that thou hast shed,  
When, like a seraph, peace thou didst impart  
To the uncomforted.

I bless thee for the wrong,  
Thou hast endured for my unworthy sake,  
From those who found thy steadfast love too  
strong,  
For pride or power to break.

I bless thee for thy truth,  
Thy faith—thy constancy, and gentleness;  
The light that shone upon thy early youth,  
Each smile, and each caress.

But more than all, I yet  
Must bless thee for thy long-tried love for me—  
Bright as the pearl that in its shell is set  
In the unfathomable sea! R. F. W.

From the Monthly Magazine

### ANECDOTES OF BRAZIL.

ONE thing above all others which extends our acquaintance with human affairs, and enlarges and enlightens the mind—what most eminently distinguishes the present age from every other, is the facility of locomotion. As little is thought now-a-days of circumnavigating the globe, as was formerly of travelling to the northern extremity of our island. In fact, no one can pretend to the rank of a traveller who has not either pic-nicked at the foot of the Pyramids, climbed the heaven-kissing peaks of the Himalaya range, hunted the ostrich on the Pampas, or listened to the deafening roar of Niagara. With what ineffable contempt will this superb locomotive creature look down on his fellow, who merely tours over the European Continent, dreaming away his life amidst the frivolities of its numerous capitals, but deriving no more information of men and manners than what strikes his organs of vision through the windows of his well-padded travelling carriage! Who would now, with a grain of the *odi profanum vulgus* in his composition, condescend to ascend Mont Blanc, vulgarized as it has lately been by the profanation of Cockney footsteps! The exclusive has now literally nothing left but a voyage to the North Pole, or an attempt to discover the course of the mysterious Niger.

The country that, more than any other, has engaged the attention of mankind in our day, is South America. We do not say that the people of this continent are either, on account of their character or their actual achievements, the most interesting on the face of the globe; but, in their accidental position, they unquestionably are so. Their grand experiment in government and social regeneration; their trial in their voyage onwards to a mighty fulfilment, or a still mightier failure, we cannot but feel places them as no other nation is, for concentrating on them the gaze of a liberal and philosophical curiosity.

So far back as the days of old Montaigne and Montesquieu, the independence of the Spanish-American colonies was a political problem, the solution of which had occupied the attention of speculative politicians; while of late years the revolution which had taken place in men's minds on the subject of colonies, had enabled the practical statesmen to demonstrate the event with mathematical certainty. The boundless extent of these magnificent colonies—the colossal proportions of their natural features—their riches, real or fabulous—

added to the romantic halo shed around them by the history of their early conquest—had, in every age since their first discovery, powerfully inflamed the imagination of men, and generated a wild and chimerical spirit of adventure. It is not, therefore, singular that, at the earliest dawn of independence in the Western World, men of every rank and denomination should have looked towards it as an extended field, for the development of some long-cherished scheme of daring ambition, or all-grasping avarice.

The martial spirits of Europe, whose sphere of action had been narrowed by the setting of the sun of Napoleon, flocked in crowds to the patriot standards. The speculative politician dreamed that the moment for the realization of his Utopia was at length arrived. It was, however, in the mercantile world that the vibrations of the chord excitement was felt with the most powerful effect. The Spanish *El Dorado*, so long closed to the other nations of the world by the singular system of colonial policy of the mother-country, was at length brought within the grasp of British enterprise; and, in the blind infatuation of the moment, they wildly imagined that the dream of poetry and romance—the golden age—was about to be substantially realized in the nineteenth century.

It is easy, I am aware, to reason after an event; for the causes and effects being then developed, there remains only to place them in their juxtaposition to arrive at the wished-for result. The history of this singular period, unparalleled in the annals of human folly, will be pointed at by the future historian as a fable on the ocean-rocks of time—a salutary warning to after ages. As a climax to this mania, there was wanting but the formation of a company, whose object was, Titan-like, to scale heaven by piling the huge mass of Cotapay on the giant Chimborazo.

But the illusion has passed away. This *fata morgana* of the mind, like its prototype in the natural world, after dazzling the imagination with its fantastic imagery, has disappeared. Spanish-America, the subject of so many magnificent aspirations and conceptions, has proved a failure. A fearful reaction has been felt through every gradation of life. The soldier found there a grave—the merchant, ruin; while the political projector has heard the death-knell of his hopes in the words of the master-spirit of the revolution—"After twenty years struggle," said the Liberator Bolivar, "we have obtained our independence, but at the sacrifice of every thing else!"

While the tide of public attention was setting with headlong current towards Spanish America, Brazil—in whatever point we view her—indisputably the most valuable and important part of this vast continent, attracted to itself none of the capital or enterprise so prodigally lavished on the sister colonies. This may, in some measure, be accounted for from the barrenness of her early history, and the

absence of all that could gratify the high-seasoned and romantic taste of the present age. What the sagacious mind of the great Pombal was unable to carry into execution, the terror of Napoleon's arms finally accomplished.—Threatened with the fate of the Spanish monarchy, the house of Braganza transferred the seat of their empire from Portugal to their extensive transatlantic dominion. Although our commercial relations with Brazil have, ever since this event, been on a most extensive and important scale, it is really singular how little we yet know of the interior of this beautiful country. Thinly scattered along an immense line of maritime coast, the English residents in Brazil, with very few exceptions, were all engaged in commercial pursuits, and were composed of a class of men who, from their previous habits of life, were as little gifted with the requisite powers of observation and deduction, for forming just and adequate ideas of the vast resources and capabilities of the country in which they resided, as they were formed by education and intellectual attainments for inspiring the Brazilians with any more elevated ideas of our own national character, than such as the plodding virtues of a counting-house could convey. But a new era has dawned: the vast mineral resources of this country, are on the eve of rapid development, by the combined operations of British science and enterprise, assisted by a train of favourable circumstances, that must ensure the most splendid success.

In this early stage of her history, it would be as futile as vain to speculate on the future destinies that await Brazil. I am well aware that it may be alleged, that all improvement is there personal, and that, in fact, the whole social system is dependent on so frail a tenure as the existence of one man. "What counter-acting chance," it may be asked, "does there exist from this country, that, in the event of the present emperor being snatched from this life ere he has consolidated the disjointed parts of his immense empire, a similar reaction to that which, in the Spanish colonies, has reduced every thing to a chaos of confusion, may not happen?" On a superficial view, it will perhaps be difficult satisfactorily to answer these objections. But it must be recollected that the Brazilian people are eminently monarchical in their habits and prejudices—that, for upwards of twenty years, they have been accustomed to the residence of a court—that the example of the Spanish colonies, so far from proving alluring, will operate as a salutary warning to them—to say nothing of the difference of caste and colour—an insuperable obstacle to a republican form of government wherever it exists.

What most forcibly strikes the stranger in Brazil is the extraordinary melange of antitheses in the character of its people. Singularly blended with the most artless simplicity he discovers consummate hypocrisy, the basest

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superstition with the most frightful latitudinarianism, and abject servility with an impatience of control bordering on savage independence. Unlike the cold countries of Europe, morality in Brazil is at a lower ebb in the country than in the towns, in the interior than on the sea-coast. In the latter, by means of commerce, the inhabitants have been kept up to a certain degree of civilization, though, it must be confessed, of the lowest ebb; but in the interior, where the restraints of religion can no longer be observed, the only preservative has failed, and the descendants of the first settlers have fallen into a state infinitely below that of the aborigines they have displaced. Accustomed, almost from the cradle, to wander at will over their extensive and boundless plains, they naturally imbibe ideas of independence, which spurn at all social control, and which but too often betray them into fits of lawless passion, productive of the most fatal results. Of this singular state of manners, I had myself a melancholy example, while in the interior of the province of Bahia. A Senhor d'Eugenho (a planter,) of high rank and influence, on his return from the chace, stopped at the house of a lavrador (a farmer,) and requested refreshment and shelter from the burning heat of a vertical sun. The farmer was from home; but he was, in the mean time, hospitably received by his wife, who administered to his wants with the best her humble residence could afford. The senhora was a remarkably pretty woman, and her interesting appearance caused her guest to forget the better feelings of his nature. The proposals thus made were indignantly repelled; and, baffled in his criminal designs, the brutal ruffian precipitately quitted the house, breathing revenge—which he was not long in executing; for, on the night of the same day, he returned at the head of a band of hirelings, set fire to the house, inhumanly butchered the husband, and carried off the unfortunate wife. His high rank and influence locked the wheel of justice, and enabled him to enjoy in triumph impunity the fruits of his atrocious crime.

In this world, the merits of every human conception, whether on a narrow or an extended scale, must be measured by the success of its practical application. Those institutions which, in the improved state of European society, are found to be so prejudicial to its best interest, and dangerous in their operation, were, at the hour of their birth, and during a long subsequent period of years, attended with results as beneficial as they afterwards proved vicious.

No one, who is not blinded by bigotry or hurried away by feelings of romance, will regret the abolition in Europe of the Society of Jesuits; but I know not if he can view with equal complacency the abolition of this celebrated order in South America. The many vices so justly charged to the disciples of Loyola must not prevent our acknowledging the numerous benefits which both literature and

science have received from them. It is here in South America—for the discovery of most of the valuable productions of which Europe is indebted to the Jesuits—that the lover of humanity may be permitted to mourn over their fall. Their singular system of government at the missions—the subject of such contending opinions—will be best estimated by comparing the present deplorable state of morals in those districts with the period when they were subject to the jurisdiction of their order. To the absence of all religious instruction is to be attributed the singular state of manners which so strongly marks the interior province of Brazil. The clergy are in numbers few, while their flocks are scattered over benefices which in extent, at least, will rival a European province. Although I have witnessed some splendid instances of religion and piety among the clergy, the major part of them are totally indifferent to the spiritual weal of their flocks. Thus it but too often happens, that those great scenes of life—birth, marriage, and death—pass unhallowed by the rites of religion, and fail to excite those finer feelings which embellish our existence.

If the interior provinces of the empire are so miserably provided with spiritual pastors, the remark does not apply to the sea-coasts, in the towns of which the church militants, from the haughty Dominican to the dirty Franciscan, literally swarm. I have often been forcibly struck with the exquisitely fine taste for the picturesque displayed by these reverend fathers in the choice of the sites of their convents. In fact, all the ceremonies of the Romish church are on a scale of gorgeous magnificence, admirable calculated for the purpose of dazzling the imagination of an ignorant people. On one occasion, I lionized, in company with a party of British officers, the city of Bahia. Among other objects, we visited the convent of St. Francis, which, for its extent and the splendour of its internal decorations, powerfully elicited the admiration of the late king on his first arrival at Brazil—a sovereign whose ideas of conventual magnificence were certainly fixed at an elevated point. After devoting some time to its numerous chapels and richly-decorated shrines, our attention was forcibly arrested by a most singular spectacle. In a small glass case was a wax figure of the infant Jesus, but dressed in a style so singularly *outré*, as would have provoked the risibility of a Santon. Picture for a moment the infant Saviour in a wig *a l'aile de pigeon*—a court-dress of *la vieille cour*, blazoned with stars and orders—a cocked-hat and sword completed the toilette!—certainly calculated to produce a laugh at the expense of our cicerone, who apparently guessed what was passing in our minds; for he said to us—

“Senhores, in religion, as in every thing else, fashion will assert her empire. Formerly, the image of the Saviour, arrayed in the simple tunic of the East, was sufficient to command

the reverence of the multitude; but now," he added, with a smile, "nothing goes down with them but a full court-dress."

The revenues of the convent would, I have no doubt, have borne ample testimony to the justice of the reverend father's remark. As we were quitting the convent, one of our party, a youngster, indulged in a jest on the ridicule of some passages in the life of St. Francis, which were rudely delineated in Dutch titles on the walls of the corridors. To our surprise, he was sharply rebuked—though I thought, at the moment, more in jest than earnest—by the lay-brother, in our own vernacular tongue. On our eagerly questioning him as to where he had acquired his knowledge of English, he told us that he had been for ten years a mizen-top-man in the British navy; and, at the close of the war, being paid off, he returned to Portugal, where he exchanged the blue jacket for the flowing robes of St. Francis. Judging from his appearance, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his new mode of life. As the door of the convent swung heavily on its hinges after us, the aphorism "from the sublime to the ridiculous" forcibly occurred to me.

To one accustomed to the gaieties and amusements of European society, nothing can be imagined more dull and insipid than life in Brazil. The existence of the Brazilian may be likened to a stagnant pool, unmarked by any thing to enliven its undeviating monotony, or embellish its career. In most of the large towns there are theatres, many of them really handsome structures; but the artists are execrable—while their performances consist of a few miserable translations from the French and Spanish dramas. During Lent, sacred pieces—termed, during the middle ages, "Mysterios"—are still performed, and, in the shape of dramatic representation, were decidedly the best things I saw. Familiar intercourse between families is almost totally unknown; their indolence and the intense heat of the climate render visiting too great an exertion. The *rais spectacles du pays* are the churches, which, on the high festivals, are sure to be crowded. In the cool of a moonlight evening, so beautiful in a tropical climate, a Brazilian family will sometimes sally forth. Their order of march is conducted according to all the rules of the military art;—their advance-guard formed by a sable-coloured duenna and her attendants; at some distance follow the young *senhoras*, in pairs, according to age—their rear scrupulously guarded by the elder branches of the family. In spite of all their vigilance, however, I have often observed a group of gallants hovering, like guerillas, on the flank of the column, succeed, by a dashing manoeuvre, in conveying some love-token into the hands of a pretty brunette, whose dark gazelle eye danced with joy at their success. At others, they may be seen inhaling the evening breeze in their apacious verandahs; the mother engaged in animated colloquy with a solemn

friar; the father discussing the politics of the day; while the younger branches of the family form a beautiful group in the fore-ground of the picture, and sing to a guitar accompaniment some of their sweet modenas, with all the impassioned tones of their sunny climes.

The political independence, while it cost the Spanish-American colonies a twenty years' struggle to effect, was in Brazil achieved in only as many months—a result, produced rather by the operation of intrigue than the force of arms. The constitutional system of Portugal, proclaimed in Brazil in 1821, was a prologue to the grand drama of independence.—Previous to the dawn of this eventful period, the political condition of this extensive colony had been as still and unruffled as a mountain-lake. Unlike the neighbouring Spanish colonies, she had not been systematically debased by a tyrannical system of colonial government; but, on the contrary, had enjoyed, ever since the removed of the seat of empire from Europe, all the privileges and advantages of an independent kingdom. Under the mild and paternal government of the house of Braganza, she was silently making gigantic strides in the march of civilization. The political horizon, hitherto so bright and serene, now became clouded; the flood-gates of ambition were burst open, and a torrent of new opinions deluged the country. Liberty, independence, the rights of man, and the dignity of human nature, with other abstract metaphysical questions—the very names of which they were previously unacquainted with—now engrossed the minds of the Brazilians to the exclusion of every other subject. In the blind insatiation of the moment, they enthusiastically dreamed that the golden age was about to be substantially realised; and that, too, without any other exertion on their part than vociferating from morning till night, "*Viva a constitucão*!"—"Now that Brazil has a constitution," said a young officer to me one day, "England is no longer anything." A very few months taught them the fallacy of their opinions. Disappointed in their magnificent conceptions of the constitutional system, they watched with intense anxiety the star of independence just rising on their political horizon. Ardent, of a lively imagination, and as susceptible of impression as mercury itself, the Brazilian was easily wrought on by the master-spirits of the revolution. The new mania spread with inconceivable rapidity from one end of the country to the other. The ideas of the mass of the political changes going on, must have been vague and indeterminate in the extreme; for I have heard the soldiery vociferating in the same breath, "The perpetual union of Brazil with Portugal for ever!" and then, in singular juxtaposition, "Independence for ever, and death to royalists!"

I was one day highly amused with a colloquy which I overheard between a Sertanejo, just arrived from the interior, and his corres-

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pendent in the capital. "Amigo," said he, "what means this '*Independencia*,' which I hear in every body's mouth?"—"What does it mean, indeed!" rejoined the other, with a look of the most profound political sagacity; "why, simple this—that the English merchant who lives yonder will now be obliged to sell as his merchandize for almost nothing."—"Oh!" rejoined the other, with something like a tone of misgiving, "how will he in that case be able to purchase my hides?"—"Independence will do every thing; give yourself no concern!" was the reply. The prophecy, so confidently put forth by the pseudo-politician, was not realized. The ardently-desired political change was effected; but the English merchant still continued to ask and obtain the same prices as before for his wares; while the Sertanejo found, to his astonishment, that many of the channels through which he used to dispose of his hides were most unaccountably dried up. At last, they sagaciously discovered that they had committed a grand mistake by choosing a monarchical form of government. A republic was the grand panacea for their wants; but their further career around the political zodiac was arrested by the stern decision of the Emperor Pedro. Scarcely seated on his new-raised throne, than revolution broke out at the very gates of his palace; the Emperor felt that there are moments when to temporise is madness—to hesitate, is death! With admirable firmness he stopped the wheel of revolution, already in full career; overturned, at the head of his guards, the constitution; and gave another, infinitely better adapted to the previous habits and imperfect political education of his people. Although the minds of the Brazilian people can scarcely be said to have been prepared for the change, still a great step has been gained: the seeds of genuine freedom have been deeply implanted in the soil, and will, at the proper season, shoot up in luxuriant health and vigour. The dignity of man is no longer insulted by the degrading despotism of the old court. The conduct of Don Pedro beautifully contrasts with that of his late mother, and his brother Miguel, whose arbitrary exaction of the most servile deference was carried to an excess scarcely credible to one accustomed to the free institutions of our own country.

The earliest dawn of Miguel's career gave indication of the fiery wrath which has since marked its meridian height. While yet a child, he was remarkable for his tyrannical and cruel disposition: his chief delight consisted in tormenting animals, or in transfixing the baratas (cockroaches) with pins, and contemplating with savage joy their excruciating torture. No people, I am aware, are more skilful in heaping opprobrium on a man than the Brazilian; but the following anecdote, which I had from a source to which I am inclined, on most occasions, to give implicit credence, displays a cold-blooded depravity of mind and

singleness of purpose perfectly characteristic of the individual.

Miguel, at the age of fourteen, had formed into a Lilliputian battalion the sons of the hidalgos about the court. These young soldiers were distinguished by all the pomp and circumstance of warriors of a larger growth.—On one occasion, two of these young noblemen absented themselves for a couple of days together from the morning parade. On making their re-appearance, they were put under arrest by Miguel's orders, and a court-martial assembled to try them for desertion. Of this most extraordinary tribunal, Miguel constituted himself the president; the proceedings were hurried through, and, to the horror and astonishment of the two youthful culprits, sentence of death passed upon them, by the unanimous voice of all its members. Miguel was resolved that the *denouement* of this tragedy should as rapidly follow. They were immediately led out to execution—the platoon had already taken its ground—when one of the King's chamberlains, observing a more than usual bustle in the court below, rushed down, and fortunately, in time to save the two victims on the brink of destruction.

As I heard this anecdote, so have I given it. Even in ordinary life, it is often difficult to arrive at truth—but still more so in a court where every thing is coloured by flattery, or distorted by detraction.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### FATAL PRESENTIMENTS.

"'Tis the sunset of life teaches mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before."—Campbell.

Every thing relating to futurity is powerfully interesting. The solemn obscurity of the dark and mysterious Future inevitably induces the mind to contemplate with awful anxiety, that state of good or evil to which we all must come: and, as death is common to every one, so are its presages eagerly received, and by many, implicitly credited.

In Scotland, the *Bodach Glas* announces the termination of human life to the appalled and trembling persons: in Wales, the *Cauwyll y Cyrph*, or Corpse Candle, indicates the same doom, and blanches the bravest brow; in Ireland the Death Fetch has the same ominous power; while here in England, the harsh ticking death-watch points with equal certainty to the final struggle, and whitens the cheek of the aged nurse by its well known warning.

It would be no difficult matter to account for the *modus operandi* of these "Fatal Presentiments." The human mind is a strange machine, and when excited by intense anxiety, and wound up to the highest pitch by despair and fear, it is no hard matter to conjure up those "signs and tokens," which are now considered as sure and fatal prognostications of the worst of human calamities. The burrowing of a fly in the chamber of the dying, is an omen of sufficient magnitude to startle the strongest; and Hope,

"Which draws towards itself,  
The flame with which it kindles."

is frequently put to flight by a sound which at any other time would not be noticed. But it has been contended, and by persons of no mean understanding, that *Fatal Presentiments* are conveyed to the mind by means, if not supernatural, at all events mysterious and wonderful; and numerous examples, as we shall presently see, have been adduced in proof of the unerring certainty of the warning, as well as of its mysterious occurrences. Lord Rochester—a strange but not a despicable authority—indulged an impression, that the soul, either by a natural sagacity, or some secret notice communicated to it, had a sort of divination by which these presages were engendered; while many of the ancient philosophers believed that the mind was endowed, to a certain extent, with power of prescience totally distinct from, and independent of that conjectural sagacity in regard to the future, which is derived from enlarged and comprehensive experience of the past. This was the opinion entertained by Cicero; and in short, it is a tenet which has been common to men in all ages; embodied in their popular poetry and traditions, and disputed only in ages of sceptical refinement; and if we admit that every action and every event occur in conformity to general laws; in other words, that there is no such thing as contingency either in human actions, or the course of events, but that each must be determined by an adequate notice or cause—there seems nothing repugnant to reason, or inconsistent with the known operation of the mind, in admitting the possible existence of such a faculty, though, for wise purposes, its operation is confined within narrow limits, and we are kept in salutary ignorance of futurity. If there be no contingency, every thing is necessary, and may, for any thing we know to the contrary, be sometimes, and to a certain extent, foreseen even by man in his present imperfect state.

This is especially the case as regards approaching evil, while prosperity, even when it comes suddenly, is seldom or never preceded by any presage of its approach. How are we to account for this? we may adduce two solutions of the marvel. *First*: it is no doubt a wise provision to warn men of evil, as it is of more importance to him to receive a premonition of approaching mischief—than a coming good. *Second*: all our powers and faculties are primarily devoted to our preservation, and are most violently called into action, when this is endangered. Hence even the very instincts of our nature frequently impart a salutary presentiment indispensable to our safety. It is upon this principle chiefly that we would account for the presentiment of evil being so much more prevalent than that of good, which requires no harbinger to prepare us for its approach. And for the very same reason, that we have sometimes a general and an indefinite presentiment of coming evil, which is frequent-

ly complex in its character, we may have a distinct presage of the approach of death, the most awful event which we are called upon to meet in this present state of our mortal being.

It is a well authenticated fact, that many men distinguished for great personal bravery, and the most intrepid contempt of danger in its most appalling forms, have, on the eve of battle, been overwhelmed with a *fatal presentiment* that they should not survive the combat; and that, in no instance, so far as we have been able to ascertain, has this presentiment proved false. The self-doomed victim has in every case fallen as he had predicted. The following examples, for the authenticity of which we will vouch, are strikingly corroborative of the fact in question.

A young officer, of great promise, belonging to the 92nd regiment, was observed on the day before the battle of Corunna, to be particularly low spirited; which was the more observable, as he was generally gay, cheerful, and full of spirits. His brother officers enquired the reason—rallied him, as brother officers are wont to do—but received no answer. On getting an opportunity, however, of conversing alone with one of them, to whom he was much attached, as he was a namesake, and a fellow countryman—"M." said he, "I shall, to a certainty, never survive to-morrow. I know I shall not, and you will see it. His friend tried to laugh him out of this notion; and said it was childish and unworthy of a man, who had so often and so heroically faced the enemy, to harbour such dismal forebodings. The next day after the heat of the action, the two young men met by accident; and he who the day before had derided the gloomy imagination of his friend, accosted him with—"What, M.: I thought you were to have been killed:—did I not say you should not?"—His friend replied, that nothing could convince him that he should ever see the sun of that day set; and, strange as it may seem, the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when he was struck in the breast by a cannon shot, which instantly deprived him of existence.

There are few regiments that have not some anecdotes of this sort to record. We shall mention one or two more, which have been communicated to us by officers of great respectability, as having passed under their own personal observation. Lieutenant M'D., of the 43d, was so strongly possessed with this presentiment on the eve of one of the battles in the Peninsula, that he sent for Captain S., of the 88th, who was a countryman of his, and requested him to take charge of several little things, and to transmit them safely to his relations, particularly to his mother. Captain S., in surprise, asked him the reason why he, who was in perfect health, should think of making such arrangements? M'D. replied, "I know I am in perfect health; and I know, also, that I shall never return from the field to-morrow." Knowing M'D. to be a particularly



brave man, for he had already repeatedly distinguished himself, and never having heard him express himself in such terms before, Captain S. was lost in astonishment, and his first impression was, that his poor friend was suffering from the delirium of fever. He, therefore, proceeded to remonstrate with him and to endeavour, if possible, to rally him out of that depressing presentiment, which appeared to affect him so seriously. M'D. heard him calmly, and, without taken any notice of what he said, repeated his request in so cool and collected a manner, as to leave no doubt that he was in the full and perfect possession of all his faculties. Captain S., therefore, readily promised to comply with his wishes, should he himself survive; they then separated, and each went to his post.

On the following day, after the tumult and *mêlée* of the battle had subsided, the British being, as usual, victorious, a number of the officers met to congratulate one another on their safety. When Captain S. joined the party, he immediately inquired after his friend M'D., but none of the survivors had seen him, or knew any thing of his fate. The conversation of the preceding day now rushed upon his mind, and, without saying a word, he instantly returned to the field to search for him among the wounded—the dead—and the dying. Nor did he search in vain. He found him, already stripped of part of his regimentals; but he knew him at once, his head and face being unharmed. Captain S. became deeply affected, and could not help shedding tears over the lifeless body of the brave and gallant youth foredoomed to so premature a fate.

The same thing happened in the case of Sergeant Macdonald, from Lochabar, as brave a fellow as ever drew sword, or carried a halbert, and who had been in ten or twelve general engagements, in each of which he had distinguished himself. On one occasion, however, he was so overwhelmed with this presentiment of death, that, on the day of battle, when his regiment was ordered to advance, his limbs refused their office, and his comrades had literally to support, and assist the man, to whom they had been accustomed to look up to as an example and model of a brave soldier. The battle had not lasted half an hour, before he was shot through the head.

A private of the name of Mackay, a man of the most reckless and dare-devil character, used to be the delight of the bivouacs, of the 43d, during the Peninsular war. He had a great deal of that coarse but effective wit and drollery, which never fail to excite laughter; he abounded in anecdotes and stories, which he told with a remarkable degree of *naïveté* and humour; and often did he beguile the watches of the night, as poor Alan did with Mungo Park, by singing the songs of his dear native land. The instant Mackay appeared, hunger, thirst, and fatigue were forgotten; the soldiers clustered round him, and seating themselves

by the watch-fire, thought only of listening to the joke, the tale, or the song. Even some of the officers did not disdain to mingle in these parties, and to acknowledge the rough but powerful fascination which hung on the lips of this unlettered soldier. Nor were his humour, mirth, and song, confined to the march and the camp; in the thickest of the enemy's fire he was as merry and as vivacious as in the bivouac! "Never," said the officer, who communicated to us these particulars, "shall I forget the impression made upon my mind by hearing Mackay's full and deep-toned voice pealing forth 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' under the destructive diagonal fire from the enemy's artillery on the heights above the village of St. Boes. A soldier only knows the thrilling effect of such an incident at such a moment!"

Yet this singular man was seized with one of those *fatal presentiments* of which we have been speaking.—On the eve of the battle of Toulouse, he suddenly became thoughtful and silent. His previous character rendered this alteration more apparent, and his comrades eagerly crowded round him to inquire the reason, being at first inclined to jibe him with what they called his "Methodist face;" but, on observing his dejected look, the wild and unearthly expression of his eye, and the determined obstinacy with which he resisted all solicitations to join their party as usual, they stared at each other with astonishment, and ceased to annoy him.

It was his turn to go on duty to the outpost, and he, consequently, soon left them. On his way to his post, he met a young officer, who had shown him much kindness, and whose life he had been chiefly instrumental in saving. "Ha, Mackay!" said the officer, "Is it you? Bless me, how ill you look! What's the matter? Are you unwell? Stay—I will go to the Colonel, and request him to let some one else take your duty." "I thank you kindly, Mr. M." said Mackay, respectfully saluting the officer. "I am not unwell, and had rather go myself. But I have a favour to ask of you. You have always been kind—very kind to me, and I am sure you will not refuse it." "What is it? Speak it out at once, man," said Mr. M. "It is borne in upon my mind that I shall fall to-morrow," rejoined Mackay; "here are ten dollars: will you take charge of them, and send them to my mother? You know where she lives; and—and—if it was not too much trouble, sir," he added, his voice faltering, "you might tell her, if you should see her, poor old woman! that her son—devil as he has been—has never ceased, day nor night, to beg Heaven's blessing on her head, or to blame himself with leaving her solitary and destitute."

The veteran wept like a child; and the young officer was scarcely less affected. Taking the money, he broke away from Mackay in order to conceal his emotion; and he retired to his quarters, oppressed with the melancholy feel-

ings which this strange scene had occasioned ; but anxious, at the same time, to persuade himself that it was a mere hallucination of fancy, and that the poor fellow's mind was touched. On the succeeding day, however, when the remains of the regiment were mustered, Mackay was missing ; but the tears of his surviving comrades sufficiently indicated the fulfilment of his presentiment. He had fallen late in the action, beside one of the redoubts, pierced with more than twenty bullets.

The last instance of *this* kind, which we shall mention, is one that will probably make a greater impression than any of the preceding, as it relates to individuals of great historical importance. Napoleon, on the 7th of May, 1796, had surprised the passage of the Po at Piacenza, while Beaulieu was expecting him at Valeggio, and General Laharpe, commanding the grenadiers of advanced guard, fixed his head-quarters at Emetri, between Fionbio and the Po. During the night, Liptay's Austrian division arrived at Fionbio, which is only one league from the river ; and having embattled the houses and steeples, filled them with troops. As the position was strong, and Lapsay might receive reinforcements, it became of the utmost importance to dislodge him, and this, after an obstinate contest, was effected. Laharpe then executed a retrograde movement to cover the roads leading to Pavia and Lodi. In the course of the night, a regiment of the enemy's cavalry appeared at his outposts, and created considerable alarm, but, after a slight resistance, retired. Nevertheless, Laharpe, followed by a picquet and several officers, went forward to reconnoitre, and particularly to interrogate in person the inhabitants of the farm-houses on the road. Unfortunately, however, he returned to the camp by a different route to that by which he had been observed to set out ; and the troops being on the watch, and mistaking the reconnoitring party for a detachment of the enemy, opened a brisk fire of musketry, and Laharpe fell dead, pierced by the bullets of his own soldiers, by whom he was dearly beloved. It was remarked that, during the action of Fionbio, throughout the evening preceding his death, Laharpe seemed very absent and dejected ; giving no orders—appearing, as it were, deprived of his usual energies, and entirely absorbed by a fatal presentiment. Laharpe was one of the bravest generals in the army of Italy—a grenadier both in stature and courage ; and, although by birth a foreigner (a Swiss,) he had raised himself to the rank of a general by his mere talent and bravery.

An anecdote, somewhat bearing upon the point, has just come into our recollection ; and as it is characteristic and striking, we offer no apology for its insertion. On the night before Massena's attack on Lord Wellington's position in the Sierra de Busaco, the troops, ignorant of the enemy's proximity, and fatigued with their day's march, had lain down on the summit of the ridge to take a little rest ; and

both men and officers were soon fast asleep. Amongst them was the gallant officer who then commanded the Connaught Rangers. He had not, however, slept long, before he started up, apparently in great alarm ; and calling a young officer of the same regiment, who lay close by him, he said, "D., I have just had a most extraordinary dream ; such as I had once before, the night before an unexpected battle. Depend upon it, we shall be attacked very soon." The young man immediately went forward ; and, after looking between him and the horizon, and listening attentively to every sound and murmur wafted on the night-breeze, he returned, and reported that all was still. The Colonel was satisfied, and they again lay down. In less than half an hour, however, the Colonel again started up, exclaiming in strong language, that, ere an hour elapsed, they should surely be attacked ! On seeing the Colonel and his young friend throw aside their cloaks, and move off, several of the officers by them took the alarm. And it was high time ; for, on examination, it was found that the enemy's columns of attack were ascending the heights, with the utmost secrecy and expedition. Some of them had then reached the summit, and deployed into line, before the British were ready to attack them. They were immediately charged, broken, and driven down the declivity with great loss. It is remarkable that the same gallant officer, now a general, had a similar dream in Egypt, on the morning of the 21st of March, before the British position was attacked by the French, under cover of the darkness. The circumstance is certainly curious, although not exactly connected with the immediate subject of the present article.

The examples which we have hitherto adduced, are exclusively referable to incidents of a military character ; but many of our readers, who reside in the secluded districts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, or even of more civilized England, will find no difficulty to charge their memory with abundant proofs of the realization of the gloomy forebodings of these fatal presentiments ; not occurring amidst the careless bustle of a camp, or the heedless hum and popularity of the busy world ; but in the silent and secluded glen, the gloomy grove, or the pine-clad mountain. To a soldier on the eve of battle, it is possible that a sad foreboding for the fortune of the morrow may find ready access to the heart. The bravest man may wish to live, if not for himself, at least for his wife and little ones, his parents, or his kindred. And the fond remembrance of these, rushing with all the force of separated affection into his bosom, may conjure up those feelings of despondency, which, in their extreme intensity, may constitute these fatal presentiments. But this cannot be said of those, who, pursuing their calm, sequestered path, on the wide road of human life, scarcely ever vary the events of their existence, and rarely quit

the secluded spot which gave them birth. And that such persons are subjected to the occurrence of fatal presentiments, is too well known to need illustration here.

Supposing, then, that the occurrence of fatal presentiments be firmly established, is it possible, consistently with any known principle of the human mind, to offer any satisfactory explanation of this strange and mysterious phenomenon? It is obvious, from the preceding anecdotes, that this "fatal presentiment" cannot be considered as a mental hallucination, engendered by cowardice or fear, as, in all the instances adduced, the individuals have been remarkable for their courage, firmness, and intrepidity. It is curious, too, that the most striking concomitant of this prophetic anticipation of death, is the strong and overweening conviction of its positive realization.

It may be urged, that a person thus fatally possessed, may become so careless of existence, as, thereby, to insure his destruction. Be it so; but, we ask, what originally induces the presentiment? Soldiers, and particularly veteran soldiers, familiar with danger and death, are not generally liable to be troubled with hypochondriac feelings, or with phantoms of visionary terror. The evils to which they are exposed, are physical, not mental; their life has too much of stern reality in it to be embittered, or disordered by the fanciful phantasmagoria of the brain: food and rest after fatigue, and, after battle victory and glory, are commonly the prime objects with which they concern themselves. It is, therefore, highly improbable that such gloomy forebodings as those which we have narrated, should, in the first instance, be occasioned by any disordered affection of the mind; and it is no less improbable that the constant fulfilment of the prediction should be a mere accidental coincidence.

Upon what principle, then, are we to account for the appalling certainty of approaching death thus irresistibly "borne in"—(to use poor Mackay's words) upon the mind? By what secret intervention is it thus, in some instances, assured of the near approach of an event, which, to the vast majority of men, "clouds and shadows rest upon," till the fatal moment when it is revealed? Whence, too, the overwhelming conviction with which it is accompanied? We confess we cannot tell: but we believe the fact, because the moral evidence in its favour is irresistible. The physiology of the mind is a subject, of which we must ever remain in total ignorance. Spurzheim may unravel all the perplexing convolutions of the brain—he may discover new organs, new passions, and new combinations; he may, in short, exert all that ingenuity, for which he is so renowned; but he gains nothing by the effort, but our admiration for his anatomical skill and dexterity. The mind may have latent powers, which can only be called into action by a particular combination of circumstances; which

combination may be of rare occurrence, and beyond the reach of our inquiries, when it does happen. Many of the lower animals are gifted with a presentiment of danger, the manner of acquiring which is probably as mysterious as that which we are now considering; and this seems to be given them by nature for their preservation.

Man, in general, is placed in a less enviable situation; because he has reason, instead of instinct, for his guide. Yet it has been believed, in all ages, that men have been, occasionally, forewarned of their approaching dissolution, and that "sounds by no mortals made," are intelligible to "death's prophetic ear." This belief, probably, originated in the observation of facts similar to those we have been mentioning; but how, at the "sunset of life, coming events cast their shadows before," is a mystery too abstruse for our mundane faculties. It is equally impossible, we suspect, even to conjecture, with any degree of plausibility, whether these premonitions result from any internal consciousness, or external agency;—from some latent power of the mind suddenly called into action, or from the immediate influence, of that Mighty Being, of whom it is only an emanation. Be this as it may, we have adduced a sufficient number of proofs to answer all the purposes of our argument; and to set our thinking readers reflecting on a subject of great, and most interesting importance.

From the Monthly Magazine.

### LIVES OF THE ITALIAN POETS.\*

THE undying names of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri, would alone be sufficient to give interest and popularity to these volumes, in which Mr. Stebbing has collected with great industry, and arranged with much taste, every thing of importance connected with the biography of those illustrious poets. We are already in possession of their memoirs, published either separately, or prefixed to translations of their various productions. But Mr. Stebbing presents the lives of these, and of several of their poetical countrymen, for the first time in our language, in a combined form; founding his statements upon the best original authorities—mostly Italian, to which he could have recourse; concentrating his materials within a readable compass, and clothing them in a style at once terse and luminous.

The life of Dante is so well known, that it needs but a passing notice. Few poets, of any age or nation, have had so many commentators. Professorships were instituted for the purpose of expounding his *Commedia*, and even to the hour in which we write, critics are engaged in controverting the doctrines of each other, respecting the meaning and origin of this extraordinary poem. We perfectly agree

\*Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., M.R.S.L., with twenty medallion portraits. In 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831.

with Mr. Stebbing, that these disputes are just as ridiculous, as the commentaries from which they have arisen are burthensome and useless. Does the *Commedia* reflect the poet's character? Does it betray his thoughts, his affections, his virtues, his prejudices? Does it savour strongly of the manners and vices of the age? Above all, is it a poem, and does it carry with it our excited imagination to whatever regions it bends its way? If these be answered, as well they may be, in the affirmative, then away with Ginguene, and all the tribe of theorists by whom he has been preceded and followed! Away with their fanciful, and often very fanciful, accounts of the origin of this production! We care not whence or why, or how it has come. If it be before us, and we feel that it moves the soul, and surrounds it with a world of living beings, and events called into creation as if by the spell of an enchanter—that is all that we require and we give the historical essays that have been written upon it to the winds.

Mr. Stebbing's reasoning upon this subject, seems to us to hit the nail upon the head. The doctrine of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, formed, when Dante wrote, and still form, part of the popular creed of nearly all Europe. Luther was pleased to cut off Purgatory, indeed, although as it was wittily remarked, one might go farther and speed worse. But Dante was a Catholic, and believed in the existence of the three regions, and it was no great difficulty for his imaginative powers to people them with spirits of his own, and to render them familiar with controversies and subtleties to which few men of education, in those days were strangers. If we give credit to Dante for the genius that has immortalised his poem, it would surely be but a miserable and invidious, as well as unjust, drawback, to say that we are to attribute the design of his work to some happy accident, or to some author who had not half his faculty for invention. Mr. Stebbing, however, deserves to be heard in his own person upon the subject.

‘But it is not in the design, which is far more theological than poetical, that Dante's genius appears in its splendour. The mysterious path which he pursued, had been in a manner traced out for him, and any disciple of Duns Scotus, or Thomas Aquinas, could have led him through the gloomy regions as well as Virgil. It is not till he has fairly entered upon his track, that he manifests the sovereign power of his mind. We begin our journey with him, as if in company with a cowed ecclesiastic, or metaphysician; but as we proceed, his voice and form seem to change, and as the darkness grows around us, he becomes greater and mightier, till when we enter the deep and woody way, and stand before the gate of the doleful city, we feel as he himself felt, when his great master appeared before him in the solemn stillness of his valley of visions, and amid the forms that made even the air seem to tremble.

‘The distinguishing characteristic of Dante's

poetry, though far from wanting in occasional passages of exquisite tenderness and beauty, is its sublimity, and hence, by general consent, the *Inferno* is placed at an almost immeasurable distance above the other two parts of the *Commedia*, which required a milder and more brilliant fancy. In respect to sublimity, Dante has but one superior, our own Milton. The scenes he depicts have the terrible distinctness of places beheld in a vivid dream; the language of his personages makes an equally powerful impression on the mind; it is short, pointed, and abrupt, and such as we might expect to hear from miserable beings dreading the fiery lash of pursuing demons, but retaining their sense of human sympathy. The same power appears in his comparisons as in the main subjects of the description. Over the images drawn from natural objects, or real occurrences, he flings the gloom, or the lurid light of his subterranean caverns, rendering, at the same time, the abodes of condemned spirits the more terrible by the contrast of things still earthly and embodied. This sublimity, it is true, is far from being constantly sustained, and the verse not frequently falls off into a style as cold and harsh as it is obscure and unaffectionate. But, in the first place, it was not possible that he should be always alike elevated; and in the next, both the object of his poem, the learning which filled his mind, and the literary taste of the age, would lead him into most of the faults which disfigure the *Commedia* in the eye of a modern reader.

‘It may, however, be questioned, whether the sublimity of Dante is ever of that high and moral species which, it may be said, affects the soul as well as the imagination, and diffuses over it that solemn tranquillity of thought which gives, at the same time, the highest moral as well as intellectual delight. The scenes and objects which he describes, are clear and palpable; their very sublimity depends on their distinctness, and the emotions produced are akin to what they would be were the representation real; but it is not the most distinct view of a terrible object which excites the greatest terror; and deep and powerful, therefore, as is the impression made by Dante's images, it is inferior to that which is felt in the perusal of the *Paradise Lost*. Milton described scenes of physical torture and misery; we see the condemned writhing beneath the infliction; the fiery soil is palpable; the darkness visible; the raging of the hail and lightning “shot after them in storm” is audible; but the sensible perception of these things is overpowered by the sublimer spiritual feeling which the moral grandeur of his sentiments never fails to inspire. Dante equalled Milton in the one respect, but not in the other, which gave to the English bard a diviner character than was ever attained by any other mortal poet.”—vol. i. pp. 60—71.

Petrarch, emphatically the poet of love, was originally intended for the law. Virgil and Cicero were, however, greatly preferred by him to the commentaries on Justinian. His tastes were fortunate for the revival of literature in Europe, to which they most essentially contributed. He was indefatigable and very successful in collecting manuscript copies of



the ancient writers, and in multiplying them at his own expense. Some critics have assured us that his passion for Laura was merely platonic—an ideal flame, like that which animated the philosophers of old in their pursuit of truth, which they invested with a form of captivating beauty. We own that we adhere to this opinion, which derives support from the sonnets which Petrarch addressed to Laura; poems which, to our thinking, breathe any thing, save the glowing attachment of a heart deeply engaged in its passion. It is agreed, at all events, that upon the lady's side no encouragement was given to any stronger feeling. Though married to a most ungracious person, Ugo de Sade, who to his other disagreeable qualifications added that of a lively jealousy, the beautiful Laura appears to have abashed the hopes of all her profane lovers, for there were several of them, by what Mr. Stebbing very characteristically terms her 'pure and serene virtue.' We must give his description of Petrarch's celebrated retreat, Vaucluse, which, though the frequent haunt of disappointed swains and poetical tourists, has never been more clearly pictured to the eye, than it is in the following passage.

'It is to this period also we are to assign the commencement of his visits to Vaucluse, for which he had expressed so great an admiration in his earliest youth, and which the state of his feelings now rendered peculiarly attractive.—In his travels he had wandered with delight over the most solitary tracts of the country; the gloom of forests, the most deserted plains, the wildest and most rocky valleys, giving him more pleasure than gay and splendid cities; and though naturally timid and averse to enterprise, he passed through several dangerous provinces without company or protection. In the vale of Vaucluse, he found a solitude as complete as that of more distant wilds, and that mixture of gloom and beauty which favours by turns the indulgence of passion and the visitations of fancy. This retreat, which was already famous for the singular attractions of its scenery, but has been rendered so much more so by Petrarch, is situated at the foot of Mount Ventoso, and is watered by the river Sorga, which here divides itself into several streams. Precipitous rocks rise around its fountain, which thus protected and being singularly pure and limpid, might well seem to a poetic eye to have something sacred in its waters. Soon after the stream overflows the chasm into which the spring empties itself, it is hurled down the rocky heights with a fearful noise, which strangely contrasts with the perfect silence and tranquillity of the basin in which the waters are collected. Above this bed of the fountain swells a cliff of prodigious height, the dark and sterile sides of which throw a constant shade over the waters; at its base it opens into a double cavern, which, when the stream is low, can be entered, and to which few other spots in the world may be compared for gloom and desolateness. A degree of mystery also attends the fountain, which increases the solemnity of the scene. It has never, it is said, been fathomed, but rising without noise or bub-

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ble, seems to have its origin in the very foundations of the globe. The small patches of ground left open among the cliffs are luxuriously fertile, and are covered, or at least were so in the time of Petrarch, with olives and the richest vegetation. In the distance, a wide and delicious prospect opposes itself to the rude rocks which occupy nearly the whole valley or Vaucluse, and the dews and frequent showers for which the neighbourhood is noted, temper the summer heats so as to render it constantly cool and fragrant.'—vol. i. pp. 98—100.

We apprehend that, if the truth were known, much of the feeling which attached Petrarch to Vaucluse, arose from the natural beauty of the place, and from his real passion for the occupations of literature. His sonnets to Laura obtained for him a reputation that made his name known throughout Italy, although they are far from being his best productions. The desire to cultivate this fame, and to produce compositions of a still higher order, as well as a little spice of singularity, may sufficiently account for his sojourns at Vaucluse, without supposing that he was constantly babbling to echo, to the streams and trees, of the divine Laura. In fact, he had also errors to atone for, for his passions were not in every instance platonic upon his side, or discouraged upon that of the other sex; and it was the spirit of the age to fly to solitude, when works of penance were to be performed. At Vaucluse, he had the opportunity of making war upon his senses. He resided in a cottage adjoining that of an old fisherman, whose wife was his only attendant, and whose person enkindled no temptations. His only companion was his dog, and his diet was confined to coarse bread, figs, almonds, and the crystal spring. But, says Mr. Stebbing, 'he found ample employment for his thoughts as he wandered through the valley, thinking of his Laura!' It is very amiable of Mr. Stebbing to suppose so, and no doubt it is very romantic to say so; but we would suggest with great deference to the authorities, and particularly to the Abbe de Sade, that literature and religion were the great occupiers of his thoughts at Vaucluse. There were his grand projects to be executed—his History of Rome in Latin, and his intended epic poem, of which Scipio Africanus was to have been the hero. "The history," he says himself, in one of his epistles, "would be a long one, should I attempt to relate all I did there; this, however, I may say, that whatever works I shall leave behind me, were either done, commenced, or conceived there." We are surprised to find a man of Mr. Stebbing's good sense, copying all the nonsense which the Abbe de Sade has written upon this subject. According to that worthy chronicler, "Laura desired to be loved by Petrarch, but never to hear him speak of his love! She treated him with the greatest rigour, when he attempted to tell his passion; but when she saw him despairing, and ready to abandon all hope, she reanimated him by some slight favour

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—a look, or a single word. This alternative, of great punishments amid little favours, so distinctly indicated in Petrarca's poems, is the key to Laura's whole conduct." To such an extent does the Abbe push this theory, that he represents his hero as sometimes restored to youth by a smile from Laura, and sometimes reduced by her power to the verge of the grave; and indeed he assures us that the lover's sonnets express, as in a chronological table, every shade of hope or despair, which he caught from her countenance. This is hardly less amusing than the gravity with which Mr. Stebbing combats the latter part of the Abbe's system. He believes in every thing, except the "chronological table!"

The life of Petrarch, which fills up a considerable proportion of the first volume, is followed by that of Boccaccio. He also was brought up to the study of the law, for which he had no more fancy than Petrarch, the great idol of his admiration. He, too, had his mistress, the Princess Mary, a natural daughter of Robert, then King of Naples, a lady who, according to all accounts, though married, was not an imitator of the 'pure and serene virtue' of Laura. The consequence is, that she appears in the poems of Boccaccio in any light save that of an angel. The poems of this writer are degraded by frequent licentiousness; and indeed, are happily not much known in this country, where he is chiefly famed as the author of the *Decameron*. Mr. Stebbing justly praises the description of the plague at Florence, which is contained in the introduction to that work; and not less justly adds, that 'on the darkest and most terrific foreground which painter ever employed, he drew an infinite variety of the gayest and most graceful forms, of landscapes the most charming, and incidents the most amusing, that the human fancy could create. But he also denounces, with becoming energy, the depraved taste which has left a leaven of corruption in that celebrated work.

'It would have been fortunate, if our mention of the *Decameron* might be limited to this remark; but, to the regret of every lover of elegant literature, and to the loss of Boccaccio, who has missed thereby the smiles and praises of many eyes and hearts, to which he might have ministered gladness—this celebrated work is replete with the grossest of licentious thought, and sometimes leaves a feeling of disgust in the mind, from which it must get free before it can derive any pleasure from the purer and exquisitely written passages which follow. All that has been said by the defenders of Boccaccio, against the reproaches with which critics of the soundest judgment have visited him, amount to nothing more than that an author is justified, if the manners of his age be licentious, in writing licentiously. There is only one case in which the manners of the age can prove an excuse for licentiousness in the compositions of contemporary authors, and it is when their intellects are so blinded by the example of their countrymen, that they are unable to see the gross corruption in which they are involved.—

But this bad excuse cannot be made in favour of Boccaccio. Amid all his gallantries he retained the clearest apprehension of what was morally good or evil. No mind that has lost this delicacy of moral vision can call into being the fair and gentle images which waited obedient on his pen. It was, therefore, only to pamper the corrupt taste of Naples and Florence, that he married his *Decameron*; and this was done with his eyes open to the evils which that corruption was on all sides producing—sending a scorpion into the bosom of every family, and threatening the already tottering fabric of civil society with utter and irremediable ruin. Boccaccio was, it is true, neither a philosopher nor a moralist, at the time when he wrote this far-famed work; but he was a man of clear and good sense, as well as imagination, and he was the citizen of a state suffering under the most appalling calamities, in both which characters he sinned as deeply as author ever did against the laws of humanity. It is fortunate for our esteem for him as a man, though it can avail nothing for the work itself, that he was himself, in subsequent years, one of the severest censurers of his *Decameron*.—vol. i. pp. 227—229.

Boccaccio did as much for the Greek, as Petrarch for the Latin, classics. He laboured with extraordinary zeal in collecting manuscripts; he established a Greek professorship in Florence; he supported the professor, Leontio Pilato, in his own house, and employed him, at his own expense, upon a Latin translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. To such an extent did he carry his enthusiasm in the cause of Greek literature, that it nearly ruined his fortune. In this situation, abandoned by all his friends except Petrarch, he exhibited the noblest spirit of independence, worthy of Petrarch himself, and of the eloquent eulogy which Mr Stebbing bestows upon it.

'We cannot sufficiently admire this trait of character, so conspicuous in these great men, and which, from Dante downwards, was the characteristic of Italy's worthiest sons. There is no passage in their noblest works which so affects the mind with delight as their examples of independence. They were admired and courted by princes; they were the frequent residents of palaces; were tempted to become courtiers, not merely by offers of wealth or advancement, but by personal flatteries! and they might, if they had chosen, been conspicuous in the councils as well as courts of kings: but nothing could tempt them from their independence. We see them passing on from court to court, conversing with their princely hosts as if they had been prophets sent with lessons of wisdom, and then taking their farewell, unchanged in their manners, and with the same free look and spirit as they bore when they arrived.'—vol. i. pp. 245, 246.

To the memory of the magnificent Lorenzo de Medici, Mr. Stebbing has paid the compliment of inserting a sketch of his life among those of the Italian poets. Although a prince of great intelligence, for the age in which he lived, and whose protection of literature must endear his name to every age, we do not think

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that his poetical productions are entitled to all the praises which Mr. Roscoe has bestowed upon them. His principal merit, in this respect, is, that he helped, by his exertions, to reform the poetical literature of his country, which, in the interval that had elapsed since the days of Petrarca, had degenerated into conceit, or mere imitation of the ancients. It is truly remarked, that 'Lorenzo was among the first who set the fountain free again, and that from his time, and greatly owing to his taste and genius, the Italian muse became conscious of the purity and sacredness of her native Helicon.'

Angiolo Poliziano, we are afraid, might have been justly classed among the other poets, whom Mr. Stebbing has passed over, as either 'wholly unknown or wholly uninteresting to the English reader.' Boiardo stands in a similar predicament. Sannazzaro's fame is confined to a very narrow circle, composed exclusively of scholars, who have sufficient knowledge and taste to appreciate his Latin poems; especially that entitled "*De Partu Virginis*," which it cost him twenty years to finish. He and his contemporary Vida, the author of the "*Cristiade*," are acknowledged, upon all hands, to be the best writers of Latin verse who have appeared in Europe since the revival of literature. We do not perceive that Mr. Stebbing has been able to add any new particulars to those of which the public have long been in possession, relative to the lives of Ariosto and Torquato Tasso. The other poets, of whom he has given biographical sketches, are Bembo, Vittoria Colonna, Aretius, Bernardo Tasso, Trissino, Berni, Alamanni, Guarini, Chiabrera, Tassoni, Marini, Murtola, Stigliani, Achillini, Preti, Testi, Metastasio, Zeno, Filicaia, Guidi, Frugoni, Parini, and Alfieri. The industrious author might, if he had so wished, have extended the list of his Italian poets; indeed it may be doubted, whether he has not devoted too much attention to the minor bards, seeing that there are many, of whom he has written, who have not even the slightest chance of exciting interest in the mind of an English reader; among these, of course, we do not class Metastasio, or Alfieri, the former celebrated as the father of opera, the latter the best tragic poet of whom Italy can boast.

The parents of Metastasio were the owners of a little booth at Rome, in which they sold oil, meal, and other small matters of that kind. They employed their little gains in giving a liberal education to their son, whose talents were conspicuous at an early age. When a boy, he often gratified his friends, by singing extempore verses, and was thus occupied one evening at the door of the booth, when Gravina, the celebrated lawyer, happening to pass by, was attracted by the musical sound of his voice, and the originality of his verses. Such was the impression which they made upon him, that he offered to take the child home, and to provide for him—a proposition which the poor

people gladly accepted. Gravina thought that he should best consult the interests of the youth, by educating him for his own profession. To this plan Metastasio reluctantly yielded. Before he was twenty years old, his patron died, leaving him a handsome fortune, by which he was enabled to give up his pursuit of the law, and to indulge in the charms of poetry and society. The latter became so expensive, that it considerably diminished his wealth, and having a due horror of poverty, he proceeded to Naples, in order to resume his professional studies. While engaged in these, he was tempted, by the Viceroy, to write an opera. He produced the "*Orti Esperidi*," which gained him so much fame, that it determined the direction of the remainder of his life in that path of composition, which has borne his name to every part of the civilized world, and enabled him to bequeath, at his death (April, 1782,) to a family whom he tenderly esteemed, a fortune of 130,000 florins, the fruits of his own exertions. Mr. Stebbing's concluding observations upon his character and genius are judicious, and well expressed.

Metastasio's claims to the celebrity he enjoys, are of that indisputable nature which always, more or less, belongs to those which are founded on originality. He created by his genius a new era in the literature of Italy, and one which, had he been followed by men whose abilities were at all comparable to his own, would have merited the praises of those who now limit them to the works he himself produced. It is not difficult to imagine how great must have been the excitement occasioned by his operas, when they were first represented. Dramatic poetry had never yet flourished in Italy: there was too great a want of boldness in the writers, and of freedom and spirit among the people for its rise, till some surpassing—some more than ordinarily vigorous genius should spring up, and burst through the bonds of conventional feeling, a corrupted taste, and a degrading tyranny at the same instant. Metastasio was not a genius of this order, or his personal character, which constitutes the body as it were through which genius operates, would not suffer him to attempt such an object. But if he wanted that nervousness and freedom of spirit so essential to a dramatic writer of the highest class, he possessed all the other requisites of a Dramatist—pure moral feeling, a quick conception of what is noblest in human character, and thorough understanding of the motives which impel the basest to action; he had command over his language which enabled him to paint the various passions in the most appropriate colours; he knew by the constant exercise of that internal sight which seems peculiar to dramatic genius, what conceptions of his mind could be properly made visible to the outward eye, and under what forms they should appear; his own heart was keenly susceptible of those emotions which it is the province of the drama to excite; he was passionately fond of all the brilliant accompaniments which characterized the scenic representations of his age and country—and lastly, he was profoundly versed in the study of the greatest dramatic authors of antiquity,

and of the Corneilles and the Racines of modern times.

It was with these advantages of talent and education that he undertook to obey the commands of the Viceroy of Naples, and it is not impossible that the particular circumstances under which he had to make the first trial of his genius, tended to confine it to that class of composition on which he continued to expend its highest energies. The popular dramas of the age were little superior, in their intellectual character, to the public shows and processions which amused the people in the streets; their principal interest, as has been said, was dependent on the music and scenery, and the author who could bring the gayest pageants into his piece, seems to have stood the best chance of amusing his audience. The genius of Metastasio disdained to imitate the puerile and insipid writers who had preceded him, but he was obliged to obey the long-formed taste of the public, and hence he produced a species of drama which combined all that could charm and fascinate the senses with as much of intellectual power and beauty as the minds of his audience were capable of comprehending. Music and scenery still exercised their magic influence, but poetry asserted its supremacy; the senses were still lulled into rapture by exquisite harmony and gorgeous displays, but the passions were roused, and pity and terror kept awake to distinct objects of thought by the force of language. His productions, therefore, for a people intellectually and morally constituted like his audience, were perfect; and the influence they exercised at Naples, they exercised at Rome, and at Vienna, and will exercise wherever the character of the court or people may be compounded of similar attributes to that of the Neapolitan when he wrote.

It is in the same manner we may account for that mixture of love adventures and amatory complaints in almost all the dramas of this great author, with representations of the noblest characters, and the most exalted and animating moral sentiments. He owed a great part of his original success to that mixture; and success such as he enjoyed was sufficient with a man of Metastasio's character to make him contented to pursue the plan on which he began to write. So strikingly was the susceptibility of the public displayed in this respect, that at the performance of his *Dido* at Rome, the applause of the audience at the speech of the Queen, "*Son regina, e sono amante*," was so violent, that it seemed as if the theatre was shaken from its foundations; and the Abate Cordara remarks that his ecclesiastical habit not suffering him to go to the theatre he could catch, as it were, the rumour from his cell, for nothing was talked of in Rome for several days but that drama.—vol. iii. pp. 234—238.

The life of Alfieri (born on the 17th January, 1749) is one of more than ordinary interest. He was a native of Asti in Piedmont, and the descendant of a noble and wealthy family. He has left us a biography of himself, which is remarkable for its honesty and candour. He discloses all the errors and follies of his youth, describes the course of his imperfect education, his career in the army, his travels to France,

Holland, England, and Spain, and the commencement and progress of his tragic compositions, in a style of frankness that is highly interesting. Mr. Stebbing has selected his details with his usual judgment and taste. We must, however, confine ourselves to a short view of Alfieri's literary and personal character.

The character of Alfieri has been already sufficiently displayed; and the same expression may be applied to it which has been used to distinguish the style of his writings, namely, that it has not the appearance of a coloured surface, but of a substance that has been cut with a sharp and fearless graver. We cannot, unfortunately, trace any signs of religious feeling in his Confession; and there are, it is to be regretted, too many incidents in his life which admit of no justification, and which even bring into doubt the very qualities for which we are most inclined to admire him. Frankness, generosity, freedom of thought, and a love of truth, must have but a weak hold of the heart that can easily practise all the opposite vices to gain some object of licentious desire. Something, however, must be allowed to Alfieri in palliation of his errors. As a man of the world merely, he would not have had this apology; but, as an Italian noble, bred up with little knowledge of rational religion, and left free, at an early age, to form his own principles, he must be judged with far less severity than should have been the case had he grown up to manhood in a country where morality has a more healthful nourishment than in Italy. There are, moreover, many points in Alfieri's character which engage our affections on his side. There was a degree of grandeur in his love of independence, which we cannot contemplate without a glow of admiration; while the deep melancholy with which he was habitually affected, and which sent him to muse so often "in lone cathedral aisles," or exposed him to an afflicting violence of passion, tempers our admiration of his free spirit, of the generosity of his nature, and of the strength of mind he displayed in his studies, with a feeling of pity, which presents the sublime and retiring poet to our imagination as one of the men, whom, of all others, we should choose to point out as a type or embodied image of his own tragedies.

As an author, Alfieri is justly placed among the greatest of his countrymen, with whom, in point of sentiment and elevation of feeling, he may stand the most severe comparison. It was, indeed, to his power of delineating the passions which most strongly affect the human heart, that he owed his excellence; and knowing this, he intuitively placed his trust, not in a complication of incidents, or variety of personages, but in the energy with which he could inspire the few characters he introduced, and concentrate in a simple plot, and by his skill in the exhibition of passion, the most commanding and elevating sentiments.

Besides his tragedies, Alfieri wrote a variety of minor poems, several satires, a melo-tragedy, entitled "The Death of Abel," the prose treatise "*Della Tirannide*," and "*Il Principe e il Lettere*," both directed against arbitrary power; a volume to which he gave the name of "*Misogallo*," from the heterogeneous matter of its



contents; the comedies above mentioned, and several translations from the classics. These various works exhibit every different degree of merit. His comedies and most of his miscellanies are considered wholly unworthy of his name. Only a few of his satires are exempted from the same censure; but his prose works are celebrated for the strong and unaffected language in which they are written. Of the translations, that which he made of Sallust is esteemed one of the best versions that exist of any author, or in any language: while that which he executed of Virgil, though three times attempted, is equally poor and spiritless. When it is considered at what a comparatively late period Alfieri commenced these labours, how highly must we estimate the natural power and moral strength of his intellect, thus original and thus resolute and laborious!—vol. iii. pp. 358-9.

The medallion portraits which are prefixed to the biographical sketches in these volumes, are not to our taste; much below the present state of the arts in this country, they appear to us more a blemish than an ornament. For these unnecessary appendages Mr. Stebbing is, however, we suppose, not responsible. He has executed his part of the work with a degree of success which must give him a name, and a station in our literature. It is particularly creditable to his character, as an author, that he has omitted no opportunity, of throwing into relief every amiable trait in the subjects of his labour; that he has never shrunk from denouncing what was immoral in their lives, or from applauding what was virtuous.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

### A SCOTTISH TALE.

"Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!  
And shame and terror over all!  
Deeds to be hid, which were not hid,  
Which, all confused, I could not know  
Whether I suffered or I did:  
For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe;  
My own, or others, still the same  
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame."

COLERIDGE.

### I.

THE cottage of Andrew Dawson was one of the prettiest among the many pretty little dwellings on the picturesque banks of the Tyne. Would I could describe it as it first struck my fancy, on a sunny summer morning, when I first rambled amid these scenes, in the days of the years of old. It stood almost in the centre of a large park or pasture ground, surrounded on three sides by the bending river, whose banks were fringed with a row of thriving willow trees. Over the front of the dwelling elegantine and honeysuckle were festooned, and with the luxuriance of years had come to spread themselves almost over the gray roof itself, half overshadowed every window. Behind, a large jargonelle tree was planted to the walls, below which lay a range of bee-hives, whose busy murmures revelled amid a profusion of flowers, with which the tidy little gar-

den was bordered. At the extremity of the enclosure ran the mill-dam. The mill itself, of which three generations of Andrew Dawsons had been the successive tenants, stood a little farther eastward, over the top of which, on the opposite higher banks of the river, might be seen, amid the rich green old elms, the ivied towers of the kirk, in which they had from youth to age joined the assembly of the people in the praise of their Maker, and at whose feet they had in turn lain down in faith to sleep the sleep of death.

The miller and his wife were now somewhat advanced into the vale of years; but though industrious from habit and a sense of duty, the exertions of youth had received an adequate recompence in the comforts which these enabled them now to enjoy. Around their home and within it were abundant indications of rural plenty; and, in the possession of an only child, they found an outlet for those feelings, with which nature surrounds the heart of a parent.

And well was Jessie Dawson worthy the affections, which she repaid threefold in filial duties, and with an earnestness, an alacrity, and devotion which seemed to render their exercise a matter of pleasure. In person she was rather above the middle stature, with fine hazel eyes and auburn hair; and though educated to even more than the usual degree of persons in her sphere of life, she retained an innocence and simplicity of nature about her, which marked her at once as possessing a superior mind, and rendered her the pride and delight of her friends. She had that light-heartedness, which clothes the countenance in the radiance of perpetual smiles, as if all the thoughts within were pure and happy, and though care seemed never to have thrown its darkening shadow over her, it might be read in her features, that hers was a bosom quick in its sensibilities, and as ready to sympathize with the mourner, as to join chorus with mirth and laughter. The cheerfulness of her natural disposition seemed contagious, and communicated itself to all that approached her, and by assiduously endeavouring by all innocent means to please every one, she became, almost in contradiction to the proverb, a universal favourite.

Blessed with such a child, who was as light to their old eyes, the aged couple lived a life of contentment and happiness. They had no aim, no wish in this world, but to see their daughter happy; nor she, save in making them so.

### II.

Jessy had now reached her nineteenth year, and the zenith of her feminine beauty. The management of the family concerns had been for a year or two gradually resigned into her hands, and was now almost wholly so; nor did she belie the expectations of her friends in her foresight, prudence, and discretion.

Such worth and beauty were not destined

to pass unobserved, and she lacked not for admirers in abundance. The favoured one, however, was a young man, who acted as clerk at a neighbouring bleachfield, and who had been long assiduous in his attentions in seeing her home from church. He was an Englishman, of the name of Dennison, and carried with him all the attractions, that a handsome person and insinuating manners could bestow. Acquaintanceship gradually ripened into feelings of a warmer nature—little presents were exchanged between them—and by degrees almost imperceptible, a few words of gallantry were introduced into the conversation of the wooer. Nor were such altogether displeasing to the ear of our heroine; for, be it confessed, that, almost unconsciously to herself, the seeds of a latent affection for him were fostering in her bosom.

Once a week she went to the neighbouring market-town; and, as good fortune would have it, she almost invariably met Mr. Dennison on the road. It seemed pure accident, and it never struck her that though for years she had pursued the same practice, she had never happened to meet with him until lately! The day and the hour of her setting out now became to be looked forward to and counted on, with something of the feeling of an era, and she took a pride and a care in decorating her person, beyond her wont. Perhaps of this she was scarcely herself aware; nor were her innocent endeavours ineffectual. Kind looks and kinder words passed between them; of Platonic love they were not; and their intimacy soon ripened into strong and overweening affection. From indifferent subjects, their conversation soon concentrated its power on topics congenial to their mutual feelings; and left behind more trembling hopes and fears, and misgivings of the spirit, that indicate the formation, and the presence of genuine love.

Never were soothing words or flattering appeals lost on the ear of beauty, and young Dennison shewed himself not incapable of such ingratiating. As he walked by her, he would, with a sigh, deplore their approach to the field at the foot of which they were to part, and indicate by broken allusions, how happy he could be in some home, however humble, with one like her. He told her the history of his earlier years—of his boyish exploits—of his youthful frolics—of his school-day friendships—and whatever he imagined could the more engage her to him. Thus by reposing confidence in her, and making her the repository of bosom-feelings, he won not only her confidence in return, but her unmeasured, unrestrained, although unconfessed love.

### III.

One clouded but luxurious autumnal evening, when the insects were humming over the channel of the Tyne, the trouts leaping from its dark slumbrous mirror, and the birds singing unseen amid the deep woods, Dennison

stretched along the grass at the foot of a willow tree, awaited the return of Jessy from the town on her homeward way.

As she approached, he started up, and running towards her, said in a manner in which anxiety seemed mingled with passion, as he seized her hand within both of his, "Come away, come away, my love; I thought I was never to see you again; and yet as I measure my happiness by yours, it were as well that I had missed you, as I have but sorry tidings to communicate. I have this morning received a letter from Yorkshire which calls me home, and about an hour ago I have resigned my present situation. My place is, I believe, already filled up, and by the end of the week I bid adieu to these scenes, I fear for ever!"

As he said this he looked her in the face, and observed her face not only to lose the blush which their meeting had occasioned, but to wane to the most ashy paleness. He took no notice, however, of this not unwelcome token, but continued.

"Well, well, Jessy, away I must go; there is no help for it; out of sight, you know, out of mind; and a month hence you will have no remembrance of him who has left his heart with you, and can never hope to meet with another Jessy Dawson on earth. And you will get other sweethearts, Jessy, plenty of them, but none, who will ever love you so faithfully as I do. Yes, yes, they may wait for you as I have done on yon bank by the water side; and perhaps you may tell them, that another in bye-past days has looked for you from that spot at evening to see you home, and to pour out his overflowing heart before you: but that he went away, and you never heard more of him. The newest love is aye the sweetest, the past is over and gone?"

The poor girl was overcome by the abruptness of this declaration, and in the warmth of her feelings she laid aside all disguise. "Oh, say not that!" returned Jessy, with some animation, "for perhaps you are judging more harshly than you should do. Changeable some women may be—and are; but all are not alike, and better than that may be expected from some among us. See that the fault may not be laid with more propriety at your door than at ours."

"So you doubt my constancy, Jessy, do you?"

"I do not altogether say that. Do ye see the swallow's nest yonder at the corner of our window? For a number of summers—ever since I was a little girl, that same bird has bigged in that spot, and reared its young ones; and though forced, by the cold of winter, to leave us, it aye returned with the glittering of spring, after its far journeying through the air, though many a grander and more glittering bield it passed by on its way; and all, perhaps, because we saved it from being molested long ago. Travellers are like the swallows that flee away, but whether in absence they remember their friends, is a matter of doubt:

You know, Charles, that they are said to have sweethearts in every town; and, likely, leave a breaking heart in each; so be not so bold in preaching up constancy."

"No, Jessy," he said, giving her hand an affectionate squeeze, "I may have had likings before; but I never was in love until now. 'Tis true—'tis true, as yonder sun is now setting: do not take your hand from me. I might have said as much before; but I did not dream of being hurried away from you at this rate."

"You are jesting now—you are jesting now," said Jessy, affecting a smile, which betrayed both pleasure and pain; then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "but I am a giddy girl, to be lingering here; and, at all events, I am determined never to desert my father and mother. No, no! I cannot think of leaving them in their old days. But what am I speaking about?—I would not leave them for the whole world. But what is that you have brought me?—a gold locket, I declare!"

"Take it, Jessy, as a keepsake from me, and wear it in your bosom. When you look at it, may you call to mind him who is far away."

"Well, I will keep it for your sake," said the artless maiden; "but see we are almost upon the house, and what will my father think if he see us thus wandering together. See, yonder he is himself, standing beside the door—what can I say to him?"

"Say nothing to him, for he cannot know me at this distance; and, since we must part, good night; but as you have a particle of regard for me, meet me here to-morrow evening. Do be sure and come, now, as it is the last time I may see you, and it would be a heart-break to me to leave this without bidding you farewell." So saying, he shook her hurriedly by the hand, and departed.

#### IV.

Jessy hastened forward to the cottage, by the side of which her father was rooting up some weeds from the flower bed; and, as she approached him, he stopped for a moment from his occupation, and said, "Jessy, my dear, who was that who parted from you a little ago, I scarcely think I know the lad?"

"Oh, I dare say not, father," answered Jessy, untying her bonnet with some degree of embarrassment, and colouring slightly. "He is a clerk at the bleachfield, and I would like that you knew him too; but it is not now worth while making his acquaintance, for he leaves this, and goes back to England in a day or two."

In spite of herself she could scarcely articulate the latter part of the sentence, into which a mournful half-querulous tone was involuntarily thrown.

"Jessy," said the reverend old man, as he rested on his hoe, "how came you to be acquainted with him? Beware of strangers. It is hard to judge ill of any body, because we

do not know them; but it is much better to trust them we have tried."

"Are ye there, my bairn?" said her mother, as she showed herself at the threshold, "come away in, you will be wearied. Your father is not thinking that you must be both tired and hungry. Come away in, my dear."

So saying, Mrs. Dawson turned round, and stepped in; while Jessy, casting a hurried look to the path on which Dennison was disappearing, heaved a sigh, and followed her.

When Jessy lay down that evening, her mind was in a state of perturbation; the serenity of those who lie down without care to sleep—the sleep of the innocent—had fled, and she felt like a person who has just left the flowery paths of childhood to wander amid the thorny brakes of the great world. Gloomy and desponding thoughts—the fears and doubts of separation—the consciousness of blame, in not revealing her secret to her kind parents—and the consciousness of her standing on a brink, from which she might plunge either into happiness or misery, weighed on her spirits, and she counted the lagging hours, as they passed silently forward, from midnight toward morning. She was up, however, early as usual, and busied about her household tasks, although that cheerful song was mute to which the caged linnet sang responsively.

The day was a long and a tedious one, but at length it passed over, and the hour of her parting assignation with one already too dear to her, approached. The sun was pouring his crimson glory from the west over the tops of the forest trees, and obliquely staining in mellow hues the walls of the apartment in which she was arraying her beautiful form for this meeting with her lover; and as she gazed in the mirror, she seemed for the first time conscious of her own witchery. More time was lost at her toilet, than was at all usual with one so artless and simple, and often she did only to undo, for her thoughts were flurried, and her heart beat quick, but pardonably enough she thought within herself—this is perhaps the last time we may ever meet together. Oh, I would like that it should appear to him that Charles Dennison is about to leave one, neither in make nor mind unworthy of his regard. Her bosom was the seat of a thousand contending feelings; she was glad, tumultuously rejoiced at the near prospect of meeting the man she loved: afflicted that this meeting was a parting, perhaps a last one. She considered that she was totally unexperienced in the ways of the world, that she was still but a girl in her nineteenth year; yet she felt what a month had brought forth, what eras may occur within the lapse of a few weeks; that, as it were but yesterday, she was a happy, careless, childish creature, and now the pledged wife of one, who was almost a stranger. She was fearful at the lengths things had already come with one, of whom she knew almost nothing, save his affection for her; and who, for aught

that she could say to the contrary, might have been a cause of sorrow and reproach to his relatives. Her parents knew nothing of the matter; their advice she had not asked; their feelings she had overlooked; their confidence she had despised; and as she poignantly and sorrowfully pondered on these things, a warm, silent, reproachful tear gushed over her cheek, but "she wiped it soon." Her young buoyant, unsuspecting heart overcame all scruples, and hushed if it did not extinguish all fears, as in the beauty of her youth and innocence, she stepped from the cottage door into the glowing lustre of the evening.

The aspect of nature was almost unearthly beautiful, birds were singing amid the bushes, as she passed along in that luxurious state of suspense which only lovers know, when joy seems too ardent and bright to be lasting, and life—the very feeling of existence—is a species of enchantment. She looked around with eyes which were not her own; and, as the sun darted up his farewell beams through the dark, massy, and picturesque clouds, they brightened up into domes, palaces, and pillars, of fairy illumination. At her feet the cows lay basking in ease and enjoyment, ruminating their food amid the fresh green grass. The wild flowers glowed with hues beyond their wont, and almost seemed not only endowed with a consciousness of their existence, but of their beauty. The winds were asleep; yet, out of very dalliance, the leaves twinkled, and showed their white linings on the tall, bending willows. The golden grain stood in ripeness over fields, which it seemed to encumber with its luxuriance; and, far off, the green receding hills showed their woods and cottage windows sparkling in the casual flood of mellow sunlight. In the distance was heard the monotonous but not unpleasant murmur of the village, "a low, continuous sound"—the lively, distant dog-bark, and the lowing of remote oxen. Life seemed to assume a new aspect before her, and her feelings were different from the feelings of other days. She looked at heaven, she looked at earth—all was reposing, and bright, and beautiful; then she glanced, half unconsciously, down on her own person, and, while her heart fluttered within her, she felt happy—happier than words could express.

## V.

Thus strayed on the artless and innocent Jessy Dawson, in a perplexity of enjoyment, a tumultuous crowding of luxurious and romantic thoughts; nor was she recalled to herself till, at the appointed hawthorn-tree, she perceived her lover awaiting her arrival.

They had selected a little-frequented path, that none might intrude on the privacy of their feelings. She linked her arm in his. The sun was just darting his farewell rays over the western hills, whose declivities rapidly became purplish and hazy. They wandered on in happiness, as if all the wants and wishes of life were satisfied. One after another

the songs of the small birds ceased, leaving the silent air to the twitter of the swallow. The hedge-rows on each side breathed forth their perfume of wild rose bushes; and, as the lovers sauntered along, earth seemed as if created but for their enjoyment alone. Onwards and onwards they loitered, unconscious of the shades which were deepening around, and of the distance which was lengthening between them and home. Her gentle weight hung upon his arm, and she felt herself more than happy. She feared it might be for the last time—for the extremities of human enjoyment and suffering often fearfully conjoin—and her will warred with her duty when she thought of turning back. "It shall not happen again," she thought to herself; "life is not so full of sweets, as that we should spurn them aside when they come in our way; and I should like that the remembrance of this evening should be a long theme for meditation to each, when we are far separated from each other—may be, by lands and seas." But at length the deadening twilight called her from the delicious reverie; and drawing her arm from within his, she pointed to the gathering stars, and said, "What a foolish girl am I, to be wandering here, and the night coming down upon us!"

The lovers stood for a few moments in silence gazing on each other; then, seizing hold of her hand passionately, Dennison said, "And, since we part so soon, do you grudge me an hour of your company? Ah! Jessy, Jessy, you are cruel, cruel; but let this plead for me;" and drawing her graceful form within his arms, he imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips.

Then came pouting and soothing; the gentle rebuke, and the gentler excuse; until at length the remedy was worse than the ail. Her youth, her passion, her unsuspecting innocence, were but precarious safeguards—but I have not heart to proceed.

## VI.

Alas! how dreary is the plunge from light to darkness!—When Jessy Dawson left the cottage of her parents, she felt herself in her sinless innocence—a being almost removed, by happy thoughts and feelings, by the passion of pure love, and by the romance of hope, beyond the withering sway of time, and the perishable elements of mortality. What was she now? To what had a moment of heedlessness and unguarded thought reduced her? She feared to think—she hated herself—she hated the world—she execrated the hour of her birth!—Suddenly had her sky been overcast, and a storm of horror, which was destined to overwhelm her, was blackening and brooding there. All unforgiving she knew was the world; and, "oh!" thought she to herself, "if heaven be as unforgiving as earth!"

She sat down upon a large stone by the gate of a wheat field; it was wet with the vesper dews, and lay beneath a dark, umbrageous chesnut tree. The sun was gone—the



stars were met in the sky—the night-wind was abroad, stirring the branches above her with a hollow and complaining sound. The Tyne, dark and unilluminated, murmured sullenly over its channel. Here and there, on the plain, she saw the sparkling of the cottage windows, and felt that no home could evermore be a happy one for her. How was she to return to hers? The pride of her heart was bowed to the dust; her “self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts,” was lost. She was as a tree scathed by lightning—a flower, over which the poison-snake has crawled. And her parents—her heart, as if it would burst, swelled into her throat—her doating and unconscious parents! her dear father, and her dear, dear mother! what were to become of them? How had she repaid their labours of affection—how were all their instructions forgotten—their advices trampled on in derision—their implored blessings set aside as “trifles nothing worth.” The finger of scoffing was to be pointed at their home—infamy coupled with their names—wretchedness brought on their grey hairs! A cold sweat came over her; and, as she trembled, a sense of suffocation caused her to unloose the strings of her bonnet, that she might breathe more freely. Then she arose, in her despair, hurriedly from the stone, and, hastening wildly onwards, kept speaking aloud to herself in the tumult and bitterness of her heart—“I am miserable!” she cried; “I am undone for ever! Oh, that my parents could forget they ever had a daughter—that the earth would gape, and swallow me forever!”

## VII.

Weeks passed on, and the hopes and heart of *Jessy Dawson* were shaded in sunless gloom. A visible change was perceptible in her mien and countenance. The light, buoyant thoughtlessness of youth seemed suddenly to have evaporated, and over her hung that dull, settled pensiveness, which had changed a *Hebe* into an *Urania*—yet diminishing not a line of that beauty, which seemed even now more bewitching in its quiet pensiveness. She pursued her usual task; and if the same alacrity was not shewn, there was even more than her usual carefulness in her operations. Always attentive and obedient to her parents to whom she was attached with all the devotedness of an only child, she now became more solicitous than ever to please them—more anxious than ever not to offend. She hung about her mother in her household tasks, as if she felt delighted to share the presence of one on whom her thoughts could rely in the confidence of affection—although bitterly conscious of having abused that affection, and of having withheld that confidence concerning her actions, which she deserved. Her heart was humbled alike by sorrow and sin; yet the hope that truth was not to be utterly despaired of in man sustained her from altogether sinking, and, at times, she almost believed, that vows sacredly

pledged, and fervently iterated, were enough, and more than enough, to secure a heart wholly by the feelings, not alone of generosity, but of humanity, honour, and justice.

At length a letter came. It had been agreed on between them that she should be addressed under a fictitious name, to prevent her letters finding their way to her father's house, and thus laying open a correspondence and connexion which, with the fear ever attendant on error and its consequences, she was in perpetual dread of being prematurely discovered. After many a repeated call at the post office, at length she found a packet—and it was a drop of honey in her cup of gall.

The restoration to cheerfulness was, however, only partial and very transient. Like a lily that has been trodden on, in its bloom and beauty, by the careless foot of the passenger, withering silently away, so was she still a picture of loveliness; but the glow of health was gone, and languor, paleness, and decay, betokened a damming up of the vital spirits.

Old Andrew and his wife observed—how could they otherwise?—the change on one in whom centred their tenderest hopes and fears. For the playful girl, who was the life of their household, they now saw one whose silent thoughts seemed only to hold communion with sorrow—whose pensiveness was unsuited to her years and temperament, and whose natural cheerfulness had been eclipsed by some sudden cloud of melancholy, which, however unsettled for a moment by the light of parental love, or by painful internal efforts, came down again in darkness over her spirit, brooding like an evil genius. She still, however, continued her customary occupations; but she avoided observation, kept within doors, or, when obliged to go out, chose the least frequented paths, and shrank from the approach of her acquaintances; loving rather to be alone, and courting that solitude where she could indulge in the melancholy of her feelings, and where, as there was no eye to intrude on her dejection, there should be no tongue to question its cause. Yet hope is the predominant passion in the heart of man, however fear may distract, or misery oppress it; and sometimes would she wipe away her tears, arguing with herself that she had no reason to doubt the fidelity of one who had given every possible pledge of affection, and whose latest protestations were full of seemingly sincere warmth. But the awful monitor within was not to be so silenced: it spoke of broken commandments, and shame, and dishonour; so again she would sink into dejection, and tears flowed down her pale cheeks, while tumultuous grief agitated her bosom. For long and dismal hours would these paroxysms of misery last; and, when the bitter struggle subsided, her mind slowly buoyed itself up, as she would dream of her lover's return, and anticipated the forgiveness of the world.

## VIII.

Andrew Dawson and his wife were presbyterians, educated in the strictness of their sect; religious people, who, according to the definition of Wordsworth, "give God and man their dues," live in integrity and peace, and account dishonour worse than death itself. They knew not of the dark cloud which brooded over them: yet the only chance of saving them from the unforeseen, undreamt of calamity, was the return of Jessy's lover. Alas! it was written in the book of predestination that that lover was never to return.

Four months had elapsed, and no second letter had arrived. At length one came concerning, but not from, him—it was from his wife! The villain was the husband of another woman, whom he had deserted, and the letter of Jessy had fallen into her hands. Dennison himself had absconded, and, it was supposed, had passed over to America.

To describe the agony of poor Jessy's mind when this miserable intelligence reached her, is beyond the power of words. It was night falling over nature for ever; a sudden extinguishment of all her hopes; in a word, utter despair. She lay down in a raving fever, and, in the midst of her delirium, she often called on her lover by name, implored him to return to her, and, in broken exclamations, summoned death to snatch her away from infamy and ruin. Her parents were horror struck; for it was but too evident that her ail was of the heart, that some awful doom had been overhanging her, and that the gradual decay of their lovely and beloved child owed its origin to some silent and secret sorrow, in which it was too much to be feared, that guilt was not unmingled.

Religion was the anchor of the old man's soul, and the bible the source, whence he sought for comfort in this day of his bitter overwhelming calamity. Yet often would he lay down the sacred volume, and rising, stand with his bald reverend head at the side of that bed, on which lay blasting and withering the only green leaf of his wintry hopes. Her mind seemed quite alienated, and she would keep muttering dark and incoherent sentences.—"Come to me, come to me!" she would exclaim, stretching forth her arms, "why will you desert me thus? leave me thus to die in misery? You should not do it; you will not do it; you cannot do it. No—no—I know you love me. You swore to me that you loved me; that you would marry me! Oh, Charles, you are pale, pale as wax, and who is that, who is sitting beside you! I thought you loved me alone, and yet you look up in her face, as if your heart were hers. There is blood on your right hand; let me wash it off. I will wash it away with my tears. Take care, take care of that great black horse, for he will run over you: and come away below yon tree, and let us sit down. Lean your head on my bosom: will you then run away and leave me? I will

follow you, but I cannot, cannot run, from weakness. I am worn and weary, and my head aches. There is a noise in my ears, like the rising sea. Hark! how it is roaring, roaring like a great storm. Leave me not, oh, for the sake of heaven, leave me not, for the great waves compass me about, and I must perish in the waters! In the waters—no—no—not in the waters, but among the tongues of curling flame. I know not where to fly; I cannot go home. I am ashamed to go home. I cover my face with my hands, but the whole world sees me. Look at Ellen Hume! She knew you were me sweetheart, and now she asks me whither, you have gone, and she is laughing at me. My heart is breaking, for I knew that all would forsake me, except my father and mother; all but they, and they cannot look to me for weeping. Tell Johnny Selkirk, the grave-digger, to make a house for me and him, that my burial must take place to-morrow. I will creep into the dark hole, and die there!"

Thus would she utter wild, dark, and unintelligible things, through which a line, associating them with her own circumstances could be but faintly traced, and these paroxysms generally ended in violent sobbing, and other indications of extreme grief. Towards the evening of the second day, she fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion, and her wretched parents, on whom a sense of her miserable situation had more than obscurely glimpsed, tended her bed-side, silently gazing on her slumber, with words that may not be uttered. Heavy must have been the dispensation, even had she died in her innocence; but the afflicting wound would have been soothed by the commiseration of all, who had enjoyed the means of appreciating the loss of her who was its cause. The kind tones of friendship would have still-ed the outbreaks of woe; and tears, shed for her sake by many, who loved her as a sister or a child, would have fallen like balm on the hearts of the bereaved; but thus to have fallen, to have sinned, and yet to be alive! to have forgotten the commands of her bible; to have yielded to the call of the tempter; to be an object for the finger of mockery: an evil thing, pitied by the good, despised by the envious, and shunned by all—was more than they could bear—than could be borne; and as the poor mother leant her downcast head on her arm, she wiped ever and anon an involuntary tear from her eyes. The light of her age was darkened; she looked back to years of peace, pleasure, and sun-shine, forward to "a night that knew no morrow!"

## IX.

The sun had set—the evening star peeped out like the eye of an angel from the south, while the full round moon, bursting from a girdle of clouds, sailed majestically into the ocean of sky, as Andrew Dawson opened his garden wicket, and paced slowly, with his hands behind his back, along the path way in silent

agony of spirit. How forcibly the serene quiet of evening, contrasted with the tumult of his thoughts. All was still around—the soft-murmur of the leaves seemed the echo of repose;—the green forest slept in the flooding moon-shine, and the remote blue-tinted hills seemed slumbering in the tranquillity of nature. He strayed on and on, wrapped in meditation.—The shadows of the trees lay dark and motionless on the ground; the water sang a low, faint, gentle tune, and the holy quietude of the scene fell like oil on the troubled sea, calming the tempest of his spirit, and subduing its tumults into peace. Over him hung boughs, which he had himself trained; beneath his feet were shrubs and flowers, which she, the cause of this dark family calamity, loved once to rear. Household thoughts, and old remembrances, a stirring throng, were uppermost in his mind; the love of a parent triumphed over every weaker feeling, and when he reached the hawthorn hedge at the foot of the walk, he knelt down, and poured out the tide of his hopes, fears, and wishes before his Creator.

"Oh God!" thus prayed the old man, "do thou sustain our hearts under this heavy dispensation of thy Providence; crush every rebellious thought which is but too apt to arise in our sinful bosoms, and resign us to whatever is thy holy will. From the hour of our birth hast thou sustained us—all the days of our life hast thou preserved us! Shall we receive good at thy hand, oh Lord! and shall we not receive evil? for give our impious rebellion at thy decrees. Teach us to bear, and to suffer, knowing that thou afflictest not willingly, and that thou chastenest us only that we may be healed. Yet let not the thunderbolt of thy righteous anger bury us under its ruins. How long wilt thou spare us amid our sins? How long wilt thou spare us, oh Lord, that we may turn unto thee, and be saved? We enter into the dark cloud of the pavilion of sin, and trust in our foolishness that thou seest not our secret thoughts—but darkness is like noontide to thee, and the prayer of him who prayeth in silence and in secret, ascendeth as surely to thine ear, as that of him who lifeth up his voice at the corner of the streets. Have mercy, gracious Father, on my poor child, a miserable sinner! purify her soul with the fires of repentance, and drop down the consoling dews of thy promises on her burning heart. As to him who betrayed her steps from the paths of innocence, we pray, oh Lord, as thy disciples are commanded to pray, forgive him, as he is forgiven by us—may he see the darkness of his way!—and, at death, receive his spirit into thy rest. Living or dying, in joy or sorrow, may we put our trust in thee; and, clinging to the anchor of Faith, may neither the allurements nor the frowns of the world be able to shake the firm purpose of our souls! Teach us resignation, teach us humility, sanctify our sorrows to our immortal weal, and do unto us what seemeth

to thee good, Oh Lord, our strength and our redeemer."

The night passed over, and on the morrow Jessy awoke as from a long perplexed dream; she called on her mother, who rejoicing in heart to behold her daughter restored to soundness of mind, sat down by her bedside, and bedewed her hand with tears.

It was only in her delirium that poor Jessy had indicated her fall, and her mother preferred remaining silent on the subject, to risking a relapse, which a disclosure, even though attended with forgiveness and consolation, might have hazarded. By care and attention, and the gentlest nursing, the forlorn creature became in a few days so far recovered as to be able to leave her bed; but how altered from what a few months before had seen her! Her cheek was roseless and emaciated; her eyes sunk and hollow; her whole physiognomy indeed indicated mental suffering, exhibiting that relaxation of feature, which grief uniformly occasions, and which, while it deprives the countenance of its natural expression, imparts to it a heavy uniformity of outline. But at times this left her for a still more formidable change—a vacancy of look betokening the occasional triumph of despair. Often when endeavouring to employ herself in little domestic concerns, she would pause, from forgetfulness of what she had been doing; and at other times she would mutter aloud to herself unconsciously; while in her calmer and more collected moods, she was frequently observed in tears. The sight of a stranger was agony to her, and from known faces she stole away, to avoid recognition; so for hours and hours she would sit by herself alone—and for hours and hours she would wander about in the garden—often forgetting to return to the hearth, till long after the sun had gone down, and the evening dews lay heavy on the wild-flowers.

This went on for some time, till one night, having remained out, even later than usual, her father went out into the garden to look for her, but no Jessy was there. In about an hour after, however, she returned, and when asked where she had been, only answered that she had been taking a long, long walk. She sat down by the table as usual, but her mother several times caught her, with her eyes fixed steadfastly on her countenance, with a gaze as it were of penetrating affection, until she could sustain it silently no longer, and she said—"Jessy, my dear, is there any thing you wish to say to me?"

The poor girl gave her head a shake, and said, "no—nothing."

In a little time she rose, and stepping into her own apartment, took out her scissors, and cut off from her bonnet the ribbons—the ribbons she had received from her false lover, and huddling them together, thrust them into her bosom. As she slipped to the threshold, she folded her hands together, and gazing towards

her parents, implored a silent blessing on their heads—then rushed out into the darkness.

In a short time she was missed—and, with a heart that boded the worst, her father set out in search of her. An awful night had that turned! The winds swept through the moonless sky, and tossed to and fro the arms of the strong trees, as if they were green withies; till all the forests round were roaring like a mighty ocean, in tempest and turmoil. Dark volumes of cloud rolled over the sky; and the rains fell, as if again to drown the world. The old man rushed through the heart of the storm; and, in the intervals of the blast, his voice might be heard calling aloud for his child. The lightnings flashed—the thunders rattled—the rains poured—and the winds blew. Despair came over his heart. A dim presentiment that all was over, seized upon him with the force of conviction; and, as he uttered—"Oh Lord, receive her spirit!" he felt aware that the soul was parted from the body, and had returned to Him who gave it.

When he returned to his own door, he found his wife standing in the threshold; and, seizing her convulsively by the hand, he said in a voice broken by agitation—"Helen, we are childless—we have no daughter—we have no Jessy now!—we are left alone in our old days."

When the storm had somewhat abated, all the neighbours were out on the search, but it was a fruitless one. About a mile from the cottage of Andrew Dawson there is a pond overhung with trees in the centre of a large park. From the thickness of the undergrove, no part of the surface of the water is visible, until within the circle of beeches. Here was her body found floating. In one pocket were some wet papers, which, when unfolded, were found to be two letters she had received from her seducer, together with the psalm book she used to carry to church. A bunch of blue ribbons crumpled together, were found adhering in wetness to her cold marble bosom.

The old man never held up his head more; the iron had entered into his soul. The consolations of friendship were lavishly poured upon him, for he was loved and respected by all; but his heart was gone; and though he attempted to go about his customary occupations, the blight of decay fell over him as rapidly as over the leaf of November. A smiling spring and a sunny summer crawled alike joylessly over him. The beauty of the blue heaven was lost to his eye; the singing of the birds brought no pleasure to his ear. The present was a blank; his thoughts dwelt amid the past; and when autumn embrowned the landscape—when the days crept in—and the leaves fell—and the harvest riches, carried into the granary of the farmer, left the fields bare and sterile—he took to the bed from which he never more arose.

The stone in the church-yard, at the foot of which the whole family are buried, tells that,

in less than a month, the beloved partner of his joys, his labours, and his despair, followed him to the same grave!

From the Monthly Review.

### CALMUC TARTARY.\*

WE have been much pleased with this little volume, which, in a very clear and unpretending style, increases our acquaintance with the hordes that inhabit the vast plains extending northward from the Black Sea and Mount Caucasus, on both sides of the Volga. These hordes are best known under the name of Calmucs, and belong to the great stock of the Moguls, who occupy the highlands of Middle Asia, lying within the 40th and 50th degrees of latitude, between the dominions of Russia and China. Great numbers of the Calmucs accompanied, in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, the armies of Alexander, whom they acknowledged as the head of at least all those of their tribes that range over the steppes of Astracan.

These steppes, over which the Tartars also wander for pastures as well as the Calmucs, are among the most desert parts of the Russian empire. It is the opinion of some geologists that they were formerly the bottom of a sea, which, in some convulsion of nature, forced its way into the Mediterranean, through the straits of Marmora; the Caspian, the Euxine, the sea of Asoph, and the lakes in their neighbourhood, having still remained, as being the deepest part of that primitive ocean. This opinion is strengthened by the fact, that pits and salt ponds, and a great quantity of shells are still to be seen upon the surface of the country, and that the soil, which consists almost entirely of yellow clay, without stones, is impregnated with various salts in abundance. There is no mountain upon these steppes, except Bogdo, which is of a majestic height; and although they are sometimes called plains, they seldom exhibit, for any considerable extent, a level surface. They are, for the most part, undulating into hill and vale, and the prospect is consequently limited, generally, to a few miles. Tufts of grass and wormwood form the principal vegetation, and these grow in scattered solitary bunches, the yellow soil being visible between them. The vallies are more fertile, and produce salt herbs, which, however, the camel only can consume. In the spring, the iris and the tulip, and other bulbous-rooted plants, adorn some favoured portions of these deserts, but they are soon withered, in the summer, by the raging beams of the sun, which there is no tree to intercept, and no rain to mitigate. In winter, the cold is equally intolerable, in consequence of the east wind which rushes over the steppes, in an irresistible current, from the ice-covered heights of Mongolia. Something in the nature of the *mirage*,

\* Calmuc Tartary; or, a Journey from Sarcpa to several Calmuc Hordes of the Astracan Government; from May 26 to August 21, 1823. By Henry Augustus Zwick. 12mo. London: 1831.



more properly called a *looming*, one of the most beautiful delusions of nature, may be occasionally observed in these wild regions. It is caused by the reflection of the rays of the sun from the heated surface of the earth, and by their refraction through the medium of the dew which is drawn from the vegetation.—Hence it happens, that objects which are not within the actual range of vision, are pictured in the air, at the edge of the mist, as if reared in a stream of water. The images sink, by degrees, lower and lower, as the spectator approaches, till at last the stream vanishes, and the real landscape is seen, at a greater distance, and smaller than it appeared on the mist.

It is in the steppes that the locusts, those destructive armies which lay waste whole provinces, are supposed to have their birth. Serpents, lizards, scorpions, and particularly the scorpion spider, which is much dreaded, are every where to be met with. Foxes, wolves, and antelopes also abound. Bees never trust themselves to these desolate wilds, and form no part of the wealth of the Calmucs, which consists chiefly of camels, horses, oxen, sheep and goats, animals calculated to supply almost all their wants. Some of the tribes are supplied with guns, and subsist, in summer, by the chase of antelopes; some feed for a season upon wormwood and other dry herbs.—The Calmucs who are within the jurisdiction of the Astracan government, are estimated at about twenty thousand tents, or families.—The different tribes, of which they are composed, are generally at war one with another. The imperial authority seldom interferes in their disputes, unless by way of mediation.

Wells of excellent water are found in many parts of the steppes, and are justly supposed to be the work of some ancient pastoral nation. The Calmucs, a lazy race, take no trouble to keep them in order. The dung found near the wells serves the traveller for fuel; by a slight application of heat it burns like turf.—It is obtained in greater quantities than one would expect, the wells being the rendezvous of all the animals that inhabit the desert.—Many tumuli are seen upon these steppes, belonging to different ages and races, but chiefly, it is supposed, to the Tartars of the ancient Kamchatkan empire. Those on which stone pillars are found, are of still greater antiquity. They were in existence before the time of Ruisbroek, in the year 1260, and were then considered as the graves of a nation which had long past away—most probably of the Huns, who, in the fourth century, swarmed from the borders of China, and, by driving before them the Goths and other Teutonic nations, caused that extensive migration which, in the fifth century, inundated the most fertile regions of Europe.

The tents of the Calmucs are usually pitched in a valley in which good wells are to be found: those of the Princes and Lama (High Museum.—Vol. XVIII.

Priest,) and those which serve as temples and as the halls of justice, are distinguished by their commanding situation, the size, and the whiteness of their covering. Round the temples; and the hut of the Lama, in a semicircle, are the tents of the inferior priests, and these again are enclosed by those of the Prince's ministers and servants. The doors of all the tents open towards the principal temple. Mr. Zwick describes the residence of Prince Erdeni with laudable minuteness.

Having learnt from the Calmucs that the day of our arrival (the 2nd of June) was marked as fortunate, in their astrological kalendar, we hastened to make our visit to the Prince the same evening. When we approached the tent a servant came out to meet us, and enquired what we wanted; we desired to be announced as people who brought letters from the capital to the Prince, upon which we were readily admitted. We drew near to the tent from the right side, according to the Calmuc custom, for it is considered unmannerly to advance directly to the door, or to approach from the left side. We also took care not to tread on the threshold, an old Mogul ceremonial, which Ruisbroek observed in the camp of Monkettumner. We made the usual salutation to the Prince—*Mende ssun tabe tiniger buis ta?* "Are you quite hale and well?" to which he replied, "Munde;" (well); after which we were obliged to sit cross-legged upon a carpet, in the Asiatic fashion. The Prince sat in the same position on his cushion, in the interior of the tent, by his wife Dellek; on their left was the little Prince Raschi Sangdschai Dordsche, attended by his nurse. Erdeni is in his forty-second year, of a short squat figure, and good countenance. He is intelligent, good-natured, lively and agreeable. When we entered he was playing on the *Domber*, or Calmuc guitar. His wife, Dellek, is six and twenty, of a robust figure, and truly Calmuc face, with prominent cheek bones. The Prince was dressed in a short Calmuc coat of blue cloth, white trousers, a mottled silk waistcoat, and a thick velvet cap, trimmed with sable, and ornamented with a red tassal and gold loop.

The Princess wore a blue and white dress, over a red silk petticoat, ornamented with gold flowers; she had on her head a high square Calmuc cap of Persian gold muslin, trimmed (like her husband's) with sable, and with a large silk tassal. The tent was about ten yards in diameter, and as many in height, and furnished all around, in the inside, with carpets, for the accommodation of visitors. Opposite to the door was the prince's throne or cushion, about an ell high, and covered with green cotton, and over it a kind of canopy of the same material. On each side was suspended an image: the left represented one of their dreadful idols, *Bansarakza*; the right was a collection of astrological circles, and many figures of different colours. Both were designed for the protection of the young prince, and to shield him from evil. To the left of the Prince's couch was the altar, with a bench in front of it, and on the altar were silver vessels, with rice and other offerings; behind it a number of chests piled upon one another, and

covered with a Persian cloth. Above, was a wooden shrine, with a well-formed gilt image of one of their principal idol-deities, Schagdschamuni, the founder of their religion. On the right of the Prince, there was also a heap of chests, covered with Persian cloth, on which stood a few trinket-boxes belonging to the Princess. These chests probably contained the valuables of the royal family, and those on the left of the throne, the sacred writings, the idols and other things pertaining to the altar. In the middle of the tent there was a hearth with a cresset and a common tea-kettle; on the left of the door stood a few pails and cans, ornamented with brass hoops, containing sour mare's milk, or tschigan; the chief subsistence of the Calmucs at this time of the year!—pp. 58—61.

The strangers having been favourably received by the Prince, were afterwards paid every mark of attention by the whole tribe, who had previously taken little notice of them. Thus are they as courtly in their character as the household lords of more civilized nations!—They are wholly governed, in their demeanor towards foreigners, by that of their rulers.—Not only were Mr. Zwick and his companion invited to a Calmuc tea-party, but to remain with the tribe during the remainder of their lives.

It would appear that the religion of the Calmucs was derived in early ages from India.—The reputed founder, Schagdschamuni, is supposed to have lived long before the time of Christ, and to have delivered precepts, some of which were committed to writing by his disciples during his life, and some after that period. The world he held to be God, and it was his doctrine that every thing was produced by circular motion; that there is a gradation of beings from perfect divinity down to the lowest animal on earth, and to a brood of fiends which inhabit its interior;—that by means of transmigration, and according to their good or bad actions, the souls of men may be elevated to perfect divinity, or debased to the state of fiends. This religion has its redeemer too, and a system of penance, discipline, and prayer, and an order of priesthood, at the head of which is the Lama. It has also its superstitions from the poets of Tangris and Assuria, such as good and evil spirits who dwell upon mountains and in streams, and busy themselves much in human affairs;—a fabulous mountain, in the centre of the earth, which is surrounded by seven golden hills, inhabited by men, and creatures resembling men, of different forms and habits;—and an earthly paradise, west of Thibet, where those who have arrived at a state of perfection dwell in the enjoyment of happiness. The Calmucs have images, to which, however, they pay no worship on their own account. 'As the senses,' they say, 'cannot reach the invisible Deity, they like to have a visible representation before them in prayer. But this is not essential; when they cannot have image, (in travelling across the steppes for example,) they are accustomed to worship without any symbol

addressed to the senses.' 'For,' as the Princess said, 'the All-wise knows and sees every thing, even the interior of the heart, and observes whether we pray to him at home, or on the steppes, with any image, or as the Invisible.' The most curious part of the Calmuc system of religion is their mode of praying by means of machinery!

'It consists of hollow wooden cylinders, of different sizes, filled with Tangud writings. The cylinders are painted with red stripes, and adorned with handsome gilt letters, in the Sanscrit character, commonly containing the formula Omma-in-bad-mæ-chum; each of these is fixed upon an iron axis, which goes through a square frame; this frame is capable of being shut up flat, and is formed upon a small scale, much like a weaver's sheering machine. Where the lower parts of the frame cross, there is a hole, in which the axis of the cylinder turns; by means of a string which is attached to a crank in the spindle, the machine can be kept in motion so that the cylinder turns in the frame like a grind-stone (only upright) upon its axis. Before the fire at Sarepta, we had two large Kurds of this kind, with Tangud writings of all sorts, rolled one upon another round the spindle, in the inside of the cylinder, to the length altogether of some hundred feet. These prayer-mills perform a much more important office than a rosary, which only serves to assist the person who prays. The moguls believe, that it is meritorious respectfully to set in motion, (whether by the wind or otherwise,) such writings as contain prayers and other religious documents, that the noise of these scraps of theology may reach to the Gods, and bring down their blessing. As these prayer-machines usually contain the Tangud formula, which is serviceable to all living creatures, (repeated it may be ten thousand times, so that there is a multiplication of power like that in the English machines, equivalent to the labour of so many individuals)—as prayer can, in this manner, be carried on like a wholesale manufactory, it is not very surprising that prayer-mills are so commonly to be found in the houses of the Moguls. An ingenious contrivance this, for storming Heaven with the least possible trouble.'—pp. 119, 120.

The progress of the Calmucs in literature is, it would appear, exceedingly limited.

'In the afternoon, we visited many of the Gellongs in the ecclesiastical circle of huts, and amongst many ignorant, we found one, a young man of nine-and-twenty, who was particularly distinguished by his acuteness and learning. When we entered his hut, he was employed in translating a Thibet book into the Calmuc language, and two Gezulls, his pupils, were looking over him. In conversing about the Tangud language and character, he tried our skill in reading both that and the Calmuc, and paid us many compliments on our proficiency, as few (even of the Gellongs) of his own nation possess this knowledge. He begged that we would grant him our friendship, for, said he, "As we have similar learning, we are fitted to be friends." To try the accuracy of his acquaintance with the Tangud language, we showed him the Lord's prayer in that tongue, from the Patris Georgii Alphabetum Ti-

betanum, which he immediately translated correctly into the Calmuc language, as a proof of his knowledge. This was the only specimen of the kind which we met with during our travels, and it was the more surprising, as the Calmuks possess but very indifferent assistance for the acquisition of this language. The Tangud character is derived from the old Indian Sanscrit, and, like that, is written from left to right. Except in this particular, it has, on a superficial survey, much resemblance to the Chaldean or Hebrew. Most of the writings which remain amongst the Mogul tribes, are in the Tangud language and character, because the Moguls derived both these, together with their religion, from Thibet. It therefore behoves every young ecclesiastic to learn enough of this language to be able to join in the chorus of the Tangud litany; more is not required of them, and it is a rare thing to find one who knows any thing of the language. There is no original Mogul or Calmuc literature; a few ancient and rare historical writings excepted, it consists of translations from the Tangud. The greater part of the Gellongs are ignorant of the Mogul or Calmuc character; and they even boast that they know nothing of the Mogul, (which is the character of the blacks or plebeians, and only understand the Tangud, the character of the priests and the learned,) which is so highly esteemed, that it is unlawful to use it on common occasions.

Our learned Gellong informed us, that the Lama had some old Burat-Mogul writings, which nobody in the horde could read. For that reason he wished us to give him an alphabet of this character, but we had not one with us.—pp. 84—86.

The march of the horde, after the breaking up of its encampment, from one part of the steppes to another, is described by the author as highly animated and picturesque.

The Lama, with his priests, headed the march, after which, every one followed according to his will and convenience. The Prince and his family remained by the side of their tents and goods (which were packed upon camels,) until the whole camp had broken up; he then followed rapidly, and took his place in the van. We mingled with the crowd, and permitted our tent, which had been packed upon a camel, by the Prince's order, to go on before us; the camel-driver had taken his place on the beast, and the unevenness of the steppes prevented us from keeping up with these long-legged animals. The main body of this moving multitude extended more than a verst in breadth, and consisted of single columns of camels, bearing tents, household goods, and children, who were stowed in baskets; next followed troops of horses, cattle and sheep, with a few drivers on horseback. Nobody performs a migration on foot; indeed, the Calmuks are seldom induced to walk any great distance—men, women and elder children all ride; we even saw mothers on horseback, with infants, who were hardly out of the cradle, and babes at the breast. Elder boys and girls ride sometimes at full gallop, run races with one another, and practise hunting with dogs, and fencing. Sometimes a company of girls purposely wait till the whole train has left them behind by several

verst, and then run races to join them. These marches are a kind of general show and rejoicing to the Calmuks in which every one has an opportunity of displaying his wealth and splendour. The men ride forward in groups dressed in their state clothes, and armed with muskets; when they have considerably outstripped the main body, they encamp on the steppes till it overtakes them. The matrons ride in their best clothes on the finest horses, in front of the troop, and hold in their hand the bridle of the first camel, to which all the others are fastened. Large Persian or Russian carpets are spread over the packages on the camels, and hang down almost to the ground on both sides: the animals themselves are frequently ornamented with red ribbons. Poorer families, who possess no camels, load their cattle with children and goods, and ride upon them themselves.—Some few employ Tartar cars, (or arbas,) to convey their moveables.—pp. 95—97.

Mr. Zwick having seen as much of the tribe of Prince Erdeni as he wished, proceeded to visit that of the three brothers, Setter, Dschirgal, and Otschir, who had inherited from their father four hundred tents. The reception of the travellers was here very different from that which they had already experienced. The elder brother having been idiotic from his infancy, a part of the tribe was ruled by the second brother, who, at the very first interview, appropriated to himself a handsome dagger which Mr. Zwick had purchased for his own use from a Persian at Astracan. His companion's tobacco-pipe went next, and his coat, which Dschirgal had tried on, he would never have seen again, if the prince had not forgotten it when he was going away. The travellers soon found that they were in rather a dangerous neighbourhood; for, in addition to his other amiable propensities, the prince occasionally got drunk and murdered men for his amusement. Merchants took good care to keep far out of his way, for nobody came near him whom he did not ill-treat and plunder. The portion of the tribe which he ruled consisted only of a motley rabble, which he had collected together, from whose presence the two travellers made their escape with the greatest possible expedition, and set out for the head quarters of the third brother, Prince Otschir, whose court, in every respect, resembled that of Prince Erdeni. His conduct to the strangers was, however, no better than that of his brother, except that he did not rob them. In the principal temple of his tribe they saw as many as thirty-three large pictures of idols. Their prayer-machine was upon an improved plan, being set in motion like a horizontal mill by four large spoon-shaped sails turned by the wind.

In the course of their different journeys to the encampments of various other tribes, the travellers observed frequent flights of locusts. Mr. Zwick's description of this formidable insect is worth transcribing.

The locusts (*gryllus migratorius*) is from three to four inches in length, and its full size is longer and narrower than other insects of the

same species, the grasshopper for instance, which is known in Germany, and which has a more prominent breast, and shorter wing. The head is round, with short feelers, and like the breast, of a dingy green; the throat is dark brown, its large eyes black, the exterior case of the wing of a dirty yellowish green, with many dark spots, showing the black wings at a little distance; the body and the legs are pale yellow, with black marks on the side of the legs next the body. In their first state, the locusts have very imperfect wings, which do not cover the whole of the body, whereas when they are full grown, they reach much beyond it. Well might the prophet Joel (chapters 1st and 2nd,) refer to the locusts, as the agents of a chastising Providence, for they are a real scourge to the nation in which they appear, laying waste whole districts in a very short time, by their dreadful rapacity and great numbers. Wherever they settle, they devour not only every thing green, but the stems of the shrubs, and the weeds of the sea: the Calmucs told us that the very felt on their tents was entirely consumed if they suffered a swarm of these enemies to descend unmolested. As they soon strip the position they have chosen, they are compelled to migrate in search of food and this usually takes place about dusk. Their long wings enable them to traverse large districts. This species of locust, as well as the *gryllus cristatus*, which was the food of John the Baptist, and is still eaten in Arabia, is prepared in many different ways by the Oriental nations. In Morocco, they are so highly esteemed, that the price of provisions falls when the locusts have entered the neighbourhood. The Calmucs do not use them as food, but we are told that wolves, dogs, antelopes, sheep, and other animals which have fattened upon them, are much sought after. The wolves seldom or never attack the flocks of the Calmucs when the locusts are at hand, because they can satisfy themselves with these insects. A circumstance which happened some years ago at Sarepta, is sufficient to prove that locusts are excellent food: the hogs in that neighbourhood became unusually fat, by having been fed for some time entirely upon dead locusts which had been drowned in the Volga, and thrown in heaps on the shore.

'The swarm of locusts which I have just mentioned, was so numerous that the whole ground was covered with them, and looked as if it had been sprinkled with pea-shells. It was curious to observe, that their heads were all turned to the west, and that in this direction they were devouring every blade of grass with frightful assiduity. In the sunshine their wings appeared like silver or glass, and reflected a tremulous light. Where we passed through their ranks, they rose in thick clouds, with a loud rattling caused by the flapping of their wings against one another, and continued whizzing in irregular groups through the space around us, like snow when it falls in large flakes. The path which they left for us, was about twenty paces wider than our line of march, and it was immediately filled up at the same distance behind us, as if by falling clouds. They were so nimble, that we found it difficult to catch any of them, particularly as our journey took place in the heat of the day, and in the sunshine,

when they are always most active. The dogs were highly delighted with chasing these swarms, and snapping as many as they could out of the air, which they accomplished with more facility in the cool of the evening. Many of these locusts were in their first state, when they are of a dark orange colour, others had nearly reached their full growth. After a few days, they had almost all completed their change, and they were able to rise like their comrades into the air, to seek out new districts. Once when I went in search of insects at this place, (which I always did secretly, that I might give no offence to the Calmucs, who consider it a great sin to kill any creature, and more particularly an insect,) I was observed by some Calmucs, whose curiosity was excited by my stooping so often. They came slowly up to me, to see what I was looking for. I commonly satisfied all inquiries, with the pretext that I was looking for medicinal herbs, which they thought the more probable as they had a high opinion of our science in the art of healing.—On this occasion, I took advantage of the transformation of the locusts, as they happened to be in sight. This spectacle they had never before remarked, and it occasioned the greatest astonishment. Such locusts as were ready for their transformation, were to be seen in numbers, climbing up the stalk of a plant, and then holding themselves in an inverted position with their long legs. After a little while, the creature begins to rock itself backwards and forwards, resting at intervals as if almost exhausted, and then shaking itself again with increasing violence, until the breast and head break through, the old covering by continued effort is thrown off, and the insect appears in its perfect state. The wings now grow to their full size, and appear to strengthen before the eyes of the observer, and acquire, by exposure to the air, their natural colour and splendour. While the boys were busied in seeking more blades of grass with locusts upon them, the spectators unceasingly repeated their exclamations of *Dalai Lama! Dalai Lama! Chair Khan! Chair Khan!* or *Kuhrku! Kuhrku!* at the sight of a process of nature which had been unknown to them, though it had passed under their eyes.—pp. 145—149.

We have paid more attention to the information collected by Mr. Zwick during his residence among the Calmucs, than to the object which had induced himself and his companions to undertake a journey so little inviting in the way of amusement. The fact is, that they were employed by the Moravians of Sarepta, to distribute the Bible among the Calmuc tribes. they returned, however, without having succeeded in circulating more than two copies! The opposition of the Lamas and their priests to the introduction of a new religion was found utterly insurmountable, and even if it had been so determined, what beneficial effect could the Bible have produced among a nation of wandering tribes, of whom not one person in a thousand can read? Besides, it is to be observed, that although the Russian government permits the free distribution of the Scriptures among its subjects, the Russian church

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allows no converts to be made throughout the empire, except to its own tenets, and all missionaries of a different religion, who are permitted to distribute the sacred book in that country or its dependencies, are prohibited to accompany it by a single syllable of explanation! We cannot, therefore, be surprised at the failure of Mr. Zwick, a young German of apparently respectable character. Even among the Calmucs who had been in the civilised parts of Europe in 1814, he found no disposition towards education or improvement of any description. One of these, who was constantly recounting the wonders he had seen in Paris, said, among other extravagant things, that "the English had wings"—probably mistaking, says the author, on account of the resemblance of *Angli* and *Angeli*, "English" for "angels." The same travelled barbarian further assured his countrymen that he saw the moon so low down in the sky of France, that he could almost throw a noose over its horns!

From the Monthly Review.

#### COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS.\*

This interesting little work forms one of the volumes of Mr. Murray's "Family Library," a title which, from the valuable and entertaining matter the collection contains, as well as from the careful style of its execution, it well deserves. No family, indeed, in which there are children to be brought up, ought to be without this "Library," as it furnishes the readiest resources for that self-education, which ought to accompany or succeed that of the boarding-school or the academy; and is infinitely more conducive than either to the cultivation of the intellect.

Mr. Irving very naturally feels not a little enthusiasm as to every subject that is, in any way, connected with the discovery of America. We have already noticed, with applause, his voyages of the great navigator, whom he almost idolizes, and we are glad to observe, that that production has been epitomised for the "Family Library." His present volume relates the voyages and discoveries of the companions of Columbus, the disciples of the admiral, who, enkindled by his zeal, and instructed by his example, sallied forth, separately, in the vast region of adventure, to which he had led the way! The acquisition of gold and precious stones, concerning the abundance of which, in the new world, so many exciting rumours prevailed in Europe, and especially in Spain, in the early part of the sixteenth century, was, no doubt, the principal object which stimulated the enterprize of most of the successive bands of maritime adventurers. Some expected to monopolize the pearl fisheries of *Patria* and *Cubaga*; and some to occupy the golden *Chersonesus* of antiquity, which was then supposed to be situated near the coast of *Vera-*

*gua*, and to have furnished the gold which Solomon used in building the temple of Jerusalem; while others, animated by a nobler ambition, addressed their hopes and energies to the accomplishment of that discovery, grander than every thing he had yet achieved, with which Columbus expected to crown the glories of his life. It was in pursuits of this object—a continent in the South Sea—that he made his last and most disastrous voyage; the wayward fate, by which he had been guided and harassed, from the commencement of his career, not permitting him to penetrate more than a few steps beyond the vestibule of that temple of future liberty and wealth, which he had disclosed to mankind.

The indefatigable labours of Navarrete have enabled Mr. Irving to trace the history of the followers of the admiral, in an authentic and satisfactory manner. Oviedo's General History, which unfortunately exists only in manuscript, in the library of the Seville cathedral; the Archives of the Indies, in Madrid, and the historical works of Herrera, Las Casas, Gomara, and Peter Martyr, have also rendered him considerable assistance. The voyages of Alonzo de Ojeda, of Nino and Guerra, of Vicente Pinyon, and other small and not very successful adventurers, having been more or less touched upon in Mr. Irving's former production, we shall confine our attention principally to the adventures of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. His life has recently been written, with great elegance, by M. J. Quintana, one of the few living authors of whom Spain can boast, and a scholar of whom any nation might be proud.

Vasco Nunez was one of the early adventurers, who hoped to better his fortunes, by settling in the colony which was planted in St. Domingo. He belonged to one of those poor noble families which abound in Spain; was a good swordsman, and a person of considerable ability, though of loose and profligate habits. He had fixed himself upon a farm at *Salvatierra*, but having involved himself in debts which he had no prospect of discharging, he gladly availed himself of an opportunity which presented itself, of taking his departure from the island, as well as of gratifying his passion for change of scene, and enterprize. On the eve of the Bachelor *Euciso* sailing upon his expedition from St. Domingo, Vasco Nunez, in order to escape the vigilance of his creditors, who kept a close watch on the shore, to prevent him, as well as several others who owed large sums in the colony, from getting free, in this manner, from their obligations, concealed himself in a cask, which was removed from his farm on board *Euciso's* vessel, as if it were only filled with provisions for the voyage. When the vessel was fairly out at sea, Vasco Nunez emerged, like an apparition, from his cask, to the great surprise of *Euciso*, who had been totally ignorant of the stratagem. They soon, however, became good friends, although

\* Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus. By Washington Irving. 12mo. London: 1831.

the fugitive afterwards repaid his protector with the ingratitude that usually forms part of the character of all adventurers. Having raised himself, by intrigue and talent, to the government of the settlement which was formed at Darien, he was determined to preserve his command by making large remittances to the Spanish treasury, and in order to accomplish his object, it was necessary to explore and plunder new territories. His arms were first directed against Careta, the cacique of Coyba, in the isthmus of Darien, from whose residence he returned with two brigantines, loaded with booty and captives. Among the latter was the daughter of the cacique, a young and beautiful girl, of whom the Spaniard became enamoured. She became his wife, after the fashion of the country, and to his excessive fondness for her, he subsequently owed his ruin. Thus, in every region, we see that love exercises, upon the fortunes of man, an irresistible influence.

The father of the fair captive, induced Nunez to assist him in a war which he was carrying on against a neighbouring cacique; after chastising and plundering the foe, he paid a friendly visit to another cacique, the lord of Comagree, a province situated in a beautiful plain, at the foot of a lofty mountain. The scene of his interview with the cacique, which ultimately led to his discovery of the Pacific, is described by Mr. Irving with his usual graphic power.

‘On the approach of Vasco Nunez, the cacique came forth to meet him, attended by seven sons, all fine young men, the offspring of his various wives. He was followed by his principal chiefs and warriors, and by a multitude of his people. The Spaniards were conducted with great ceremony to the village, where quarters were assigned them, and they were furnished with abundance of provisions, and men and women were appointed to attend upon them.

‘The dwelling of the cacique surpassed any they had yet seen for magnitude, and for the skill and solidity of the architecture. It was one hundred and fifty paces in length, and eighty in breadth, founded upon great logs, surrounded with a stone wall; while the upper part was of wood-work, curiously interwoven, and wrought with such beauty as to fill the Spaniards with surprise and admiration. It contained many commodious apartments.—There were store-rooms also; one filled with bread, with venison, and other provisions; another with various spirituous beverages, which the Indians make from maize, from a species of the Palm, and from roots of different kinds. There was also a great hall in a retired and secret part of the building, wherein Comagree preserved the bodies of his ancestors and relatives. These had been dried by the fire, so as to free them from corruption, and afterwards wrapped in mantles of cotton, richly wrought and interwoven with pearls and jewels of gold, and with certain stones held precious by the natives. They were then hung about the hall with cords of cotton, and regarded with great reverence, if not a species of religious devotion.

Among the sons of the cacique, the eldest was of a lofty and generous spirit, and distinguished above the rest by his superior intelligence and sagacity. Perceiving, says old Peter Martyr, that the Spaniards were a “wandering kind of men, living only by shifts and spoil,” he sought to gain favour for himself and family by gratifying their avarice. He gave Vasco Nunez and Colmenares, therefore, four thousand ounces of gold, wrought into various ornaments, together with sixty slaves, being captives that he had taken in the wars. Vasco Nunez ordered one-fifth of the gold to be weighed out and set apart for the crown, and the rest to be shared among his followers.

‘The division of the gold took place in the porch of the dwelling of Comagree, in the presence of the youthful cacique who had made the gift. As the Spaniards were weighing it out, a violent quarrel arose among them as to the size and value of the pieces which fell to their respective shares. The high-minded savage was disgusted at this sordid brawl among beings whom he had regarded with such reverence. In the first impulse of his disdain he struck the scales with his fist, and scattered the glittering gold about the porch. Before the strangers could recover their astonishment at this sudden act, he thus addressed them, “Why should you quarrel for such a trifle? If this gold is indeed so precious in your eyes, that for it alone you abandon your homes, invade the peaceful lands of others, and expose yourself to such sufferings and perils, I will tell you of a region where you may gratify your wishes to the utmost. Behold those lofty mountains,” continued he, pointing to the south; “beyond there lies a mighty sea, which may be discerned from their summit. It is navigated by people who have vessels almost as large as yours, and furnished, like them, with sails and oars. All the streams which flow down the southern side of those mountains into that sea abound in gold; and the kings who reign upon its borders eat and drink out of golden vessels. Gold, in fact, is as plentiful and common among those people of the south, as iron is among you Spaniards.”—*Family Library*, No. xviii., pp. 146—148.

It may be imagined, that this intelligence was not lost upon Nunez. He eagerly enquired into the means of penetrating to such a paradise of riches, and was told that he would find it a task attended with many difficulties; as he would have to pass through the territories of several caciques, who would oppose him with hosts of warriors, and also be exposed to the attacks of cannibals, and lawless hordes of other wandering savages. These difficulties had no terrors for Nunez; they rather nerved his courage with new strength, and his whole mind was now devoted to the discovery of the sea beyond the mountains, to which he looked forward as the source of fortune, as well as of fame. Anxious as he was to commence his enterprise, he did not quit the cacique, without baptising him and his whole family—“thus singularly,” as Mr. Irving truly observes, “did avarice and religion go hand in hand, in the conduct of the Spanish discoverers.”

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Upon returning to the seat of his own government, Nunez wisely reflected, that he had not sufficient force to conquer his way to the new ocean; he, therefore, remitting at the same time a considerable sum of money, made application to the colony, established at St. Domingo, for assistance. While waiting the result of his request, he undertook a minor expedition, in search of a golden temple, which was reported to him as existing in the province of Dobayba—so called, according to Indian tradition, from 'a mighty female of the olden time, the mother of the god who created the sun and moon, and all good things.' In the course of his search after this famous temple, he encountered a thousand difficulties and misfortunes. On ascending one of the minor streams of the Rio Negro, he discovered a whole nation, living in huts, built among the branches of immense and lofty trees, who, having drawn up the ladders by which their dwellings were made accessible from below, refused to enter into any communication with the invader.—By threatening to cut up their houses, root and branch, Nunez, however, prevailed upon them to surrender. He demanded gold, which they had not, as they assured him that they stood in no need of it; but, upon being pressed, their cacique promised, if he were allowed to visit a distant mountain, to return laden with the desired metal. He was allowed to take his departure, but he never returned. Although Nunez was thus baffled in his thirst for booty, and in his searches for the golden temple, yet the discovery of the latter, for a long time, continued to be a favourite object of pursuit among the adventurers of Darien.

Having received a small reinforcement from St. Domingo, Nunez at length set out, in the month of September, 1513, upon his grand expedition in quest of the southern sea. In order to compensate, in some measure, for the paucity of his forces, he was attended by a number of Indians, and of ferocious blood-hounds. By means of these animals, and his fire-arms, Nunez overcame the opposition of several hostile caciques, and although he lost a majority of his followers by sickness and fatigue, he penetrated to the neighbourhood of the mountain, from the top of which, they were told, they would see the ocean spread before them. Here they rested for the night. The result is told by Mr. Irving in his best style.\*

'The memorable event here recorded, took place on the 26th of September, 1513; so that the Spaniards had spent twenty days in performing the journey from the province of Carreta to the summit of the mountain, a distance which at present, it is said, does not require more than six days' travel. Indeed the isthmus in this neighbourhood is not more than eighteen leagues in breadth in its widest part, and in some places merely seven: but it consists of a ridge of extremely high and rugged

mountains. When the discoverers traversed it, they had no route but the Indian paths, and often had to force their way amidst all kinds of obstacles, both from the savage country and its savage inhabitants. In fact, the details of this narrative sufficiently account for the slowness of their progress, and present an array of difficulties and perils, which, as has been well observed, none but those "men of iron" could have subdued and overcome.'—*Family Library*, No. xviii., pp. 173—176.

Nunez took possession of the sea, with the chivalrous and religious formalities, practised on such occasions by the Spanish adventurers of those days. After some time spent in exploring the coast, he obtained the most exciting information concerning the king of Peru, and returned to Darien with a considerable booty which he had collected during his expedition. Although he was peculiarly successful in winning the regard and attachment of the native Indians and their chiefs, with whom he had intercourse, nevertheless he was more than once guilty of treating those who resisted him, with extreme cruelty. There was one cacique, especially, named Poncra, upon whom he inflicted a horrid punishment. This chieftain was famed for his riches; upon the approach of Nunez, he and his people fled from their habitations, in which the Spaniards found booty, to the value of three thousand crowns in gold. Not content with this, they sought out the cacique, whom they discovered in his retreat, and in whom, it is represented, they beheld a monster of deformity. They pressed him to disclose the place where his treasures were concealed, but he denied that he had any. He was put to the torture, with no better success, and in the end, when they saw that his obstinacy, as they called it, was invincible, they gave him and three of his companions to be torn in pieces by the blood-hounds. The character of the victor is well delineated by the author.

'Thus ended one of the most remarkable expeditions of the early discoverers. The intrepidity of Vasco Nunez in penetrating, with a handful of men, far into the interior of a wild and mountainous country, peopled by war-like tribes; his skill in managing his band of rough adventurers, stimulating their valour, enforcing their obedience, and attaching their affections, show him to have possessed great qualities as a general. We are told that he was always foremost in peril, and the last to quit the field. He shared the toils and dangers of the meanest of his followers, treating them with frank affability; watching, fighting, fasting, and labouring with them; visiting and consoling such as were sick or infirm, and dividing all his gains with fairness and liberality. He was chargeable at times with acts of bloodshed and injustice, but it is probable that these were often called for as measures of safety and precaution; he certainly offended less against humanity than most of the early discoverers; and the unbounded amity and confidence reposed in him by the natives, when they became inti-

\* See Museum p. 249.

mately acquainted with his character, speak strongly in favour of his kind treatment of them.

'The character of Vasco Nunez had, in fact, risen with his circumstances, and now assumed a nobleness and grandeur from the discovery he had made, and the important charge it had devolved upon him. He no longer felt himself a mere soldier of fortune, at the head of a band of adventurers, but a great commander conducting an immortal enterprise. "Behold," says old Peter Martyr, "Vasco Nunez de Balboa, at once transformed from a rash royster to a politic and discreet captain;" and thus it is that men are often made by their fortunes; that is to say, their latent qualities are brought out, and shaped and strengthened by events, and by the necessity of every exertion to cope with the greatness of their destiny.'—*Family Library*, No. xviii., pp. 199, 200.

Mr. Irving relates, also, the fortunes of Valdivia and his companions, and of Juan Ponce de Leon, in a style that imparts a new interest to their voyages of discovery. In the Appendix, he has inserted an interesting account of a visit, which, in the spirit of a pilgrim, he paid a few leagues from Seville, to the now deserted village of Palos, whence Columbus sailed upon his first expedition in search of the new world. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting a single passage from this little sketch, which makes us regret that Mr. Irving has not bestowed upon the world, or even promised to it, a description of his late tour in Spain. We need only premise that he was accompanied, on this occasion, by a member of the Pinzon family, the same which, three centuries ago, had given more than one companion to Columbus.

'As the tide was out we drove along the flat grounds bordering the Tinto. The river was on our right, while on our left was a range of hills, jutting out into promontories, one beyond the other and covered with vineyards and fig-trees. The weather was serene, the air soft and balmy, and the landscape of that gentle kind calculated to put one in a quiet and happy humour. We passed close by the skirts of Palos, and drove to the hacienda, which is situated at some little distance from the village, between it and the river. The house is a low stone building, well white-washed, and of great length; one end being fitted up as a summer residence, with saloons, bed-rooms, and a domestic chapel; and the other as a bodega, or magazine for the reception of the vine produced on the estate.

'The house stands on a hill, amidst vineyards, which are supposed to cover a part of the site of the ancient town of Palos, now shrunk to a miserable village. Beyond those vineyards, on the crest of a distant hill, are seen the white walls of the convent of La Rabida rising above a dark wood of pine trees.

'Below the hacienda flows the river Tinto, on which Columbus embarked. It is divided by a low tongue of land, or rather the sand bar of Saltes, from the river Odiel, with which it soon mingles its waters, and flows on to the ocean. Beside this sand bar, where the channel of the river runs deep, the squadron of Co-

lumbus was anchored, and from hence he made sail on the morning of his departure.

'The soft breeze that was blowing scarcely ruffled the surface of this beautiful river; two or three picturesque barks, called mysticks, with long latine sails, were gliding down it. A little aid of the imagination might suffice to picture them as the light caravels of Columbus, sallying forth on their eventful expedition, while the distant bells of the town of Huelva, which were ringing melodiously, might be supposed as cheering the voyagers with a farewell peal.

'I cannot express to you what were my feelings on treading the shore which had once been animated by the bustle of departure, and whose sands had been printed by the last footsteps of Columbus. The solemn and sublime nature of the event that had followed, together with the fate and fortunes of those concerned in it, filled the mind with vague yet melancholy ideas. It was like viewing the silent and empty stage of some great drama when all the actors had departed. The very aspect of the landscape, so tranquilly beautiful, had an effect upon me; and as I paced the deserted shore by the side of a descendant of one of the discoverers, I felt my heart swelling with emotions and my eyes filling with tears.

'What surprised me was, to find no semblance of a sea-port; there was neither wharf nor landing-place—nothing but a naked river bank, with the bulk of a ferry-boat, which I was told carried passengers to Huelva, lying high and dry on the sands, deserted by the tide. Palos, though it has doubtless dwindled away from its former size, can never have been important as to extent and population. If it possessed warehouses on the beach, they have disappeared. It is at present a mere village of the poorest kind, and lies nearly a quarter of a mile from the river, in a hollow among hills. It contains a few hundred inhabitants, who subsist principally by labouring in the fields and vineyards. Its race of merchants and mariners is extinct. There are no vessels belonging to the place, nor any show of traffic, excepting at the season of fruit and wine, when a few mysticks and other light barks anchor in the river to collect the produce of the neighbourhood. The people are totally ignorant, and it is probable that the greater part of them scarcely know even the name of America. Such is the place from whence sallied forth the enterprise for the discovery of the western world!

'We were now summoned to breakfast in a little saloon of the hacienda. The table was covered with natural luxuries produced on the spot—fine purple and muscatel grapes from the adjacent vineyard, delicious melons from the gardens, and generous wines made on the estate. The repast was heightened by the genial manners of my hospitable host, who appeared to possess the most enviable cheerfulness of spirit and simplicity of heart.

'After breakfast we set off in the calesa to visit the Convent of La Rabida, which is about half a league distant. The road, for a part of the way, lay through the vineyards, and was deep and sandy. The calasero had been at his wit's end to conceive what motive a stranger like myself, apparently travelling for mere

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amusement, could have in coming so far to see so miserable a place as Palos, which he set down as one of the very poorest places in the whole world: but this additional toil and struggle through deep sand to visit the old Convent of La Rabida, completed his confusion—"Hombre!" exclaimed he, "es una ruina! no hay mas que dos frailes!"—"Zounds! why it's a ruin! there are only two friars there! Don Juan laughed, and told him that I had come all the way from Seville precisely to see that old ruin and those two friars. The calasero made the Spaniard's last reply when he is perplexed—he shrugged his shoulders and crossed himself.

After ascending a hill and passing through the skirts of a straggling pine wood, we arrived in front of the convent. It stands in a bleak and solitary situation, on the brow of a rocky height or promontory, overlooking to the west a wide range of sea and land, bounded by the frontier mountains of Portugal, about eight leagues distant. The convent is shut out from a view of the vineyard of Palos by the gloomy forest of pines which I have mentioned, which cover the promontory to the east, and darken the whole landscape in that direction.

There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the convent; part of it is Gothic, but the edifice, having been frequently repaired, and being white-washed, according to the universal custom in Andalusia, inherited from the Moors, it has not that venerable aspect which might be expected from its antiquity.

We alighted at the gate where Columbus, when a poor pedestrian, a stranger in the land, asked bread and water for his child! As long as the convent stands, this must be a spot calculated to awaken the most thrilling interest. The gate remains apparently in the same state as at the time of his visit, but there is no longer a porter at hand to administer to the wants of the wayfarer. The door stood wide open, and admitted us into a small court-yard. From thence we passed through a Gothic portal into the chapel, without seeing a human being. We then traversed two interior cloisters, equally vacant and silent, and bearing a look of neglect and dilapidation. From an open window we had a peep at what had once been a garden, but that had also gone to ruin; the walls were broken and thrown down; a few shrubs, and a scattered fig-tree or two were all the traces of cultivation that remained. We passed through the long dormitories, but the cells were shut up and abandoned; we saw no living thing except a solitary cat stealing across a distant corridor, which fled in a panic at the unusual sight of strangers. At length, after patrolling nearly the whole of the empty building to the echo of our own footsteps, we came to where the door of a cell, being partly open, gave us the sight of a monk within, seated at a table writing. He rose, and received us with much civility, and conducted us to the superior, who was reading in an adjacent cell. They were both rather young men, and, together with a novice and a lay-brother, who officiated as cook, formed the whole community of the convent.—*Family Library*, No. xviii., pp. 316—321.

The object of Mr. Irving's visit to the convent, was to discover if it contained any records connected with the history of Columbus,

but he was informed, that the archives of the Institution were destroyed by the French, who, to the eternal dishonour of their commanders, carried a Vandal desolation into every quarter of Spain, of which they had even an hour's possession. Not contented with robbing the churches of their plate and pictures, they often barbarously mutilated what they could not take away.

From the Athenæum.

#### THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

With twilight comes the hour to rove,  
When spring hath clothed the earth in bloom,  
And from each lawn and blossomed grove  
The balmy breezes waft perfume.  
O then, beneath the deepening gloom  
Of pendent boughs, how sweet to stray,  
While doves their nightly 'plaints resume,  
And sigh and muse the hours away!

Hail to that hour! for, O, how blest  
This care-worn bosom oft hath been,  
When o'er it stole the balcyon rest  
That broods and breathes in such a scene!  
'Twas then with deepest power, I ween,  
My purer thoughts renewed their sway,  
Till far from fancy's sky serene,  
Each worldly cloud had passed away.

Hail to that hour! for with it still  
Return those dreams of youthful bliss,  
That tuned my soul to rapture's thrill,  
Ere aught in life was judged amiss:  
Mild twilight hour! how soft the kiss  
Thy breath of balm vouchsafes my brow!  
O, fleet not past—or leave me this,  
The holy calm that soothes me now!

From the Athenæum.

#### SONG.

Beauteously the clouds at ev'n  
Streak'd with gold and purple shine;  
Radiant are the stars of heaven,  
Bright the diamonds of the mine;  
But there's nought below, above,  
Like the light of eyes we love!

Tuneful are the harp and lute  
And the nightingale's wild lay;  
Sweet the sound of warbling flute  
O'er the waters borne away!  
But they ne'er the soul can move  
Like the tones from lips we love!

Wheresoever we may stray,  
With that light and music near  
All around seems fair and gay,  
Endless sunshine through the year;  
And, howe'er our steps may rove,  
'Tis th' elysian home of Love!

From the Athenæum.

#### THE COPPET FAMILY.\*

Long enough may the world go round before we see such a re-union of talent and distinction as that exhibited by the Coppet family. One individual, the greatest certainly among them, has rather overshadowed the merits of the remaining members;—in talent, there is no question but Madame de Stael was

\* Auguste Baron de Stael-Holstein. By the Rev. J. Sims. London, 1830.

superior; but the recognition of this superiority has induced tacit forgetfulness of the rest of her family. They should be regarded sometimes *en masse*; as acting upon each other, and again acted upon; as modified by contact, varying by contrast—yet finding a meeting point in affection and family harmony. It could not be said that the Necker and De Staël family had all things in common, they were at once too different and too decided; but each appreciated or imagined in the other some talent or quality self-possessed in an inferior degree, and by the force of friendship seemed to share in the merit. If Madame de Staël were alive, she would be angry to hear us say that we never can help considering Necker as a kind of royalist Roland, just as we fancy Roland a kind of republican Necker—both conscientious, both laborious—abounding in a good sort of talent, sufficient, perhaps, to have made them great men in common-place days, but which made them mere common-place men in the days on which they were thrown. Necker was a philosophical financier; in point of genius as inferior to his daughter, as in force of mind and energy of character Roland was to his wife. Then Madame Necker has been even more completely eclipsed, and, except that the dead do not require sympathy, we could feel rather sorry for her; had she been alive, we should have kept at the greatest possible distance from her. She was a personification of system, method, industry, limitless belief in the power of instruction, estimation of knowledge, propriety, self-government. What her husband said of her gives a good idea of her character: "To be perfectly amiable, Madame Necker only wants to have something to forgive in herself." A course of self-reproach would have softened down her excellence: her virtues seem to have been crystalized; her talent, to have been worked out like a mathematical problem. She loved study, and she made a study of everything:—in short, she was a *chef-d'œuvre* of education, and her daughter was a *chef-d'œuvre* of genius. Yet Madame de Staël, even as regarded that very genius, was under incalculable obligations to her parents; her passionate love of her father made her always too much aware of his merits. Justice to Madame Necker was rendered later: such a child—all passion, impulse, wit, and wild gaiety—was not likely to love by instinct the formalities of her mother. That mother was conscientiously ambitious to make her daughter a world's wonder; but she conceived that all must be done by education. Truly, as Dandie Dinmont says, "Education is a fine thing both for man and beast;" but the juvenile Necker had rather too much of it. We find her at eleven years old sitting by her mother (very upright) on a little wooden stool, discussing high and mighty points—love, law, and physic—with the leading men of the day. Her amusements were of the same nature, exciting the mind, and exhausting the body; she acted in plays, and wrote on vari-

ous subjects; her vanity was stimulated on all hands, and her sensibility stimulated itself. The result was natural: at fourteen her health sunk; a wise physician ordered her into the country, and all study into oblivion, and poor Madame Necker was constrained to forego her darling education.

There are hundreds of English Madame Neckers, who would do well to consider this fact, and pause in their anxiety to educate prodigies—for the grave; or mere common-place children into prodigies. Madame de Staël's genius was not the result of tuition, nor of the highly-stimulating, hot-house life she led; but many of her faults were, and much of her unhappiness. Her exaggerated estimate of the value of brilliant society and conversation—her total incapacity for sustaining retirement—her perpetual need of a crowd, and, in a crowd, of admirers and admiration—are more attributable to early circumstances than to inherent dispositions. Yet it must be repeated, that her obligations to her parents were infinite. Necker's reputation roused her native energy to be worthy of him. His honesty and frankness taught her to love honesty and frankness too; so that it is hardly a paradox to call her the most naturally artificial woman that ever lived. In after-life she appreciated the merit of her mother, and said, (how many, *not* Madame de Staëls, have said the like!) "Plus je vis, plus je comprends ma mère, et plus mon cœur a le besoin de se rapprocher d'elle." When she had the charge of children of her own, she avoided the systematising manner, from which she had herself suffered, and, as a mother, received an abundant reward in the sound talent and manly unsophisticated excellence of her son—in the sweetness and grace, or, to speak more expressively, *graciousness* of her daughter. It has long struck us, that Madame de Staël is at once over-estimated, and not duly appreciated. We often hear her mind spoken of as an orb of light, and her moral dispositions painted in extreme shadow; her dazzling conversation and her dislike of her own sex; her profound knowledge of the heart and unequivocal love of flattery; her wit and her vanity have been so inextricably associated, that comparatively few have courage to avow their admiration of this splendid woman, without the preface of many ifs and buts. The friend who called her "Un phénomène unique sur la terre," spoke ridiculously; and the enemy who sneeringly termed her a "*phrénésie*," spoke falsely. She was infinitely less than the former: infinitely more than the latter;—and Napoleon knew it; but the extraordinary man, and the extraordinary woman, both exhibited, with reference to each other, the little in great. He wanted political admiration—she personal; she was feminine in her hatred—he feline in his spite. Lord Byron has equally left on record some expressions of very strong admiration, rendered questionable by his known dislike to *sarantes*,

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and by an after-sketch of her conversation, as bitter as it is brilliant. Rousseau's remark on a similar subject, is emphatically true here: in ceasing to be a woman, she did not become a man; while she drew upon her own imagination, her own heart, her own observation, she gave us works that a man will find it easier to admire than to imitate; but when she came to politics and metaphysics, she laid herself open to assault. On her own ground, she was a sorceress; elsewhere, she was a sorceress deprived of her spells. Mentally, too, she owed much to her station; it introduced her to advantages that money cannot purchase, and that unassisted talent seldom gains;—her genius was her own; but that genius was fed by intercourse with all that was high, wise, brilliant, various, noble, just, and good, in the countries where she travelled or made her abode. We repeat, that her genius was her own—the diamond of her own mind; yet was it cut and polished, and brought to perfection by advantages then open to few, now to none.

We have not time to speak of Madame de Stael intellectually, and there is no need—her escutcheon is already in the temple of fame; and if the motto on that escutcheon be, "*Jamais, jamais, je n'ai été aimée comme j'aime,*" its mournfulness tells in her favour, by proving that a life and habits intensely artificial, had not hidden from her the worth of the first and simplest blessing of life—that all her other ambition quailed before that of the heart. It is here that we do not think she has general justice done her: she loved admiration, required homage, and enjoyed the éclat of her circumstances; but she loved her father, children, and friends more: she was seen to most advantage in private life—there her brilliancy could give place to sympathy and active service—there she was kind, patient, forbearing, indulgent—and there she not only loved with all her heart, but with all the powers of her mind. Her merit, as a mother, was great; sincerity was her only system; she would not even tolerate the little games by which children are played into the elements of knowledge: she was candid with them, as some might fancy, to excess; yet she maintained authority, considering that its just and temperate exercise saves a thousand falsehoods; and that the perpetual use of reasoning and sentiment often wearies and indurates the heart. She so treated her children, that they passionately loved and esteemed her. "At the age of five or six," says the Duchess de Broglie, "we disputed, in order to know whom she loved best; and when she allowed one of us a *tête-à-tête*, it was a favour that almost excited jealousy. She pushed her scruples on our account almost too far, reproaching herself even for our defects. 'If you have faults,' she would say, 'I shall not only be unhappy, I shall feel remorse.' Never was a mother at once more confiding and more dignified." And time consolidated and quieted the powers

and the feelings of this distinguished woman; for a long time life was to her like the hall of Eblis, through which she wandered with her hand upon a heart environed by flames. To say that Madame de Stael was ever a happy woman, would, we have private reason to know, be incorrect. Even her marriage with Rocca, whilst it gave her a new object to live for, and filled up, in some measure, the great chasm made by the death of her father—even that marriage, so strange and yet so happy, opened a door for a new anxiety. His health kept her in constant alarm—she devoted all her powers to serve him—she was a married Corinne; but the Rose, (so she loved to call him,) with greater apparent fragility, was less fragile than herself; he outlived her, mourned her, and went to die in Provence. But time calmed down her impetuous sensibility, reconciled her more to solitude, led her to think less vaguely on religion, more soberly on the real aspect of life, more humbly of herself:—to use the figure of her devoted friend, Madame Necker Saussure—if waves yet beat round her heart, the storm had subsided. She said herself, and the remark ought to be remembered, "*Toutes les fois que je suis seule, je prie.*" Towards the close of her life she read Fenelon often; and a spirit that had long "disquieted itself in vain" began to see that, to attain rest, it must anchor in the bosom of divinity. She died; and the finest mausoleum to her memory is, not the one in which she lies, nor yet her works, many of them radiant with immortality—but the character of her children, formed as they were under her superintendence.

Of the living it would be indelicate to speak; but of Auguste Baron de Stael, whose useful, honourable, manly life was closed by a too early death, we ought perhaps to have spoken sooner. He was born in 1790, and died, in 1827, when in knowledge, principle, and happiness, he might be said to have reached his prime. He had not been married a year; he had identified himself with a multitude of objects that have a generous and firmly-grounded utility for their object. To philosophy and politics he added religion, and that not "of the woods," but of the Scriptures of truth. He identified himself with the leading religious institutions of Paris; he exerted all his influence and talent on behalf of the *Momiers*, as they were contemptuously called when persecuted by the government of the Canton de Vaud; and during the latter years of his life, he endeavoured to create, at Coppet, an agricultural establishment on a large scale, hoping from it both moral and political amelioration. Of his works, his '*Letters on England*' are the most generally known, and most highly valued; they evince both sagacity and acuteness. But if it was once said of a poet,

His virtues formed the magic of his song—

so it may be said of the Baron de Stael, that his worth made the reputation of his mind.

He was not brilliant; he was, says a French writer, "ce que les Anglais appellent—a *matter-of-fact man*." His talent seemed the result of his integrity; he had the genius of goodness; he was a compromise between his grandfather and his mother. From childhood he had such a profound respect for duty, that M. Necker was accustomed to call him, "*Un honnête homme d'enfant*." He laboured day and night when at college, in the hope that, if his examination were brilliant, he might acquire the means of pleading for his mother, then banished from France by Napoleon.

At fifteen she entrusted to him the management of her affairs;—at seventeen, the celebrated interview took place between himself and the Emperor, at which, nothing daunted, he pleaded his mother's cause with prudence, delicacy, and spirit. His death was unexpected by all but himself; for several months previous to his decease, he had felt that which is expressed in the lines,

I see a hand you cannot see,  
That beckons me away.

He might be said to expire patriarchally. The evening before his decease, the spirit triumphed over the tabernacle of flesh, he raised himself in his bed, and made prayer and supplication for all around him—for all whom he had loved, and was to see no more in the body. So died Augustus Baron de Stael; less, far less gifted than his mother, with the heritage of genius and of fame; but more, far more highly endowed with dispositions that are not "of the earth, earthy." The funeral solemnity showed in what reverence he had been held; the chateau of Coppet was full of mourners, the park was crowded in a similar manner; and according to a request made with his characteristic humility, he was interred at the feet of his mother. He inherited one of those names that it is difficult not to tarnish, and bequeathed it to his child more illustrious than he received it.

From the Athenæum.

### A MATIN SONG.

"The sweet hour of prime."

Good morrow to the hills again;  
Good morrow to the sea;  
Good morrow to the hollow glen,  
And to the greenwood tree!  
The ring-dove leaves her ivy bower,  
The seamew quits the sea,  
The skylark in his sun-bright tower  
Is chanting merrilie!

Good morrow to the dappled skies;  
Good morrow to the lake;  
Good morrow to the melodies  
The praiseful torrents make!  
The river blue—the waterfall—  
The small brook on the sea;  
Good morrow to them, one and all—  
The beautiful—the free!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### GOOD NIGHT.

TO MARY —.

Good-night, good-night, our lamp expiring  
Now sheds around still softer light,  
'Tis time for friends from friends retiring,  
To whisper low, Good-night, good-night.

Dim age, in chimney corner dozing,  
Now sees no more thine eyes still bright,  
And tired wight from toil reposing,  
Stops not to say, Good-night, good-night.

And now the tale and jest no longer  
Circle round with laughter gay,  
And Morpheus soothes with magic stronger  
Than storied page or poet's lay.

Then haste, beneath your pillow placing  
The bride-cake, charm'd with mystic spell;  
Doubt not, dear girl, some dream's wild tracing  
The secret of your soul shall tell.

Oh! should some kind propitious Fairy  
Amid the darkness wandering be,  
May she trip lightly round my Mary,  
And fill her sleep with thoughts of me!

But when her snowy hands have braided  
In glossy folds her flowing hair,  
And plaited borders closely shaded  
That gentle face, so kind and fair;

Ere, dear maiden, sleep has bound you  
In his soft and unfelt chain,  
Cast a parting glance around you  
From your woodbine-latticed pane.

Faint the lonely taper gleameth  
From some cottage home afar,  
Its little ray but feebly streameth  
Through the dark and silent air.

No sound is heard at this still hour,  
Save leaf of aspen quivering light;  
And nought but scent of fragrant flower  
Is borne upon the breath of night.

And silent nature, deep reposing,  
Sheds around a holy calm,  
And mortal eyelids softly closing,  
Find her sweet and gentle balm.

But while to peaceful rest betaking,  
Weary man is sunk in sleep,  
In heaven ten thousand eyes awak'ning,  
Their bright immortal vigils keep.

Star beyond star for ever shined,  
Radiant in yon vast profound,  
Whose dark blue depths no bound confineth,  
Nor winged thought hath power to sound.

Shall fancy seek, such height ascending,  
Amid their glittering orbs to soar—  
Read their bright page, and lowly bending,  
Deep in your inmost soul adore!

And in that mighty Power confiding,  
Who gave to beam their living light,  
Oh, fear not aught of ill betiding,  
But peaceful sleep—good-night, good-night.

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From the *Englishman's Magazine*.\*

## ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

An infinite deal of nonsense has issued from the press of both countries on the animosities and sorenesses said to exist between the United States of America and Old England. If the temper and judgment of mother and daughter are to be estimated by the character of their printed correspondence, there will be but scanty room for complimenting either. The attack and retort come and go as regularly as the interchange of the packets. The sarcasms of the *Quarterly Review*, which dispenses consolation to afflicted legitimacy, are repaid with interest by its American namesake, conducted by Dr. Walsh. Captain Hall brandishes a book of travels; Mr. Cooper, a body of "Notions," and in each the materials of discord are pleasantly abundant. The sailor and the novelist have acquitted themselves like dutiful children, amicably disposed for a family feud. If the feelings of Britain and the States were indeed represented by persons so sterile in philosophy, their pious endeavours could hardly fail to keep the torch of strife continually burning.

Thanks to the clear heads and sound hearts which constitute the strength and wealth and honour of these great kindred empires, partiality and prejudice are not our representatives. Tourists and reviewers may play off "the paper pellets of the brain," but the natural confederacy of intelligence and independence emanates from principles too firm and elevated to be shaken by this paltry warfare. A petulant speech in Congress, or the wormwood of a party periodical, disturbs not British confidence in American good will, and sure we are, that in the indulgence of a sober, considerate, and charitable spirit, we do not stand alone.

We speak of the people—the substantial citizenship—the real community—the bone, sinew, and pure blood of the body politic. There are those "among us, but not of us," who, under cover of *their* name, would gladly scatter the seeds of dissension in the lands most endeared to our sympathies. Court-flies, and the minions of a grasping aristocracy, abhor the fellowship of freemen. It leads to knowledge—to popular power—to the annihilation of corruption. There are tangible grounds therefore for that malignity towards America which has envenomed the quills of those who rarely write in a creditable cause, until it has been consecrated by the approving nod of authority.

It is a gross libel on our countrymen to charge them with hoarding vindictive remembrances towards the States, or with entertaining the desire of aggrandizement at their expense. Many were far from hostile to the celebrated Declaration of Independence; they consider-

ed it the fitting alternative of injured men. The recollection of New Orleans distracts not our slumbers; if we ever think of the days of battle, it is with sorrow that such days should have occurred. As to territorial aggression, we should be more likely to meditate the transference of the Canadas to our neighbours, than to plan the occupation of New Hampshire. The cormorants of war and intrigue may thirst after contention; our prayer is for peace, and for the fruits of peace—a liberal exchange of the blessings of the earth and the products of mental and manual ingenuity.

The language of aversion or contempt enters with an ill grace into the communications of States associated by such numerous and such intimate ties as England and America. The intemperance of literary disputants shall never induce us to countenance or adopt it. There exists no reason why the subjects of an ancient limited Monarchy should of necessity affect to undervalue the merits of a young Republic. The opinions of a Philadelphia Journal completely accord with ours:—"There needs nothing but mutual distrust to produce a war between any two contiguous nations—and there can be no differences too great to be adjusted by mutual good will. We regard the policy which cherishes defiance and hatred between nations as murderous and diabolical, and consider the manifestation of such sentiments, a complete disqualification for any office that would bring them into action." When our Transatlantic friends are disposed in future to notice their flippant assailants, let them bear in mind that the controversy is not to be maintained against Englishmen, but against an interested and intolerant faction of whom Englishmen are weary.

The tale of colonial wrong is inscribed upon the oppressor's tomb. There it should be permitted to rest as a permanent record of shame. It is neither wise nor equitable to ransack the records of civil strife, merely to upbraid a generation guiltless of its origin, and ignorant of its heart-burnings. They misinterpret us grievously, who presume that we are capable of being chafed by the triumphs of Liberty, or that we could stoop to cherish a mean jealousy of the growing prosperity of her adherents.

We love the land of our nativity, but we should cease to love it, if our attachment were incompatible with a generous regard for the common interests of mankind. Our understandings are untrammelled by the evil policy of princes and their advisers, although institutions warped from their original purpose, may have placed public officers beyond public control, and given to the few the power of misrepresenting the many. The resources of Great Britain are unparalleled: crippled as she has been by misgovernment, she still reigns without an equal. The dreadful scourge of war came to her in the seductive guise of victory and conquest. She extended her boundaries, and opened new avenues to wealth. But he

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\*A new Periodical, edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq. The remarks which follow form an introduction to a Review of, or more properly, a series of Extracts from some of the works of our countryman, John Neal.—*En. Mus.*

proudest and least perishable monument raises its head above the waves of the West; where the industry, intelligence, and hardihood of her descendants, have given them a political and moral rank, equal to that of the parent country, compared with the kingdoms of Europe. In numbers, those who speak the English tongue considerably exceed the Spaniards; in all that ennoble humanity, they are immeasurably superior to them, and to every other race on the Continent of Columbus. In about half a century, amidst the fluctuations of a sanguinary and protracted war which raged over the whole earth, a newly-organized confederacy of thinly-peopled provinces became consolidated into a mighty empire, respected abroad, and peaceful and flourishing in its internal relations. If the future may be augured from the past, we are warranted in the prediction, that a second series of the history of British grandeur will be supplied by North America.

Many and magnificent are the problems in progress to solution among the sons of the Union. A thousand opposite elements have been mingled and melted in the crucible of a Republican constitution, to produce the pure gold of order and equal rights. No similar experiment was ever so successful. There has been a conspiracy among our task-masters, to keep us in ignorance of its happy results. They would have us raise the hand of violence against our brother, that they and theirs may walk in "purple and fine linen." Mammon has a host of worshippers here, and the slang of an oligarchy prompts them to condemn institutions which lack "the pomp and circumstance" of courtly parade. The delusion, however, in common with a troop of like delusions, is passing away. To annihilate it entirely, requires only the aid of an honest and enlightened mind, competent to pronounce upon the singular position of America; a mind that shall lay before us exactly what she is, whom all acknowledge to be for her age a prodigy; a mind that will not amble its ingenuity in devising inapplicable comparisons, nor nauseate both the Old World and the New with the camomile of sneaking commendation, like a sagacious Captain, who thinks our pulses require a heavy dose, to keep them below the fever-throb of Revolution.

From FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

## JOAN OF ARC.

BY WM. HOWITT.

WHAT fairy creature meet I here,  
In history's fields of blood?  
What might, what miracles appear  
In gentle womanhood?  
I pore in grief from page to page;  
I track in wrath a savage age.  
Brute strength, brute manners, ignorance rude;  
Base Superstition and her brood;  
Traitors in power—the poor in fear,  
And one bright soul—I meet them here!

Can this—can this, in truth, be she

Whom men are wont to style  
A thing of devilish gramage,  
Witch, dupe, impostor vile?  
I see a child—I hear her sing  
Beside Domremy's forest spring.  
Beneath Domremy's haunted tree  
She sings her matins holily;  
And to the Virgin-mother bright  
Lifts up a face all love and light.

I follow still that lovely child;

To forest lawns she goes:  
Her flock she watches in the wild  
Where pleasant water flows.  
A lonely thing, but never sad;  
With fancies sweet—her soul is glad.  
A thing that loves, but little cares  
For all that common-childhood shares.  
On the warm sward, for hours, she lies,  
And looks to heaven with wishful eyes.

But years have vanished—and have borne

Away the simple child.  
Fair doth she stand!—but why in scorn?

Whence lit that eye so wild?  
Fierce foes have trod her country down;  
Her young king wears a wavering crown!  
"Help! help! or pleasant France must fall!"  
She hears the great Archangel's call!  
To her! to her! that cry is sent—  
To her?—so young?—so impotent?

Why laugh the grave to hear her plead?

Why stares the gaping throng?  
If she be weak—and vast the need—  
Saves God but by the strong?  
Why stand the wise ones all amazed?  
If that young brain, in truth, be crazed,  
Give way! and let her fight and fall!—  
The deed were high—the loss were small:  
But whilst she here, beseeching, stands,  
Blood! blood! doth drench your ruined lands!

'Tis done!—in mail, with helm and lance—

With banner waving high,  
She rushes on!—the hosts advance,  
To save her—or to die!

Heavens! are the conquerors overthrown?  
Fly they who, nine long years, have known  
But victory sure, and vengeance red?  
Fight they like men, who, like deer, fled,  
With cowering limbs, and villain fears,  
To woods and dens for nine long years!

On speeds the wonderous maid!—right on!

Pull down those walls of pride!  
She climbs—they follow—it is won!—

The city gates fling wide!  
What think the wise who could not save?  
What think the unavailing brave?  
For nine long years their heart and hand  
Could rescue not their native land:  
Forth steps a maid—and, at a stroke,  
Their king is saved!—their chains are broke!

Back, gentle creature, to thy fields,

Thy glorious task is o'er!

Go, taste the heaven that duty yields:—

Go, dwell with peace once more!

Oh, never!—Ask the flower to be

A bud again upon the tree!

Ask of that tree to shrink and dwell

Within the seed's unfolded cell!

The soul that treads in glory's track,

May bleed—may die—but goes not back!

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Thou wilt not back, though now thy soul  
 Sees gathering shadows fall;  
 And feels, as fearfully they roll,  
 Truth menace in them all.  
 I shrink, in horror and in shame,  
 From thy last shrieks in torturing flame:  
 Shame that proud knights and warriors bold  
 A woman's wrongs could thus behold:  
 Shame that fair England's sons could brand  
 With deeds so base their native land.

"Rouen! Rouen!—and must I die!

To-day die here, in thee!"

That wild and melancholy cry  
 Is heard perpetually.

For ever shall that cry be heard,  
 While souls by misery can be stirred,  
 The horror of that sad appeal,  
 Which made even iron bigots feel,  
 Thrills yet, those young, and fair, and brave;  
 Thou saviour, whom none deigned to save.

Let the faint heart thy mission name,  
 Delusion deep and strong:  
 It brought thee death, but deathless fame;  
 Redeemed thy country's wrong.

Let them who will desecrate the mark  
 Of error vain, delusion dark!—  
 Sound counsel, sure success were known  
 To follow thee, and thee alone.

'Twas thine to promise, and fulfil,  
 Guide, warrior, saint, yet woman still.

Oh! brightly woman's acts appear

In glory's record shown,  
 But thou, and thy sublime career  
 For ever stand alone.

For trace Time's annals, line by line,  
 What single deed resembles thine?  
 A mighty realm in ruin rent—  
 Wealth, wisdom, blood, and courage spent—  
 A simple maid on God did call,  
 Cheer'd friends—crush'd foes—reconquer'd all!

From the Monthly Magazine.

#### PORTRAIT OF PRINCE METTERNICH; POLITICAL AND PERSONAL.

Few men have attracted more attention in their generation, than the Prince Metternich. Born of an ancient and noble family, but unaided by the advantages of fortune, undistinguished by education, and ungifted with extraordinary intellectual powers, yet possessing extreme dexterity, a rapid and clear perception of human character, exquisite tact of manner and address; insinuating in discourse, and eminently graceful in action; effeminate in personal appearance, and, if not depraved in taste, indifferent to, or wholly devoid of, respect for more than the forms of his church; he trembled not to seize the helm of state of the Austrian empire, under the most difficult circumstances; and adapting himself to events with suppleness, he for some time, like the automaton chess-player, never moved but to victory, of whatever force his antagonist might be; but no expression of dread, or joy, or triumph, could be remarked in that piece of mysterious mechanism.

Whatever may be the distant and ultimate destiny of his name and fortunes, the dark

shadow of "coming events" has, just now, somewhat obscured their usual lustre; and it is, haply, while their sometime brilliancy stands impaired, and when the eye is no longer overpowered by their light, that it may better consider some few of the man's humanities; for who might safely advert to the qualities of the minister and the prince, where those qualities are best understood, and where they are more distinctly comprehended? who would willingly thread the labyrinth of diplomatic intrigue, or patiently chronicle the ever varying phases of that *sidus errans* which shed its better or baneful influence on men and things, just as they happened to be proud and powerful, or humble and degraded? It is enough that Italy may best become the historian of his generosity and kindness, the Tyroleans record his justice, and the Swiss descendant on his respect for ancient freedom.

The Prince, however, has been taught to feel that the school-master is abroad. Perhaps this is scarcely the proper moment to refer, with exorbitant enthusiasm, to the admirable effects resulting from the Congress of Vienna, which Prince Metternich has regarded as his field of fame, and from which his great wealth and dignity were derived—the vine-covered hills of Johannisberg, the friendship of his Grace, and (Gallice) the eternal gratitude of Europe. "The *division* is now complete!" was the triumphant exclamation of the Prince, as he terminated his labours. Whatever scepticism many have existed at the moment on the subject in the minds of the ignorant and unenlightened, there can be none now; and, although late, verily, this Stultz of nations "has his reward." But, it has been said (for decorum forbid that we should originate the violation of the secrets of that council of national representatives, or even disclose what we have heard, with pain and sorrow equivalent to that of the man of office, who having married a wife, in the prospect of his retiring pension, found himself under the necessity of evacuating Downing Street a full honeymoon short of the term of expected bliss)—it has been said that a scene less pathetic than singular occurred in that solemn convocation, which, in ludicrous effect, might well have become a British House of Commons. In the warmth of debate on a momentous and contested point, the prince, relying upon his state and influence for protection, hesitated not to contradict a soldier, and that soldier a Briton: the result whereof was a rather unequivocal suggestion of the trite adage of "an Irishman's sword being the key to the other world"—a liberal offer of the choice of weapons, from a cane to a cannon—with some disagreeable hints from good-natured friends, there present, of his antagonist's mattress being composed of moustaches of the slain, and his possessing the tenancy in common of a private cemetery. The prince in generous consideration of the happiness of the human race, forbore any expression of senti-

ment that might compromise that mundane felicity which he had just so ably settled; but, ardent for the emancipation of the Austrian vocabulary, his vivacious adversary appealed to his honour, by a laudatory *argumentum ad hominem*, and in giving practical illustration of the principles of a Holy Alliance, simultaneously overthrew the person and theory of the Aulic counsellor, and frightened from their propriety the wits of the illustrious members of that celebrated conclave.

Whether or not the prince was above noticing what occurred "behind his back," it is reported that he suddenly withdrew from that too animated conference, and if ever afterwards referred to on the subject, adopted, haply, the skillful evasion of the gascon, who, on being reminded by a good-natured friend that he had been publicly termed a coward, replied, "Pho! Nobody believed it."—"You received besides a blow!"—"I am short-sighted, and took it for a mere gesture."—"But you were caned, and ran out of doors!"—"My dear friend, I expected my adversary would follow me!"—His inimitable diplomacy and pure virtue on the occasion, went not, however, unrewarded by those in whose cause he suffered. The fair vine-covered hills, and proud chateau of Johannsburg were his immediate recompence, the able conveyancers of the Congress having discovered an opportune flaw in the title of Marshal Kellerman to those rich domains; and who that ever visited that spot, and beheld the waters of the Rhine, and the woods of Nassau from its terrace, but must envy its owner the fortunate assault which led to so rich a prize? The generous produce of a small portion of its vines, has been long celebrated throughout Germany, as possessed of rare qualities of intoxication, in exciting singular mental delusion and visual deception, and in rendering the sense of sight wholly unfaithful to its office. In the hands of Prince Metternich, it has become exclusively diplomatic drink. Perhaps the various European statesmen, whose errors of late may have excited hatred or contempt, might have been more properly pitied for excesses, caused by the treacherous liquor of the prince. The *ordonnances* of "Charles" had no other origin, and even the counsellors of Louis Philippe have not apparently had the resolution to refrain from the fascinating but perilous draught. The abstemious Hollander himself, when he commanded the Wallons to gibber Flemish instead of French, (as Sir Walter had previously made them do in Quentin Durward,) and when he imposed on De Potter a name, credit and influence, which but for the monarch's imprudently expressed indignation, he would have never attained, was clearly under its fatal influence. The Poles when they rushed to arms, where arms were not, probably felt the effects of the pernicious glass. The Swiss, but now tempted to the task, will shortly have to deplore their weakness.

To the same source must be referred the strange policy of the Prince himself, since Johannsburg was his, and of which he is now reaping or about to reap the rich reward. If consistency be a virtue, to it at least he may lay claim; and in respect to severity of discipline in his administration, he stands in the position of the Frenchman, who on being reproached by his sovereign, that "When once satisfied, courtiers were proverbially ungrateful," frankly answered, "That is not my case. Sire, for I am insatiable." In selecting, for our present purpose, one example from the vast, rich schedule of acts of ministerial justice, it is but charitable and candid to the Austrian minister to vindicate his exclusive title to the authorship of it—as the mild, humane, and quiet character of his master is known to be averse to cruelty; and in his qualified praise it may be asserted, that if he had not strength of mind to give expression to his better feelings or enforce his better intentions, he at least never counselled or directed the many remarkable operations of his minister's *Haute Police*. The hand becomes weary in turning over the records for selection; and Austria Proper, the Tyrol, and Piedmont and Italy press for preference on the choice. Let us take with Sterne "a single captive and look through the twilight of his grated door. The Conte di Gonsaloni, as the name imports, was of an ancient and honourable family (derived from the noblest of the Florentine magistrates whose proud office it was, in ancient days, to bear the Gonfanon, or Banner of the Church,) and in consequence of his talents and virtues, more than his name, was appointed by Eugene Beauharnois, when Viceroy of Italy, his *Grand Ecuyer*, an office in which, in his public character, he was as much respected as he had been beloved in his private capacity. On the fall of Buonaparte and the erection of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, he was removed from office, and aware that he stood an object of jealousy to the new rulers of his native land, he cautiously abstained from offence, and strove to avoid the very suspicion of interference in politics. Unhappily, in a moment of false confidence in the few with whom he was associated in a private and friendly meeting in 1823, he dared to express his hopes that the Treaty of Vienna would be loyally and fully executed in favour of Italy, and that the scanty privileges it yet afforded her might not be withdrawn. Had he presumed, publicly, to have reminded the government of a promise voluntarily proffered in behalf of his country, his imprudence might with difficulty have been pronounced treason, even by Doctor Francia himself: but to the agents of Austria, a comment on ministerial measures was as hateful in itself as perilous in the sight of tyranny. He was seized; and, after lying long in prison, brought before the Tribunal of Milan, on the accusation of being a Carbonaro (the convenient denunciation throughout Italy where crime is wanting,

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or proof defective,) and he was condemned to die. Thrice did his young and lovely wife leave his dungeon, and cross the Tyrolian Alps, to seek mercy at the hands of the Emperor; and, having twice procured a suspension of her husband's execution, returned on the last occasion with the promise of mitigation of punishment, through the organ of the minister. That promise was fulfilled—if not to the full extent of his partner's hopes, or the prisoner's merit—or if, without reference to the nature and extent of the crime, or the evidence by which it was sustained—humanity must have its due, and truth its honour. It was fulfilled. The Conte di Gonalonieri was placed in the pillory on the Piazzeta of the Spirito Santo, at Milan. He was thence conducted, in chains, to the Castle of Spielberg, and is there permitted to calculate the term of his imprisonment, by anticipating that hour "when the weary shall be at rest." It so happened that a wretched Frenchman, of the name of Andryane, was discovered, at the same period, with some Masonic emblems in his portmanteau, and a certificate of his being a member of the society "*Des Amis de la Verite*:" so the economy of justice suggested that the sentence applied to the unfortunate Conte might be also adapted to the Gaul. It was so done, and he was allowed the full benefit of a share in the former's condemnation. The simple rule of government announced by old Ferdinand of Naples, to the British Ambassador, ("Thanks be to God, Sir, here we have no laws," if it has hitherto tranquillized the vivacious Italians,) may be presumed likely to produce ultimate inconveniences to those who dispense too liberally with legislation.

In the solitude of private life and the grave silence of his home, the proud and potent station of the minister has been greatly contrasted by those misfortunes, which the adulation of flatterers, or the passive obedience of millions, cannot compensate. Married in early life to a lady of the noble family of Kaunitz—one who has been described as scarcely more celebrated for beauty and accomplishments than for her many virtues—the first appearance of the Countess at the Imperial Court of Napoleon, (whether the Count went as the ambassador of his sovereign,) produced a sensation on the *cercle* at the Tuileries, which first attracted the attention of foreigners to the then unrecognized merits of the Prince. With the termination of his embassy, however, the attachment he had evinced for one who well deserves his love expired; and, separating himself from her who was yet in the prime of life and beauty, for fourteen long years he transferred his affections to his daughter, who inherited more than the charms of one and the grace of the other parent; and during that period he never infringed the distant limits of cold respect, or violated those severe and formal observances, which, in spite of estranged feeling, honour and duty imposed on him towards her mother. In 1825,

the Prince unexpectedly and abruptly learned the illness and imminent danger of the woman he had loved, when all the feelings of his heart were suddenly aroused in their fullest force; but he arrived only to give them utterance over her death-bed. The surpassing beauty of the daughter has been delineated with great skill and delicacy by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, when commanded to prepare for the admiration of posterity the portraits of Earth's Potentates, with instructions, on his referring to an obvious difficulty, to supply all deficiency of spiritual or of intellectual expression, by an increase of embroidery and orders, must have felt all ornament unnecessary there. The portrait of the father was equally successful; for King Ferdinand after regarding it (at Naples, in 1819,) with demonstrations of awkward fear and pious awe, observed, in a tremulous whisper, "Faith, one might almost imagine the Prince incapable of tricking the world—Let us be off—let us be off—I don't trust him I don't trust him."

The devotion of the Prince to the tastes of his royal master, who had but a few years previously married his fourth wife, induced him to imitate that uxorious example; and he had already speculated upon noble, wealthy, and influential connections, when the charms of Mademoiselle de Lœckem induced him to renounce nobility for the stage—prefer pirouettes to quarterings—and cabrioles to title-deeds. Great was the astonishment, and excessive the indignation of the *noblesse* of Vienna—*Semper Augustus* was more august than serene, and declared the measure a *pas-bas*—that the minister should be *coupe*, and his agile intended *chasse* by the court. The Prince was however obstinate, and the monarch had to *balancer* between the loss of a favourite minister and the recognition of the *Saltatrix*. The minuet and gallopade were at length successful; and this union of *L'Automne au Printemps* was duly sanctioned and recognized. It was terminated in somewhat less than a year by the hand of death; and, since that epoch, little has occurred in the events of his political life, to soothe Prince Metternich's feelings for the various domestic privations he has been doomed to endure. It is now believed, that having witnessed the ruin and destruction of that costly but sand-built edifice of European government, which had demanded of him such time and pains to rear; that having survived his ministerial utility, which, wholly independent of affection, respect, or moral confidence, preserved him in his "pride of place;" conscious of the distrust entertained of him by the King of Hungary, the heir to the sceptre of the Cæsars; baffled in the success of the schemes of the Cardinal in France, in which he was happily earlier identified than the unhappy ministers who are paying the severe penalty of misplaced obedience to another's will;—he is preparing to deposit, in the hands of *Monsieur de Wessenberg*, the portfolio of his Ministry;

and intends, in the desolation of his home, to indulge in reminiscences of the past, and "chew the cud of bitter fancy" within the walls of Johannisbergh. We have scaled the fence of the domain; and shall haply, ere long, approach the edifice in threading the thicket of its woods. If our ears may catch some of the Manfred-like musings of its lord, "*Nous serons secret comme un coup de canon.*"

From the Englishman's Magazine.

### THE THREE HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child  
Who, in the morning air,  
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild  
In garlands for her hair;  
"My home," the happy heart replied,  
And smiled in childish glee,  
"Is on the sunny mountain side  
Where soft winds wander free."  
O! blessings fall on artless youth,  
And all its rosy hours,  
When every word is joy and truth,  
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one  
Who bent with flushing face,  
To hear a warrior's tender tone  
In the wild wood's secret place;  
She spoke not, but her varying cheek  
The tale might well impart;  
The home of her young spirit meek  
Was in a kindred heart.  
Ah! souls that well might soar above,  
To earth will fondly cling,  
And build their hopes on human love,  
That light and fragile thing;

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"  
I asked a pilgrim grey,  
Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan,  
Slow musing on his way;  
He paused, and with a solemn mien  
Upturned his holy eyes,  
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,  
My home is in the skies!"  
O! blest—thrice blest! the heart must be  
To whom such thoughts are given,  
That walks from worldly fetters free;  
Its only home in heaven!

From the Monthly Review.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVEN YEARS' RESIDENCE AT MAURITIUS. By a Lady. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1830.

WE could very much wish that more of our English wives and mothers, who are destined, from time to time, to spend a portion of their lives in foreign lands, would furnish the public with the record of their observations and adventures. There are many reasons why the works of such tourists should claim attention. The delicacy of the sex, in the first place, is a sure guarantee of the good faith of female writers; a cardinal virtue in the locomotive tribes; and, therefore, their statements are always certain of being received with confidence. They are also the best judges of manners—do-

mestic and national; and, with reference to the former, they have far more favourable opportunities for acquiring information than the members of the other sex can, by possibility, enjoy. Neither does it often happen that they are driven to the press by the mere ambition of authorship. A certain modest reserve always offers an impediment to their appearance before the public, and when they succeed in overcoming the difficulty, we feel ourselves at liberty to conclude that it is upon very sufficient grounds that they do so.

The critics are by this time perfectly tired and ashamed of the bigotry and the folly, the national arrogance, and the personal impudence, of some of our chief male travellers. These persons look down with a most offensive aspect of thorough contempt on all that they see and hear in their foreign excursions; an ill-dressed herring—an unsatisfactory couch—an inadequately humble bow from a landlord—seem, to such, an ample excuse for the most atrocious excesses of calumny against the strangers amongst whom such accidents take place. Then the long yarns, beneath whose thin disguise are recommended to our credulity the very concentrated essence of falsehood itself! We are a-weary of travels and voyages, the works of such pretenders and deluders! Women travellers will, in all probability, restore our affections to that important branch of literature. They are always considerate; they make allowance for circumstances; they enter into the excuses by which the people with whom they communicate, might justify those singularities of manners which others would say were obnoxious to censure; and all their ready sympathies are so amiably excited when they behold a trait of natural tenderness and feeling!

The unassuming little volume before us bears all the characters of being the production of one of that class of lady tourists for which we have professed so unequivocal a partiality. An officer's widow, the writer professes to indulge no more ambitious views, in sending forth these pages to the world than those of gratifying her orphan children. We are of opinion that what she has written will afford amusement and instruction to a much more extended circle of readers; and, with this impression, we shall make a few extracts from the work.

The writer, accompanying her husband, who was a military officer, and family, arrived at the Mauritius early in 1820. Here she remained for seven years, and so far as the country and inhabitants are concerned, she seems to have been well pleased with her residence. She gives occasional descriptions of the principal places which she visited, and praises, particularly, the vegetable productions of the island. The manners of the creole inhabitants, however, she appears to have attentively noticed. She says—

"Their drawing rooms are generally furnished in a showy manner, with a superabundance

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of looking-glasses; the dining-room is the worst apartment in their houses. The floor of their rooms is of a dark wood which takes a fine polish, and by being rubbed every morning with wax and a brush, rivals in brilliance a mahogany table; this process is performed at an early hour, and the slaves are extremely expert at it; they fix one foot on the brush, which is a large flat one, and jumping alternately on the other foot, with a bend of the body each time, pass the brush rapidly up and down the floor, with a motion not unlike that of skating. I recollect hearing a young naval officer relate, that the first night he slept on shore at Port Louis, being ignorant of this colonial custom, he was exceedingly surprised, on awakening in the morning, to find two or three negroes skating about his room in this extraordinary style. He desired that they would leave the room. but they only laughed at him, and continued their jumping, until the work of polishing was completed. Sometimes the floor is inlaid with woods of different shades of colour, in different forms, such as diamonds, squares, &c., which has a very pretty effect.

The Creoles, instead of tea in the evening, offer eau sucrée and beer; but, unless they are entertaining visitors, they seldom remain within doors after the sun has declined, usually preferring to sit out in their gardens, enjoying the air. I have observed many a cheerful looking family party so seated together; sometimes one of the young females playing on the guitar, and accompanying the instrument with her voice.—pp. 58—60.

It is the custom with the Creole ladies, not to call on strangers, but to await a visit from the newly-arrived; in conformity with this usage, I went, accompanied by your father, to visit some French ladies, to whom your father's relative, Mr. ——— introduced me. On one of these occasions, the lady of the house had lately lost a child, of which circumstance I was ignorant, or I should have deferred my visit some time longer, concluding that it could not be agreeable to one suffering from so recent an affliction to receive a stranger; however, I found, upon a further acquaintance with the French character, that their habits of feeling are very different from ours: they feel acutely, no doubt; and the Creoles, in particular, are most tender mothers; yet, in the first anguish of their hearts, after losing one of the dearest objects of their affection, they will expatiate on the subject with a fluency of speech, and minuteness of detail, which we should think incompatible with the character of mourners; these are, however, peculiarities of national habits and manners, which do not detract from the excellence of individuals: and the grief of a French mother venting itself in eulogiums on the child she has lost, may be equally as deep and sincere, as the silent sorrow of an English one.

I was but newly arrived in the colony, when I called on the lady above-mentioned, and being unacquainted with the customs of the inhabitants, was unprepared for the scene which I witnessed, and which I shall now describe.

After waiting some time in the drawing room,

before any of the inmates of the house made their appearance, at length a door opened, and a tall figure wrapped up in black crape, advanced with slow and dignified steps: another figure, similarly attired, followed the first; and I thought I had to await a spectral procession; for a string of five female mourners occupied the length of the room, at a small distance from each other. I could have imagined myself at the representation of a sentimental German play, in which the murdered victims of some wicked baron were appearing, to demand vengeance: but the illusion ceased, as in all the politeness of French accent, the foremost lady introduced her sister and daughters, and informed me of her late loss, with more detail than our habits of feeling would allow on a similar occasion. I found it was the custom to receive visitors in this nun-like attire, after a death in the family.

In speaking of foreign countries, it cannot be too often repeated to others, nor can one too frequently remind oneself, that manners are a kind of language, which should be as carefully studied as that spoken by the natives; it requires, however, a long practice of travelling, in order to become fully aware of this fact; though, without habitual attention to it, the traveller will be exposed to constant mistakes, which must make the natives disagreeable to him, even when they are most desirous of pleasing him.

I recollect being no less surprised by another occurrence in the visiting way, soon after my arrival: one evening, about tea-time, I was told that a lady had called to see me, and on her being invited to enter, I found that she was accompanied by four or five others, and six or seven children, of different ages, each attended by a negress; a couple of dogs followed: this formidable array of visitors entered the room *en masse*, the children crowding on each other, staring at *la dame Anglaise*; and their attendants close behind them, determined not to lose sight of their young charges, who seemed equally resolved to force their way into the room, without paying any regard to the remonstrances of their maids.—pp. 61—65.

The following is the account of a tragical event which took place shortly after the Mauritius had been distracted by a spirit of revolutionary disorder, after the example of the mother country:—

A young married gentleman lived on an estate in a very retired and lonely part of the country, at a great distance from town. At that time the island was covered with thick forests and impenetrable jungles. Estates were very far apart, and divided from each other by deep ravines, high mountains, rapid rivers, or pathless woods: communication was very difficult in consequence; narrow foot-paths, and devious tracts over the mountains, and along the brink of precipices, were the only medium of intercourse between the inhabitants, instead of the fine broad roads over which the carriages of the English now roll so smoothly. This gentleman's family consisted only of his wife, her sister, and himself; both the ladies were very beautiful and attractive. It happened, unfortunately, that some troops were stationed in

the neighbourhood of the estate, commanded by a man of the most infamous character. The army of revolutionized France was of a very different order from that which Conde and Turenne had led into the field; and of that army the regiments stationed at the colonies were the worst specimens, and composed of the most abandoned characters. The colonel of the military party stationed near this estate was of this description, but had plausible manners and handsome features; yet it was said that there was a certain fearful expression in his eyes which seemed to tell of evil passions and wicked deeds.

'It was the misfortune of young Madame B—— to attract the attention of this bad man; he soon took an opportunity of declaring his sentiments to her; shocked and alarmed, she shrunk with horror from the passion she had inspired in this desperate and daring man, of whom she always had an unconquerable dread. After his declaration, she shunned his presence, but refrained from mentioning the circumstances to her husband, fearing that the impetuosity of his feelings would hurry him to a meeting with the colonel, which would doubtless prove fatal to him, and thereby throw her completely in the power of their mutual enemy.

'The colonel continued to visit at the estate, and was always attended by a junior officer, who being the professed admirer of this lady's sister, became a frequent guest, and it was not considered extraordinary that the colonel should accompany his friend. The unhappy lady, in the mean time, endured great uneasiness of mind, and confided to an elderly female friend, who sometimes came to visit her, the cause of her disquiet; adding, that she had a presentiment of some approaching evil which she could not banish from her mind.

'Some urgent business obliging her husband to go to town for a day or two, the lady, alarmed at the thought of being at the estate without him, expressed a wish that she and her sister should accompany him; he strongly opposed her desire, alleging, that the fatigue of the journey would be highly injurious to her, as she was then expecting to be a mother. In vain she urged her entreaties;—he at first laughed at her extraordinary wish to visit the town, and then felt surprised at the more than common grief she evinced at parting for so short a time: bidding her keep up her spirits, he gaily bade her adieu, and, as he told his friend afterwards, saw her, on turning his head to look back, weeping bitterly when he had taken leave of her. When his swift-footed bonnet had borne him through the avenue of trees, and turned into the narrow road he was to travel along, he looked back at her for the last time;—it was, indeed, the last time!—he never saw her again.

'On the evening of his departure she was particularly anxious and uneasy, and started at every sound, (as her favourite maid afterwards related,) and expressed a desire that the house should be shut up at a much earlier hour than usual, and that every one should retire to bed; requesting her sister to sleep with her that night. As she was not naturally fearful, her restlessness and evident terror that evening excited the surprise of her sister and her maid. On being rallied on her timidity she burst into tears

saying that a great calamity, she was sure, was hanging over her, and she should never see her husband again. All these terrors and forebodings were attributed to weakness of nerves; and the delicacy of her situation at the time, and it was agreed that they should go to bed; before she retired to her room, however, she carefully examined every door and window, to be sure of all being well secured.

'Towards the morning of the following day, the blacks on the estate, aroused by the outcry of the watchman, beheld their master's house a blaze of flames; and by sunrise a heap of ruins alone was seen where that happy dwelling had stood;—all efforts to extinguish the fire had been in vain; it had been burning too long, and had too surely penetrated into every part of the mansion before it was discovered, for any endeavour to prevail against it. A slave was despatched to town with the dreadful tidings for his master, whose anguish at learning the misfortune that had befallen him may be more easily imagined than described. It was at first supposed that the fire had accidentally happened, and that the two ladies had been burnt to death in the house; but a small silk shoe, which was at once recognized as belonging to Madame —, having been found in a narrow path leading down to the river, it was then conjectured that some horrible act of violence had been perpetrated, and that the two females had been murdered in some part of the ground: search was made for the bodies, but they were never found.

'After a careful investigation of the matter, it was discovered that the waiting maid, who slept in the room adjoining her mistress's apartment, had admitted a soldier into the house, who was immediately followed by two other men, wrapped up in cloaks. The woman, not expecting the two latter, and seeing them approach her lady's room, was about to scream out, when the soldier seized her, and throwing a thick great coat over her head, prevented her from moving or speaking, and hurried her out of the house. When at length he released her from his grasp, she saw the building in flames. Such was her account; she protested that she had no knowledge of the intentions of the men who accompanied the soldier, and expressed the greatest grief at the unhappy catastrophe. Her assertions, however, were not credited, and she was taken into custody: the soldier, also, was taken up, and confessed having entered the house at the command of Colonel —, who, with another officer, had accompanied him. The Colonel denied the charge, but the man most solemnly declared the truth of what he affirmed, at the same time acknowledging his guilt, and expressing great contrition for what he had done in obedience to his officer's commands. No doubt of the Colonel's guilt remained on the minds of any; so much evil was known, and so much more suspected of him, that all were ready to believe the evidence against him; yet, such was the general fear entertained of the military, and so little was justice understood or attended to, that this wicked man was acquitted, and the far less guilty accomplice of his crime, was executed, calling on heaven to testify to the truth of his allegation, and accusing the colonel of having drawn him



into sin, and then leaving him to his fate: the woman, also, suffered death. Finding that the law did not punish the author of his misfortunes as he deserved, the unhappy husband challenged his enemy to combat, and, as was to be expected in so unequal a contest, he fell beneath the blows of the practised-swordsman.

'The mystery of this transaction has never been cleared up, and it remains unknown how the unfortunate females met their death.'—pp. 85—103.

The English government has greatly contributed to facilitate travelling in the Mauritius by the improvement of its roads. A corresponding change in the animals of burden has taken place since the conquest; and instead of almost impassable ways and wild donkeys, the inhabitants have now the luxuries of horses, carriages, and level paths. But these improvements do not appear to have raised in the population of the island, distaste for ancient habits.

'The usual mode of conveyance is by palanquins, as in India, and very comfortable, luxurious conveyances they are: the bearers are never less than four in number, and are sometimes six, eight, or twelve, according to the distance they are to travel; these men have a quick running pace, very much resembling the trot of a horse; the motion is not unpleasant, and rather disposes one to sleep, which is not surprising, considering that you recline on a soft mattress, with a cushion for the head, whilst the sun is quite excluded by silken curtains and blinds: the bearers carry a long stick in one hand, whilst the pole of the palanquin rests on the opposite shoulder, and move about this stick, so as to keep time with the movement of their feet; and they beguile their journey by a discordant kind of song, a sort of recitative, which they keep up all the way, and which, although not very agreeable to the traveller, serves to cheer and animate those who are bearing him along: the bearers are quite unclothed to the waist, and wear short full petticoats, confined by a broad sash over the hips, and bordered with coloured cloth or worsted; a cotton handkerchief round the head, or a Scottish looking cap, completes the costume. Palanquins are used for paying visits in the town, no less than for long journeys, and sedan chairs are also employed in the same way. The most extraordinary looking vehicle I saw there, was a large coach drawn by oxen, in which a French gentleman travelled about.'—pp. 125—127.

Upon that much-talked-of subject, the treatment of slaves, the fair writer has the following observations:—

'The conduct of the free coloured persons towards their slaves is invariably very harsh and severe, and they far surpass the whites in strict discipline and cruel usage; every kind of torture short of murder—and it too often ends in murder—is practised by these persons towards those who are in bondage to them; and, strange as it may appear, they who were once slaves, are always the most cruel masters. Stern, in describing the black girl who had so much compassion as to avoid killing flies when she brushed them away, remarks, "having suffered persecution she had learned mercy." Now this,

I think, is by no means the case with mankind in general;—the child who has been treated with severity and stern unkindness—"which mocks the tear it caused to flow"—who has never been accustomed to the voice of affection or encouragement, commonly grows up a selfish, callous being. I have heard it remarked, that at public schools, the boys who have suffered most as fags, are generally the most despotic when it becomes their turn to rule. And, undoubtedly, they who have worn the chains of slavery are always found the most ready to rivet the fetters on their fellow men, and to increase, by every means in their power, the heaviness of the yoke which has been imposed on those whom circumstances have made their property. Some instances of great cruelty in the conduct of those persons, occurred during our abode at the Mauritius; and it is universally allowed that they are, in their general treatment, unrelenting and severe in no common degree;—this is also the case with the free coloured people of the West Indies, and it is well known that the slaves there prefer the hardest labour in the service of the whites to being the property of those of their own colour:—I have myself heard this assertion repeatedly made by negroes, by whom nothing is dreaded more than to be sold to a black, or mulatto master or mistress: this description of persons at the Mauritius are usually very insolent and overbearing in their deportment even to their superiors; many of them are affluent, and it is said that they are fast rising to importance as a wealthy portion of the community, whilst the whites are decreasing in riches proportionably; they have, of late years, evinced a great desire for the progress of education amongst their own class, who, it will be remembered, do not associate at all with the white Creoles; and I heard that they had petitioned government for permission to found a college, or rather public school, for the instruction of their youth in the various branches of learning at their own expense, their children not being admitted into the school for white boys. I have not since been informed whether the plan is likely to be carried into execution; but it is to be hoped so praiseworthy a design has not been frustrated. With the increase of affluence, the progress of education should keep pace; when their minds become properly enlightened, and adorned with useful knowledge, they will be better qualified to maintain their due station in society, and correct notions of self-estimation will be substituted in the place of those vulgar feelings of imagined consequence, arising from ignorance, and founded on the possession of riches only.

'The dreadful practice of poisoning is but too frequent amongst the slaves:—the island abounds in poisonous plants, and their fatal properties are well known to the negroes, who make use of that knowledge as vengeance prompts. The draught of death is often administered by the waiting maid to her mistress, or by the valet to his master, and sometimes the most indulged and trusted servants are the ministers of the revenge of others, and at their instigation mix poison in the food of their owners, who take, unsuspectingly, from their hands, what, perhaps, they would fear to take from others.'—pp. 154—158.

To counteract the effect of these representations, the author, with a very just sense of equitable dealing, gives the following anecdote of gratitude in a slave.

'A lady residing at the Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward: being in affluent circumstances, she gave him, with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business; and being very industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family:—years passed away, and whilst he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty; misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common comforts of life:—this man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town and sought her out in her humble abode: with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honoured lady in so reduced a state, and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future comforts. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant, but declined his offer; he could not however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design: "My good mistress," said he, "oblige me by accepting my services; when you were rich you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which, through God's blessing, I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life, and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my prosperity when you are in need." His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed, in his palanquin, to the comfortable and well-furnished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care; his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always shewed, by their conduct, that they considered themselves her servants: deserted by those who had been her equals in her station, and who had professed themselves her friends whilst she was in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amid those who had once been her dependants.'—pp. 161—163.

There are few, we believe, to whom the modern languages are familiar, who do not know that the Mauritius embraces the scene of the melancholy story of Paul and Virginia. To the French and English, who remain any time in the island, the spot where the tombs of those lovers are said to lie, is a shrine of frequent and devout pilgrimage. But as it too often happens, the romance is destroyed in the unfolding of it. The writer says:

'In December, 1825, we quitted Port Louis, to spend the warm season in that district of the island which is named Pamplemousses, a part of the country to which a romantic interest has been given by the tale of Paul and Virginia: strangers are generally eager to hasten to the spot where they are told they will behold the tombs of those unfortunate Creoles, whose mutual affection and unhappy fate are described so pathetically by St. Pierre.

'Junior lieutenants and midshipmen, and

others of the age of romance, always make it a point to visit these tombs as soon as possible after their arrival: if they can only get on shore for a few hours, they hire or borrow horses, and proceed with all haste to the interesting scene. On reaching the spot to which they are directed, they enter a pretty garden, laid out with great care, and are conducted along a walk, bordered with bushes, bearing a profusion of roses, and having a stream of the clearest water flowing on each side: at the end of this walk the visitor sees a red, glaring monument, which he is told is the tomb of Virginia; at the termination of a similar avenue, on the opposite side of the garden, appears another monument, exactly resembling the first, which is designated the tomb of Paul: a grove of bamboos surrounds each. The traveller feels disappointed on beholding these tasteless red masses, instead of elegant monuments of Paima marble, which would seem alone worthy of such a purpose and such a situation; but that is not the only disappointment destined to be experienced by him: after having allowed his imagination to depict the shades of Paul and Virginia hovering about the spot where their remains repose—after having pleased himself with the idea that he had seen those celebrated tombs, and given a sigh to the memory of those faithful lovers, separated in life, but in death united—after all this waste of sympathy, he learns at last, that he has been under a delusion the whole time—that no Virginia was there interred—and that it is a matter of doubt whether there ever existed such a person as Paul! What a pleasing illusion is then dispelled! how many romantic dreams, inspired by the perusal of St. Pierre's tale, are doomed to vanish when the truth is ascertained!—The fact is, that these tombs have been built to gratify the eager desire which the English have always evinced to behold such interesting mementos;—formerly only *one* was erected, but the proprietor of the place, finding that all the English visitors, on being conducted to this, as the tomb of Virginia, always asked to see that of Paul also, determined on building a similar one, to which he gave that appellation. Many have been the visitors who have been gratified, consequently, by the conviction that they had looked on the actual burial place of that unfortunate pair. These "tombs" are scribbled over with the names of the various persons who have visited them, together with verses and pathetic ejaculations and sentimental remarks. St. Pierre's story of the lovers is prettily written, and his description of the scenic beauties of the island are correct, although not even his pen can do full justice to them; but there is little truth in the tale: it is said, that there was indeed a young lady sent from the Mauritius to France, for education, during the time Monsieur de la Bourdonnais was governor of the colony—that her name was Virginia, and that she was shipwrecked in the St. Geran. I heard something of a young man being attached to her, and dying of grief for her loss; but that part of the story is very doubtful. The "Bay of the Tomb," the "Point of Endeavour," the "Isle of Amber," and the "Cape of Misfortune," still bear the same names, and are pointed out as the memorable spots mentioned by St. Pierre. The bay tree, said to be planted by Petrarch at the grave of Virgil,

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could not have been held in greater veneration than the bamboos which flourish round these "tombs," are honoured with : some persons have received commissions from their friends in England, to send them slips from those trees. The plant that grows near the remains of the Latian bard is now said to be destroyed by the incessant spoliation it received from English visitors ; but the bamboo groves are not likely to share the same fate, since they are private property, and will, no doubt, long continue to overshadow the spot, and to form an agreeable abode for the beautiful birds that sport among their branches. But although the romance of the story is soon dispelled to those who reside at the Mauritius, the country about Pamplemonnes is worth taking a journey to see : it is not so striking in picturesque and grand scenery as some other parts of the island, but it displays a well-cultivated, smiling aspect, very much resembling the general appearance of English landscapes ; it is well wooded, but not mountainous, and there is less to remind one of being in a tropical region than might be expected. The village is pretty and populous, and has a catholic church. There is also a botanical garden in that neighbourhood, which, although not affording a great display of flowers, is well stocked with valuable and curious trees from different parts of the east : it is kept in good order, and is an agreeable promenade. —pp. 165—171.

We shall conclude with the account of a prisoner of war who resided near the estate where the author had, for some portion of the year, sojourned.

At the distance of a tolerable walk from the estate resided a prisoner of war from Ceylon, who had not been many months at the Mauritius, and was then living at a small but comfortable cottage at Pamplemonnes : this was Eyhelapola, the maha nilimi, or prime minister to the King of Candi in Ceylon, who had been so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of his royal master, and was, in consequence, subjected to the fury and revenge of the tyrant. The king sent an order for Eyhelapola, who was at some distance from the capital, to appear before him ; he, dreading to obey the summons, sent his wife, his sister, and his two children, to plead for him, and implore pardon :—the wrath of the barbarian monarch was not appeased by the sight of Eyhelapola's family ; on the contrary, he was resolved to wreak his vengeance on those unoffending individuals :—with savage cruelty, he caused the heads of the two children to be severed from their bodies in the presence of their agonised mother, and she was then made to pound them in a mortar ! her hands were tied to the pestle, and a man, holding each arm, moved it up and down until the dreadful task was completed : the two females were then drowned. The injured Eyhelapola, on being informed of the fate of his family, became, from that moment, the implacable enemy of the author of his misfortunes, and the friend of the English. After the conquest of Candi, it was deemed a politic measure to secure the person of this chief ; as he was much beloved by the Cingalese, and it was feared he might exert his influence over them in a man-

ner prejudicial to the interests of the English : it was thought expedient afterwards to send him to the Mauritius, where he arrived in the year 1825. Twenty or thirty Candian, or Kanyan prisoners had been sent thither several years previously, and were kept in confinement. Eyhelapola was at liberty to travel about the country, and lived in great comfort at Pamplemonnes, receiving the kindest attentions from Major B——, the officer who had the chief superintendence of the Kandyan prisoners, and who did every thing in his power to render the old chief happy in his exile : indeed many of the English paid him much attention and respect : his domestic misfortunes and altered condition inspired sympathy, and he was an object of interest to all who had seen him : he was always entitled the *Prince*, although I do not know that he had a legitimate claim to that distinctive appellation ; his countenance is very mild in its expression, but not intelligent, and his manner is gentle and unassuming : if one might judge from his physiognomy, I should pronounce him a person by no means likely to foment political disturbances, or to take an active part in public affairs : he seemed devoid of energy, and looked like a very harmless, quiet personage. Fond of children, he took great notice of those he met with amongst his English friends : my little Mary attracted his attention particularly ; she evinced much apprehension on being placed on his knee for the first time, but soon became familiar with him, and smiled in his face as her patted he cheek. His dress was the subject of your particular investigation, my dear Ellen : he wore a flat kind of hat, covered with white muslin, sometimes ornamented with gold ; his hair, which was as white as snow, was rolled up in a ball at the back part of his head, nearly on the nape of his neck, and was seen projecting beneath his hat ; the rest of his dress consisted also of white muslin, and he had a necklace of lumps of gold, each the size and shape of a small hen's egg : whether these are solid or not, I cannot say ; if they were, the weight of the whole necklace must have been very great ; he wore also a ring, the stone of which, apparently an emerald, was nearly the size of a half-crown. —pp. 177—181.

We had proposed to confine ourselves to the quotation of a few specimens, such as would give a fair idea of the manner in which the book generally is written, but we find that we have been betrayed into long extracts. We are satisfied, however, that none of our readers will complain that we have drawn too copiously from the pages of the author. They will, we are assured, be ready to join with us in admiring the power of neat and elegant diction, which the writer unites with the charms of unassuming and truly feminine modesty ; and they will not hesitate, now that they have read those extracts, in agreeing in the wish which we set out with expressing, that we had more such literary recruits from the gentler sex, as the author of the "*Recollections of the Mauritius*."

From the Englishman's Magazine.

## MIDNIGHT AND MOONSHINE.

A FRAGMENT.

O God ! this is a holy hour !  
Thy breath is o'er the land ;  
I feel it in each little flower  
Around me where I stand ;  
In all the moonshine scattered fair,  
Above, below me, every where ;  
In every dew-bead glistening sheen,  
In every leaf and blade of green,  
And in this silence grand and deep,  
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.

The trees send forth their shadows long  
In gambols o'er the earth,  
Chasing each other's innocence  
In quiet and holy mirth.  
O'er the glad meadows fast they throng,  
Shapes multiiform and tall ;  
And lo ! for them the chaste moonbeam,  
With broadest light, doth fall.  
Mad phantoms all they onward glide  
On swiftest wind they seem to ride,  
O'er meadow, mount, and stream ;  
And now, with soft and silent pace,  
They walk as in a dream,  
While each bright earth-flower hides its face  
Of blushes, in their dim embrace.

Men tell how in this midnight hour  
That disembodied souls have power  
To wander as it liketh them,  
By wizard oak and fairy stream,  
Through still and solemn places,  
And by old walls and tombs, to dream,  
With pale cold mournful faces.  
I fear them not ; for they must be  
Spirits of kindest sympathy,  
Who choose such haunts, and joy to feel  
The beauties of this calm night steal  
Like music o'er them, while they woo'd  
The luxury of Solitude.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

## NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

BY A VETERAN.

I SPENT all save the dawning of a long day of hard service, far from the din of European strife, under the scorching skies of the East. Even amidst the forests of Nepal the name of Bonaparte sounded like a spell. While his ambition was condemned, his genius was admired, his misfortunes deplored ; often have I wished to encounter him face to face ; the closest approach, however, that fortune enabled me to make to him, was by a pilgrimage to his tomb.

When at St. Helena, I started one morning with a small party of brother officers, to survey the spot where the remains of the world's agitator are deposited. The peculiarities of the locality have been laid before the public so often and so amply, on canvass and on paper, that further description is needless. The

character of the scene is profound and awful loneliness—a dell girt in by huge naked hills—not an object of vegetable life to relieve the general aspect of desertedness, except the few weeping willows which droop above the grave. The feeling of solitude is heightened by an echo, that responds on the least elevation of the voice. With what singular emotions I took my stand upon the slab, which sheltered the dust of him for whom the crowns, thrones and sceptres, he wrung from their possessors, would of themselves have furnished materials for a monument ! There the restless was at rest ; there the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Grand Master of the Legion of Honour, reposed with almost as little sepulchral pomp as the humble tenant of a country church-yard.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

I withdrew my foot—removed with my handkerchief the traces it had left upon the stone, and gave a tear to the fate of the exile. I, also, was a soldier of fortune—our party quitted the place with dejected faces, and scarcely a word was spoken until we reached our quarters.

On the following morning a French frigate arrived from the Isle of Bourbon, having on board a regiment of artillery. The officers solicited and obtained permission to pay a tribute of respect to their old leader's ashes. I accompanied them to the ground, and rarely have I witnessed enthusiasm like theirs. On the way not an eye was dry, and some who had served immediately under "the Emperor," wept aloud. As they drew nearer to the spot, their step became hurried and irregular, but the moment they saw the tomb, they formed two deep, and advanced with uncovered heads, folded arms, and slow and pensive pace. When within five or six yards of their destination, they broke off into single files, and surrounding the grave, at uniform intervals, knelt silently down. The commander of the frigate and the others in succession, according to their rank, then kissed the slab ; when they arose every lip was fixed, every bosom full.

In a few days subsequently, the officers of both countries met at Soliman's table, and after dinner the first toast proposed by the French commodore was "The King of England—three times three ;" I really thought that the "hip—hip—hurra !" of our ancient enemies would never have an end. An English gentleman returned thanks, and proposed "The memory of that Great Warrior, Napoleon Bonaparte." The pledge went solemnly round, each wearing, in honour of the mighty dead, a sprig of his guardian willow. The evening was spent in concord, many patriotic toasts were reciprocated, many good things were said, and the blunt sincerity of military friendship presided over our parting.

Q. S.



From the Quarterly Review.

**A YEAR IN SPAIN.** *By a Young American.* London, 2 vols. 12 mo. 1831.

Is this restless and roving age, this age of expedition to Timbuctoo and the Pole, when the uttermost ends of the earth have been explored, and its most secret place unveiled, it is a matter of surprise that a country comparatively near at home should yet remain to be described. It is a land, too of adventure and romance, full of historic, and poetic and legendary association; yet, withal, a kind of terra incognita—a mysterious realm, untraveller by the crowd, and where the 'far wandering foot' of the all pervading Englishmen but seldom rambles. The stream of sleek tourists, of burly citizens, with their wondering wives, their half gawky, half dandy sons, and their novel-struck, poet-ridden daughters, with albums, portfolios, and drawing books; that incessant and overwhelming stream which inundates all the rest of Europe is turned off and completely repelled by the mountain barrier of Spain. The frightful stories of Spanish blunderbusses and Spanish knives, of robbers on the highways, and assassins in the streets, of rugged roads and comfortless inns, of bigotry, priestcraft, poverty, dirt, vermin, and all other kinds of dangers, evils, and annoyances, with which the tedium of the *table d'hôte* is beguiled, deter the crowd of gentlemen and ladies who 'travel at their ease,' from venturing into that land of peril. Hence it is rare indeed, that the well-hung, well peopled, and well victualled production of Long-acre is seen rolling down the southern declivities of the Pyrenees; and those trophies of cockney comfort and cockney domination, the beef-steak and the tea-kettle, which infallibly mark the progress of John Bull, and have been introduced even into Greece and the Holy Land, are as yet unknown in the *ventas* and *posadas* of the Peninsula.

We are pleased, therefore, to meet with a work which gives us a familiar peep into that unhackneyed country, though we doubt whether some of the scenes and adventures recorded in the present volumes will not have the effect of still more increasing the before-mentioned disinclination of the comfort-loving and cautious traveller.—The author has modestly withheld his name, through diffidence, it would appear, of the success of this, his maiden production. Happening, however, to be accidentally informed on the subject, and feeling assured that the volumes before us cannot fail to give him an honourable rank in the rising literature of his country, we, have no hesitation in betraying his incognito and announcing him as Lieutenant Alexander Slidell, a young officer in the navy of the United States.

It would appear that the Lieutenant, having a long leave of absence from his ship, undertook, in 1826, a land cruise of observation and instruction on the continent of Europe, and, having traversed a part of France, entered

Spain by the way of Perpignan, with the intention of passing a year in the Peninsula.

There were two things which we doubt not the worthy Lieutenant regarded as sore disadvantages for his undertaking, but which we consider, as having most fortunately concurred to give his work the very entertaining character it possesses: the first was, that, according to his own account, he had received but an imperfect education; the second, that he had but a slender purse, containing merely his lieutenant's pay, and no prize-money. The first threw him upon his own resources, upon his mother wit, and his every day observation and experience, rendering him fresh, new, and original, instead of erudite and common-place. The second obliged him to adopt cheap modes of conveyance, and to live among the people in their *casas de pupillos*, or boarding-houses, rather than in the lordly and sullen solitude of his own apartment at a hotel. The consequence of both is, a series of scenes and character of Spanish life, taken from among the popular classes, and which remind us continually of what we have chuckled over in the pages of Don Quixote and Gil Blas. These are given with the microscope minuteness, the persevering and conscientious fidelity of a Flemish painter; but with a boldness of touch and a liveliness of colouring that prevent their ever becoming tedious. He has resorted but little to his imagination, even for the embellishment of his facts, but has contented himself with setting down precisely every thing he saw, and felt, and experienced; it is, in fact, the logbook of his land cruise. Throughout it bears evidence of a youthful, kind, and happy spirit, and of fresh, unhackneyed feelings; there is a certain vein of humour and *bonhomie* running through it also, that gives it peculiar zest; and not the least amusing circumstances about it are the whimsical shifts and expedients to which the narrowness of the Lieutenant's purse now and then obliges him to resort in travelling, and which he records with delightful frankness and simplicity; the facility and good humour with which from his rough nautical experience, he is enabled to put up with wind and weather, and hard fare and hard lodging, that would dismay and discomfit a landsman; and the true sea-faring relish with which he enjoys every snug berth or savoury meal; exulting over dishes that almost require the strong stomach of a midshipman or a Sancho Panza. Of the fidelity of many parts of his narrative we happen ourselves to have personal knowledge: having about the same time perambulated various provinces of Spain, and known some of the characters, and heard of some of the most striking facts which he records. But enough of this prelude. We cannot do justice either to the author or the reader more completely, than by letting the former speak for himself, and presenting a few of his graphical scenes that will best permit of being extracted. And first, we give a most characteristic and

amusing sketch of a French officer and his fair travelling companion, whom our Lieutenant encountered in the diligence after leaving Perpignan. The captain was one of those veteran campaigners, those hap-hazard men of the sword, gay, gallant and *farouches*, who had been brought up in the school of Napoleon, had survived the expedition to Russia, and made both love and war in every country of Europe. The little touch about his morning toilette is *impayable*.

'My attention, when the day had dawned was first attracted to the portion of the diligence in which I rode. My former companion was beside me, and in front of us were a lady and gentleman. The latter was an officer, some thirty or forty years old, with a mixture of fearlessness and good-humour in his countenance. He wore the broad-breasted capote of blue, peculiar to the French infantry, and had the number of his regiment engraven upon each of his buttons. A leathern sword-belt hung from his left pocket flap, and on his head was a military bonnet of cloth, with a *fleur-de-llys* in front. His beard was of some days' standing, indicating the time he had been upon his journey; and his long moustaches hung about his mouth, neglected and crest-fallen.—When the sun rose, however, he hastened to twist them up, until they stood fiercely from his face; then, having run his fingers through his hair, and replaced his bonnet on one side, his toilette might be said to be complete, and he turned with an air of confidence to look at the lady beside him.

'She was much younger than himself, and very beautiful. Her hair and eyes were as black as they could be; and her features, full of life and animation, were of a mellow brown, which, while it looked rich and inviting, had, besides, an air of durability. It was somewhat difficult to understand the relation subsisting between the officer and the lady. He had come to the diligence with her, made her accept of his cloak to keep off the cold air of the morning, and was assiduous in his attentions to her comfort. Their conversation soon showed, however, that their acquaintance was but of recent date; that the lady was going to Figueras, to join her husband, a sub-lieutenant in the garrison; that the officer had been on *conge* from his regiment at Barcelona, whither he was now returning; and that they had travelled together accidentally from Narbonne. The difference between the French and most other nations, and the secret of their enjoying themselves in almost any situation, is simply that they endeavour to content themselves with the present, and draw from it whatever amusement it may be capable of affording. *Utiliser ses moments* is a maxim which they not only utter frequently, but follow always. They make the most of such society as chance may send them, are polite to persons whom they never expect to see again, and thus often begin where duller spirits end, by gaining the good will of all who come near them. In this way our officer had turned his time to good account, and was already on excellent terms with his fair companion. Nor was he inattentive to us, but exceedingly courteous and polite; so that, instead of frown-

ing defiance upon each other, and putting ourselves at ease without regarding the comfort of the rest, we all endeavoured to be agreeable, and even to prefer each the convenience of his fellow-travellers to his own.—vol. i. p. 9—11.

The doughty French *sabreur* seems to have followed his own maxim *utiliser ses moments*, with the fair lady during the journey, but to have been little prepared for the natural circumstance, the meeting with the husband at the end of it.

'As soon as we drove up to the *posada*, a party of wild Catalans rushed forth from the stable-yard to assist in carrying away our team, and the conductor, who had long since abdicated his elevated station, and descending along the iron steps placed at the side of the diligence, had taken his stand upon the lowest one, supported by a rope from above, now jumped to the ground and hastened to release us from our captivity. Our captain alighted first, and having refreshed himself by a well-bred stretch, was just holding out his hand to assist his female friend, when he was suddenly saved the trouble by a stout, fine-looking fellow, a sub-lieutenant of chasseurs, who stepped in before him. This was a rough Provencal with a black beard, who had fought his way to his present station without fear or favour. He was evidently the husband of the lady; for she, declining the captain's courtesy, jumped into his arms and embraced him. The husband seemed pleased enough to find himself once more so near *sa petite*, and when he had called some soldiers, who were standing by, to carry his wife's boxes, he took her under his arm, and carried her away in a hurry to his quarters, his spurs jingling at each step, and his sabre clattering after him over the pavement. The captain twisted his moustaches, and glared fiercely after the receding couple; but as the man was only exercising an honest privilege, he said not a word, but bade the conductor hand him down his sword, and when he had thrust it through his belt, we all went into the *posada*.—vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

We cannot refrain from giving another casual picture of this Drawcansir worthy at Barcelona; it is one of those characteristic scenes, those *intérieurs*, as the French call them, that let one in at a single glance to the whole economy of life of the individual:—

'Before separating, however, we had exchanged addresses with our companion the captain, and received an invitation to visit him at his quarters. We took an early occasion of redeeming our promise, and at length found him out in a little room, overlooking one of the narrowest streets of Barcelona. As we entered, he was sitting thoughtfully on his bed, with a folded paper in his hand, one foot on the ground, the other swinging. A table, upon which were a few books, and a solitary chair, formed the only furniture of the apartment; while a schaik, which hung from the wall by its nailed throat-lash, a sword, a pair of foils and masks, an ample cloak of blue, and a small portmanteau containing linen and uniform, constituted the whole travelling equipage and moveable estate of this marching officer. We

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accommodated ourselves, without admitting apologies, on the bed and the chair, and our host set about the task of entertaining us, which none can do better than a Frenchman. He had just got a letter from a widow lady, whose acquaintance he had cultivated when last in Barcelona, and was musing upon the answer. Indeed his amatory correspondence seemed very extensive; for he took one billet, which he had prepared, from the cuff of his capote, and a second from the fold of his bonnet, and read them to us. They were full of extravagant stuff, rather remarkable for warmth than delicacy; instead of a signature at the bottom, they had a heart transfixed with an arrow, and were folded in the shape of a cocked hat. As for the widow, he did not know where to find words sweet enough for her; and protested that he had had half a mind to send her the remaining one of a pair of moustaches, which he had taken from his lip after the campaign of Russia, and which he presently produced, of enormous length, from a volume of tactics.'—vol. i. p. 35.

We forbear extracting the various descriptions of the country, which are given with considerable accuracy, and with much vivacity of colouring, we prefer dedicating the narrow limits afforded us to the scenes of busy life, and the personal anecdotes which give such stirring interest to the work, and which, in fact, convey so much characteristic and local information. We must insert the following picture of a Spanish diligence; the starting of it from the court-yard at Barcelona will remind many a reader of a French diligence getting under weigh, which may be compared to a mountain in labour, and is almost attended by an earthquake.

'The team which now drew us through the silent streets of Barcelona consisted of seven mules; six of which drew in pairs, abreast of each other, while the seventh went alone at the head, and was honoured by the name of capitana. Their harness was very different from any thing I had yet seen; for, while the two wheel mules were attached to the carriage in the ordinary way, all the rest had long rope traces, which, instead of leading to the pole, were attached to the carriage itself, and kept from dragging on the ground in descending hills, by a leathern strap fastened to the end of the pole, through which they all passed. The leading mule only was guided by lines; the rest had their halters tied to the traces of capitana, and were thus obliged to follow all her motions, while the two hindmost had stout ropes fastened to their head-stalls, for checking them on the descent. Nor was mere ornament disregarded in their equipment. Their bodies were smoothly shaven, to enable them better to endure the heat; but in this an eye was had to decoration by leaving the hair in partial stripes: the tail preserved enough of its garniture to furnish a neat fly-brush, and the hair on the haunches was clipped into a curious fret-work, not a little resembling the embroidery of a hussar's pantaloons. They were besides plentifully adorned with plumes and tassels of gaily-coloured worsted, and had many bells about

the head to cheer them on the journey. As for our guides, they consisted of a zagal, a mayoral or postillions, and conductor. The zagal with whom we set out from Barcelona was a fine-looking, athletic young man, dressed in the Catalan costume, with a red cap of unusual length reaching far down his back. The *mayoral*, who was much older, was in similar attire; but rather more rolled up in jackets and blankets, as became the cool air of the morning, and his own sedentary station on the front of the diligence.'—pp. 55, 56.

'The manner, too, in which these Catalans managed their mules was quite peculiar. The zagal kept talking with one or the other of them the whole time, calling them by their names, and apparently endeavouring to reason them into good conduct and make them keep in a straight column, so that each might draw his share of the burden, and not rub against his neighbour. I say he called them by their names, for every mule in Spain has its distinct appellation, and those that drew our diligence were not exceptions. Thus, beside Capitana, we had Portugessa, Arragonesa, Coronela, and a variety of other cognomens, which were constantly changing during the journey to Valencia. Whenever a mule misbehaved, turning from the road or failing to draw its share, the zagal would call its name in an angry tone, lengthening out the last syllable, and laying great emphasis on it. Whether the animals really knew their names, or that each was sensible when it had offended, the voice of the postilion would usually restore order. Sometimes when the zagal called to Coronela, and Portugessa, obeyed the summons by mistake, he would cry, sharply, *Aquella otra!*—"That other one!"—and the conscience-stricken mule would quickly return to its duty. When expostulation failed, blows were sure to follow: the zagal would jump to the ground, run forward, and beat and belabour the delinquent; sometimes jumping upon the mule immediately behind it, and continuing the discipline for a half hour together. The activity of these fellows is indeed wonderful. Of the twenty miles which usually compose a stage, they run at least ten, and, during a part of the remainder, stand upon one foot at the step of the diligence. In general, the zagal ran up hill, flogging the mules the whole way, and stopping occasionally at the road-side to pick up a store of pebbles, which he stowed in his sash, or more frequently in his long red cap. At the summit he would take the mule's tail in his hand, and jump to his seat before the descent commenced. While descending, he would hold his cap in one hand, and with the other throw a stone first at one mule, then at another, to keep them all in their proper stations, that the ropes might not hang on the ground and get entangled round their legs. . . . I hate a mule most thoroughly; for there is something abortive in everything it does, even to its very bray. An ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then as gradually declining to a natural conclusion; but the mule commences with a voice of thunder,

and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown who has begun a fine speech and has not courage to finish it.—pp. 64—67.

After his dismal affair with the robbers,\* the Lieutenant pursued his journey to Madrid, meeting with no adventure of importance, though with a variety of pleasant incidents and characteristic personages, all which he describes with happy minuteness. In traversing the naked plains of La Mancha, he beheld the windmills mistaken of yore for giants by the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, and which still remain battling with the winds and domineering over the dreary waste, as in the days of Cervantes. He passed in sight of the village of Toposo, once graced by the presence of the gentle Dulcinea; but he looked in vain for the grove in which the pensive hero awaited the return of Sancho from his tender embassy. In fact, the early scenes of the knight's adventures, which our imagination had been used to grace with sylvan and rural beauties, are all laid in the central provinces of Spain, on naked, cheerless plains, destitute of tree, or even shrub; and it shows the magic power of genius, that it can clothe such dreary landscapes with illusive charms to the eye of the traveller, and people them with the most amusing associations.

The author's account of his arrival, and his first sallies forth into the streets of Madrid, is full of lively and accurate picturing; and nothing can be better than his description of his language-master, Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, who may serve as the representative of a numerous class in Spain. Don Diego had been a clerk in the office of a minister of state under the constitution; but on the overthrow thereof had been displaced, on suspicion of liberal principles, and remained what is termed an *impurificado*.

\*The reader is not, perhaps, aware that on the return of despotism in Spain, juntas of purification were established in all parts of the kingdom, before which all persons who had held offices under the abolished system were bound to appear and adduce evidence that they had not been remarkable for revolutionary zeal, nor over-active in support of the constitution, before they could be admitted to any new employment. Such as came out clean from this investigation, from being *impurificados*, or unpurified, became *indefinidos*, or indefinites, who are ready to be employed, and have a nominal half-pay. These *indefinidos* have long formed a numerous class in Spain, and now more so than ever. They are patient waiters upon Providence, who, being on the constant look-out for a god-send, never think of seeking any new means to earn a livelihood. They may be seen in any city of Spain lounging in the coffee-houses, where they pick their teeth and read the gazette, but never spend anything; or

\*The account of this tragical adventure was pretty generally copied into the newspapers of the day, and is therefore omitted here.—Ed. Mts.

else at the public walk, where they may readily be known, if they be military officers of rank, by the bands of gold lace which bind the cuffs of their surtouts of blue or snuff-colour, and by their military batons; or still more readily by the huge cocked-hats of oilcloth with which they cover their sharp and starved features.

'Don Diego was spare and meagre, with coal-black hair and eyes, and swarthy features, that betrayed a mixture of Moorish blood; his dress had evidently assimilated itself to his fallen fortunes. His hat hung in his hand greasy and napless; his boots, from having long been strangers to blacking, were red and foxy, while his pea-green frock, which, when the cold winds descended from the Gaudarrama, served likewise as surcoat, looked brushed to death and threadbare. He had, nevertheless, something of a supple and jaunty air with him, showed his worked ruffles and neckcloth to the best advantage, and flourished a little walking wand with no contemptible grace.'—p. 169.

We know the original of this most accurate picture, for it was our lot to pursue the study of pure Castilian under his instructions. Poor Don Diego! Nature had certainly intended him for a higher sphere, for he had a most gentlemanlike indolence and love of leisure, nor did ever *impurificado* await the dispensation of Providence with more inert resignation. As to his outward garb, it varied with his fortune: whenever an additional scholar or two made cash more plentiful, the pea-green threadbare gaberdine disappeared, he figured in some what of a fashionable suit, gallanted his wife to the Prado on Sundays, and even indulged in the occasional extravagance of a ticket to a bull-fight; but the least reverse of fortune sent his finery to the pawnbrokers, and again reduced him to the 'sere and yellow leaf.'

Under the guidance of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, the Lieutenant sallies forth in quest of lodgings, and is conducted to the house of one Don Valentine, another of those indefinite or unpurified worthies, who have been ruined in Spain by the frequent reverses in politics. An amusingly characteristic sketch is given of his history and of his domestic establishment. As to his person, he was tall, gaunt, and bony; with a thin, wrinkled, sawn face, set off by black and bristly hair, and illumined by but a single eye. The Lieutenant dislikes his looks; abominates his long, stiff-backed boots, notwithstanding they are decorated with tassels; nor is he to be reconciled to the coarseness of his square-tailed coat and scanty pantaloons by a shirt and cravat elaborately embroidered: his dislike of the landlord extends to the house; he determines that he is not and will not be pleased with it, and is bowing his way out with all due courtesy, when, at the top of the narrow staircase, he is met full in the face by the daughter of mine host, Donna Florencia, just returning from mass.

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ed; with features regular enough, and hair and eyes not so black as is common in her country, a circumstance upon which, when I came to know her better, she used to pride herself; for, in Spain, auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty.\* She had on a mantilla of lace, pinned to her hair, and falling gracefully about her shoulders, and a *basquina* of black silk, trimmed with cords and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely, and show a shape which was really a fine one. Though high in the neck, it did not descend so low as to hide a well-turned ankle, covered with a white stocking and a small black shoe, bound over the instep by a riband of the same colour.

As I said before, I was met full in the face by this damsel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pair of stairs had given a colour not common in Madrid, and to herself not habitual. Her whole manner showed that satisfaction which people who feel well and virtuously always experience on reaching the domestic threshold. She was opening and shutting her fan with vivacity, and stopped short in the midst of a little song, a great favourite in Andalusia, which begins—

"O no! no quiero casarme!

Qués mejor, qués mejor ser soltera!"

"O no! I care not to marry!

'Tis better, 'tis better live single!"

'We came for a moment to a stand in front of each other, and then I drew back to let her pass, partly from a sense of courtesy, partly, perhaps, from a reluctance to depart. With the ready tact which nowhere belongs to the sex so completely as in Spain, she asked me in, and I at once accepted the invitation, without caring to preserve my consistency.'—pp. 190, 191.

In fine, the worthy Lieutenant, who, throughout his work, shows the susceptibility of a blue-jacket for female charms, beholds the whole establishment with different eyes now that it is graced by the presence of Dona Florencia. He finds the lodgings the very thing of which he was in search, and even more convenient than anything he had hoped to find. He at once takes possession of them, and during the whole of his residence in Madrid appears to have flourished under the single though guardian eye of Don Valentine and the gentle regards of Dona Florencia. She is a perfect picture of a Spanish girl: frank, warm-hearted, disinterested, uneducated, yet intelligent; with a surpassing fondness for fine stockings and spangled shoes.

But it would be wrong to put the reader off with this individual portrait of a Spanish female, when we have a general picture of the Madrid

\* So it has usually been in countries where the dark complexions predominate: Witness the blue eyes and golden tresses of the classical poets of antiquity—and the yellow periwigs which the Roman ladies of the imperial times used to import from the banks of the Rhine and the Danube. See Professor Bottiger's '*Sabina*, or Scenes from the Toilette of a Roman Dame'—one of the most valuable works of that equally learned and amusing author.

beauty sketched off by our author with the practised pencil of a landsman, and the thorough devotion of a sailor.

'The *Madrilena* is rather under than above the middle size, with a faultless shape, seen to advantage through the elastic folds of her *basquina*. Her foot is, however, her chief cared for, not content with its natural smallness and beauty, she binds it with narrow bandages of linen, so as to reduce it to smaller dimensions, and to give it a finer form. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing; her step is short and quick, yet graceful; and the restless play of her hands and arms, as she adjusts her mantilla or flutters her fan, is but a just index to the impatient ardour of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed yet pensive eye upon the men that surround her; but if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles, she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with an inviting shake of her fan in token of recognition. Then, if you have a soul, you may lay it at once at her feet, and are ready to become her slave for ever.'—pp. 302, 303.

The liberty of the Lieutenant must certainly have been in continual jeopardy during this long and adventurous land-cruise; and we doubt whether he has not been often captured and carried into port by these Saltee rovers.

As our object is chiefly to exemplify our author's talent at sketching familiar pictures of life and manners, which we think quite peculiar and felicitous, we pass over, without notice, his discussions of public places, public institutions, and the other ordinary topics which abound in all books of travels, and on which he acquits himself very sensibly and creditably, but much in the usual style of tourists. We cannot, however, show equal indifference to the following description of his setting off from Aranjuez, attended by a ragged misbegotten boy named Jose, whom he had picked up as a *lacquy de place*. It was an outset that might rival one of the picturesque sallies of the Knight of the Woful Countenance and the Squire of all Squires.

'After being detained a day longer at Aranjuez than I had contemplated, for want of a conveyance, my little friend Jose at length procured me the means of reaching Toledo. Indeed, I was just thinking of the expediency of departing afoot, on the fourth morning of my absence from Madrid, when Jose knocked at my door, and told me that he had got a horse for me, and that he was to go along, to bring him back, on a barrico. I liked this arrangement well. So, paying my bill and packing up my sack, I sallied out into the courtyard, to commence my journey. I did not expect to be very splendidly mounted, but my astonishment and confusion were indeed great, on finding that I had to ride upon a miserable *rocín*, that had lost its hair by some disease, especially upon the tail, which was as long and as naked as the trunk of an elephant. The only flesh the animal had left seemed to have descended into

the legs, and as for his hips, his backbone, and ribs, they were everywhere conspicuous, save where concealed by a huge packsaddle, stuffed with straw and covered with canvass. What made the matter still worse, the master of the beast, an old man in a brown cloak, held his hand before me, as I was approaching to take a nearer view, and told me that if it was equal to me, he would take the two dollars beforehand. I explained to the old man how very possible it was that his horse would not live to complete the journey; to which he replied with some indignation, that he would carry me to *las Indias*, much more to Toledo. As he continued to hold out his hand with a resolute air, I dropped the required sum into it, and grasping the pack-saddle for want of a mane, I vaulted at once into the seat. The back of the poor animal cracked and twisted under the burthen, and as he gave some indications of a disposition to lie down, I drew forcibly upon the halter. Thus roughly handled, his neck bent backward like a broken bow, and, making retrograde steps, he backed full upon Jose, who, well pleased with the idea of so long an excursion, was drawn up behind, upon a little mouse-coloured ass, with the game-bag, which contained all my travelling equipage, hung round his neck and hanging from his shoulder. Three or four sound blows from the cudgel of Jose accompanied by a kick under the belly from the master of the beast, corrected this retrograde motion, which being changed for an advance, we sallied out of the inn and took our way through the market-place, to the admiration of all Aranjuez.—vol. ii. p. 15—17.

The departure of the Lieutenant from Toledo was in quite a different style. He took his seat in a *coche de coleras*, an antique lumbering vehicle, such as may be seen in Spanish pictures of the seventeenth century, and drawn by six mules. We give the description of his travelling companions in his own words, for the Lieutenant is always inspired when dame or damsel is to be sketched. In fact, the most experienced writer for the annuals could not have touched off a female groupe more happily.

‘I was not the sole occupant of the *coche*.—It was brimming full of young girls, who were going a short distance from the city, partly for the sake of the ride, but chiefly to take leave of one of their number, who was to keep on to Madrid, whither she was going to serve a *Condessa*. I soon found, from their conversation, that two of them were daughters of the old man. The eldest a close-built fast-sailing little frigate, with an exquisitely pointed foot, a brilliant eye, and a pretty arch face—not at all the worse for two or three pock-marks—was the newly-married wife of the zagal. The one who was now about to leave her home, for the first time, was a younger sister of the bride, and the rest were cousins and neighbours.—They had all grown up together, and now, as they were whirled furiously down the hill side that leads away from Toledo, were as merry as crickets, laughing, giggling, and shouting to such of their acquaintances as they passed.—By and bye, however, we got to the bottom of the valley, and began to toil up the opposite

ascent. The excitement of the moment was over, and they remembered, that at the top of the hill they were to part with Beatriz. Their laughing ceased, and the smiles passed from their countenances, a painful expression came instead, and, when the coach at length stopped, they were all in tears. Poor Beatriz! she cried and kissed them all; and when they got down from the coach, and left her all alone, she sobbed aloud, and was half ready to follow them.

‘Margarita, the elder sister, seeing poor Beatriz so much afflicted, begged her husband to let her go along and come back the next trip. Andres would not at first listen to the proposal, but fastened the door. When she began, however, to grow angry at the refusal, he took the trouble, like a thoughtful husband, to explain how inconvenient it would be for her to go without any preparations; if she had but spoken in the morning, or the night before, the thing would have been easily settled. All these reasons availed nothing. Margarita grew more and more vexed, until Andres was driven from his resolution. He slowly opened the door, saying, with a half-displeased air, *Entre usted!* Contrary to all reasonable calculations, she stirred not a step towards accepting the offer, and her embarrassment and vexation seemed only to grow greater, at thus losing the cause of her displeasure. By this time, the old man, who had thought it was all over when he had kissed the children, began to grow impatient, and gave the word of command. Away went the mules. Andres would not part in anger. He went to receive a farewell kiss from his wife; but Margarita turned away pettishly, striking her little foot on the ground, and shaking her head, as though she would have torn her mantilla. Without more ado, he left her to her ill-humour, and overtaking the coach, caught the left mule by the tail, and leaped to the wooden platform beside his father.

‘Meantime, Beatriz and I put our heads out of the window; she from interest and affection, I from curiosity. The girls remained where we left them, throwing up their handkerchiefs, and sending after us a thousand kind words and well-wishes. Margarita alone stood motionless in the same place, with her head turned away. Gradually, however, she moved round to catch a sight of us: and when she saw that her husband was not looking at her, seemed to be sorry for what she had done; shook her fan at him fondly, and cried out at the top of her voice, “Until we meet, Andrew!”—“*Hasta la vista, Andres!*” But it was too late, he would not hear, and beating the mule nearest him with great energy, we were soon descending the opposite hill. The last I saw of Margarita, she had hid her face in her hands, and her companions were drawing round to offer consolation.

We have given a tragical adventure with robbers during the Lieutenant’s journey to Madrid. We now present, as a pendant, a comic account of another robbery, which took place on his route to Cordova.

‘Leaving Madrilejos, we travelled on, through a solitary country, until we came to the venta of Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour and was

ubbed knight errant in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking over the exploits of that renowned hero, when our conversation was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs. Here, indeed, is an adventure, thought I.—O for Don Quixote to protect us!—In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the window, the cause of this interruption became manifest.

Our four guards were flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate-looking fellows, dressed in sheepskin jackets and breeches, with leathern leggings, and montera caps, or cotton handkerchiefs, on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddle bow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch-box, and a carbine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this—such as I had frequently before seen on canvass, in Wouverman's spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes, but which I had never before been so highly favoured as to witness in reality.

Whilst this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to get down by one of the party who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession the words, "*¡Ajo! a tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!*" As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that *ajo* means garlic, and the remainder of the salutation, "To the ground! mouths in the dust, robbers!" Though this formula was uttered with great volubility, the present was doubtless the first attempt of the person from whom it proceeded: a youth scarce turned of twenty, and evidently a novice—a mere Gil Blas—at the business. We did not, however, obey him the less quickly, and took our seat as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; for he was so much agitated that his musket shook like the spout of a fire-engine, and we knew full well that in such situations a frightened is not less to be dreadful than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene offered no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visitors, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn his unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch in to the rut of the road, and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated this grasshopper attitude, and Fray Antonio availed himself of the occasion and the devotional posture to bring up the arrears of his *Paters and Aves*.

We had not been long thus, before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. The first thing the captain did, when he rode among us, was to call to the conductor for his hat; after which, he bade him mount upon the diligence, and throw down whatever was there. He cautioned him at the same time to look around, and see if anything was coming—adding, with a tri-

ble voice, as he half lifted his carbine, "And have a care!"—"Y cuidado!" The conductor quietly obeyed, and the captain having told us to get up and not be alarmed, as no harm was intended, called to us to put our watches and money into the conductor's hat, which he held out for the purpose, much in the ordinary way of making a collection, except that instead of coming to us he sat very much at his ease upon his horse, and let us come to him. I threw my purse in, and as it had nine or ten silver dollars, it made a very good appearance, and fell with a heavy chink. Then grasping the bunch of brass keys and buttons which hung from my fob, I drew out the huge watch which I had bought at Madrid, in contemplation of some such event, and whose case might upon emergency have served the purpose of a warming pan. Having looked with a consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully in the hat of the conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money, all together into a large leathern pocket which hung from his girdle and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

"*¡Canado!*"—"Brother-in-law, said the captain to one of the worthies, his companions, "take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be anything in them that will suit us."—"Las llaves, señores!"—"The keys, gentleman!"—"And do you, zagal, cast me loose those two horses on the lead; a fine fellow is that near horse with the saddle." The two persons thus summoned set about obeying with a very different grace. Our *canado* dismounted at once, and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which being unrolled expanded into a prodigious long sack, with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and with a certain and professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph cast of countenance, that in a market-place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appearance, and he accosted him with great composure. "Open it yourself, padre: you know the lock better than I do." The padre complied with becoming resignation, and the worthy trunk-inspector proceeded to take out an odd collection of loose breeches that were secured with a single button, robes of white flannel, and handkerchiefs filled with snuff. He had got to the bottom without finding aught that could be useful to any but a friar of Mercy, and there were none such in the fraternity, when, as a last hope, he pulled from one corner something square that might have been a box of diamonds, but which proved to be only a breviary fastened with a clasp. The trunk of the Biscayan came next, and as it belonged to a sturdy trader from Bilbao, furnished much better picking. Last of all he came to mine; for I had delayed opening it, until he had called repeatedly for the key, in the hope that the arrival of succour might hurry the robbers away, or at least that this double sack would fill itself from the others, which was certainly very charitable. The countenance of our *canado* brightened up when he saw the contents of my well-

filled trunk; and not unlike Sancho of old, when he stumbled upon the portmanteau of the disconsolate Cardenio in the neighbouring Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee, and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a very bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was doubtless preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion; for Senor Cunado slipped it slyly into his side pocket, and though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoken of it to his brother-in-law.

'Meantime, our female companion had made acquaintance with the captain of the band, who for a robber was quite a conscientious and conversable person. He was a stout, athletic man, about forty years old, with a weather-beaten face and long whiskers, which grew chiefly under his chin, in the modern fashion, and like the beard of a goat. He gave orders not to open the trunk of the lady, and then went on to apologise for the trouble he was giving us, and had well nigh convinced us that he was doing a very praiseworthy act. He said that if the proprietors of the diligence would procure his pardon, and employ him as escort, he would serve them three months for nothing—"Tres meses de valde. Soy Felipe Cano, y, por mal nombre, el Cacaruco"—said he—I am Philip Cano, nicknamed the Cacaruco. No ratcatcher am I; but a regular robber. I have no other profession or means of bringing up a large family with any decency."

'In twenty minutes after the arrival of these unwelcome visitors, they had finished levying their contribution, and drew together to move off. The double sack of the inspectors was thrown over the back of one of the horses that had been taken from the diligence; for in this part of the country the leaders of the teams were generally horses. The horse now loaded with such a singular burden was a spirited animal, and seemed to understand that all was not right; for he kicked away among the guns and sabres of the robbers, until one of them thus roughly handled, drew his sword to kill him, and would have executed his purpose, had he not been restrained by Cacaruco. Before the robbers departed the postilion told Cacaruco that he had nothing in the world but the two horses, and that if he lost them he was a ruined man: he begged him, at least, to leave him the poorer of the two. After a short parley, the request was granted, and then they moved off at a walk, talking and gesticulating, without once looking back. We kept sight of them for near half an hour, as they moved towards a ravine which lay at the foot of a neighbouring mountain.

'We now commenced packing up the remnant of our wardrobes. It was a sorrowful scene. Here a box emptied of some valuable articles, and the shavings in which it had been packed driven every direction by the wind; there another, which had been broken in by the butt of a musket, that had passed with little ceremony through the shade of an astral lamp; here shirts and there waistcoats—and there a solitary pair of red flannel drawers; everywhere, however, sorrowful faces and plaintive

lamentations. I tried to console myself as I locked my trunk, with reflecting upon the trouble I had found the day before in shutting it down—how I had tugged, and grated my teeth, and jumped upon it but this was poor consolation. My little portmanteau, yesterday so bloated and big, now looked lean and flabby. I put my foot upon it, and it sunk slowly under the pressure. I now looked round for the robbers. They were still seen in the distance, moving away at a walk, and followed by the horse, upon which was mounted that insatiate sack, which would have touched the ground on either side, had it not been crammed so full as to keep it from touching the horse's ribs. There was a singular association of ideas between the fatness of the bag and the leanness of my trunk; and as I still stood with one foot on my trunk and turning my thumbs about each other, I set up a faint whistle, as a baffled man is apt to do. By a singular coincidence I happened to hit upon that very waltz in the Freyschutz, where the music seems to accompany the waltzers, and gradually dies away as they disappear from the stage; and that at a moment too when the robbers having crossed a slight elevation, were descending into the hollow beyond. The *apropos* seemed excellent; so I continued to whistle, winding up as the heads of the robbers bobbed up and down, and blew the last note as they sank below the horizon.'—p. 70-74.

We are tempted to make one more extract, which shows the worthy Lieutenant in a situation of more imminent jeopardy than any other page of his log-book. He had performed the journey from Cordova in one of those huge galeas or covered wagons, which, as they slowly toil across the naked plains of Spain, resemble great ships traversing the ocean. Among the motley crew of this ark was a Spanish curate, a handsome galliard priest of about thirty years of age, with whom the Lieutenant, with his usual facility, became very sociable. When they landed together in 'fair Seville's famous city,' the Lieutenant was for seeking an inn; but the provident priest, who had doubtless been accustomed to beat up that part of the country, recommended a *casa de pupilos*, or boarding-house; where they would find 'more comfort, more retirement, and, at the same time, more society.' A barber of Seville, with the proverbial promptness of his craft, pointed them out a house of the kind, kept by a widow lady, where they could not fail to be accommodated a *gusto*—that is, to their heart's content.

They accordingly approach a house, furnished in the delightful Andalusian style, with an interior court, and babbling fountain; they ascend a staircase, enter a saloon, the windows of which open on balconies, and are shaded by striped red and white awnings; and, for the rest, we leave the Lieutenant to tell his own story:—

'There were few ornaments here; unless indeed, three young women—the two daughters and niece of the ancient hostess—who sat with their embroidery in the cool balcony, might be

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so esteemed. One of them was at least five-and-twenty; the next might be eighteen—a dark-haired, dark-eyed damsel, with a swarthy, Moorish complexion and passionate temperament. The niece was a little girl from Ecija, the native place of the whole family, who had come to Seville to witness the splendours of the holy week. She was just beginning to lose the careless animation, the simplicity, and the prattle of the child, in the suppressed demeanour, the softness, the voice and figure of a woman. She looked as though she might have talked and acted like a child a week or two ago in Ecija; but had been awakened to new and unknown feelings by the scenes of Seville.—As for the Morisca, she touched the guitar and sang, not only with passion and feeling, but with no mean taste, for she went frequently to the Italian opera. The other two waltzed like true Andaluzas, as I had occasion to see that very evening.

Such being the state of affairs, the curate and I decided that we would go no farther, and accordingly accepted the rooms that were offered us, and agreed to take our meals with the family. Nor did we afterwards regret our precipitation, for the house was in all things delightful. As for myself, it furnished me with a favourable opportunity of seeing something of those Sevillanas, of whose charms and graces, of whose sprightliness and courtesy, I had already heard such favourable mention. With these, and some other specimens which I saw of the sex, as it is in Seville, I was indeed delighted; delighted with their looks, their words and their actions, their Andalusian Spanish, their seducing accent, and their augmentatives and diminutives, from *grandissimo* to *poquito* and *chiquiti-ti-to*. Everything is very big or very little in the mouth of a Sevillana: she is a superlative creature, and is ever in the superlative.

There is one thing, however, in my situation in this *casa de pupilos* which was new and singular, to say nothing of its inconvenience, and which may furnish a curious study of Spanish customs. This was the position of my bed-chamber. It had a grated window looking on the street, and a door opening into the court-yard. Next it was a long room, running to the back of the building. This also was a bed-chamber, and the bed-chamber of the old lady and of the three ninas of Ecija, who slept on cots ranged along the room. But it may not be amiss to tell how I came by this information. Now it chanced that the partition wall betwixt my room and this next did not extend to the ceiling, nor, indeed, more than two-thirds of the way up, the remainder being left open to admit a free circulation of air, and keep the rooms cool; for Seville, in summer, is little better than an oven. This being the case, I could hear everything that was going on next me. We used to commend each other to God over the wall very regularly, every night before going to sleep, and presently I used to hear the old woman snore. The girls, however, would go on talking in a whisper, that they might not disturb the mother. In the morning again, we always woke at the same hour and with the customary salutations. Sometimes, too, I would be aroused in the dead of

the night, and kept from sleeping for hours, just by the creaking of a cot, as one of my fair neighbours turned over; or may be on no greater provocation than the suppressed moan of a troubled dreamer, or the half-heard sigh of one just awoke from some blissful vision.

We can readily imagine the anxiety of the reader to know how our modern Telemachus extricated himself from the perils of this island of Calypso, and we confess that we feel as mischievous pleasure in baulking his curiosity as did Yorick when he left untold the delicate denouement of the affair of the corking-pins. If he wishes information on the subject, let him consult the book itself. In a word, we here take leave altogether of the Lieutenant, consigning him to the tender mercies of the fair Sevillanas, and the guardianship of his friend the curate—albeit that we vehemently suspect the latter of being very little of a Mentor.

Before concluding, we would again intimate to the reader, that though our extracts have been confined to personal adventures and travelling sketches, yet these volumes are by no means deficient in grave and judicious remark, and valuable information. The author has evidently tasked his erudition to intersperse his work with historical anecdote appertaining to the places visited; and in the latter part of the second volume there is an elaborate dissertation on the general state of Spain, containing much interesting and curious matter, the result of his reading and his observations. The worthy Lieutenant doubtless regards these recordite passages, which have cost him the most pains, as the most important parts of his work, and those most likely to give it weight and value with the world. He may be surprised and disappointed, therefore, should these pages meet his eye, at finding these, his more learned labours, unrecorded; while those lighter sketches and narrations only are cited which he has probably considered almost too trivial and personal for publication. Nothing, however, is easier and more common than to fill a book of travels with erudite information, the after gleaming and gathering of the closet; while nothing is more difficult and rare than to sketch with truth and vivacity, and at the same time with the air of a gentleman, those familiar scenes of life, and those groups and characters by the way-side, which place a country and its people immediately before our eyes, and make us the companions of the tourist.

We are sure that the extracts we have furnished will show our young American to possess this talent in no ordinary degree; and we think we can give him no better advice than, in any future work he may undertake, to let us have as much as possible of his personal adventures, and of the scenes and characters around him; assuring him, that when he is most egotistical he is most entertaining, and in fact, most instructive. He belongs to a roving and eventful profession, likely to throw him into all

kinds of circumstances and situations, conduct him to every country and clime, and afford an almost unlimited scope for his talent at narration and description. We anticipate, therefore, further and still more copious extracts from our gay and shrewd Lieutenant's log-book. May he long continue his cruizes by land and water; may he have as many adventures as Sindbad—and as happy an exit out of them; may he survive to record them all in a book, and we to have the pleasure of reviewing it.

From the Monthly Review.

#### 'THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.'

'The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,  
As to the lone and solemn beach the Virgin came to pray,  
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moon-light's mellow fall,  
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was the brightest of them all.

'Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared,  
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd;  
To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,  
And her wings of snow, o'er the waves below, in pride and beauty shown.

'The master saw 'our lady' as he stood upon the prow,  
And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the radiance of her brow;  
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,  
And her eyes look'd up amongst the stars to HIM her soul lov'd best.

'He show'd her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with a cheer,  
And on the kneeling Virgin they gaz'd with laugh and jeer,  
And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before,  
And curs'd the faint lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

'The ocean from its bosom shook off the moon-light sheen,  
And up his wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen,  
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,  
And the scoffing crew beheld no more the lady on the strand.

'Out burst the growling thunder, and the lightning leap'd about,  
And rushing with its watery war the tempest gave a shout,  
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring shock,  
And her timbers flew, like scatter'd spray, on Inchidony's rock.

'Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high,  
But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd their gurgling cry;  
And, with a hoarse exulting tone, the tempest pass'd away,  
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.

'When the calm and purple morn shone out on high Dunmore,  
Full many a mangl'd corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore;  
And to this day the fisherman shows where these scoffers sank,  
And still he calls that hillock green, the Virgin Mary's bank.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### TRUTH.

FRIEND, Truth is best of all. It is the bed  
Where Virtue e'er must spring, till blast of doom;  
Where every bright and budding thought is bred,  
Where Hope doth gain its strength, and Love its bloom.

As white as Chastity is single Truth,  
Like Wisdom calm, like Honour without end;  
And Love doth lean on it, in age and youth,  
And Courage is twice arm'd with Truth its friend.

Oh! who would face the blame of just men's eyes,  
And bear the fame of falsehood all his days,  
And wear out scorned life with useless lies;  
Which still the shifting, quivering look betrays?

For what is Hope, if Truth be not its stay;  
And what were Love, if Truth forsook it quite?  
And what were all the Sky—if Falsehood gray  
Behind it like a Dream of Darkness lay,  
Ready to quench its stars in endless, endless night?

### VARIETIES.

*Tempora mutantur.*—Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Matthias, King of Hungary, despatched this laconic summons to the burgesses of Ofen:—"Matthias Dei gratia Rex. Bonum mane, Cives!—Ad regem si omnes non veneritis, capita perdetis.—Rex." And the blow would have followed on the word, had they proved restive.

\* \* \* These very beautiful verses are founded on an existing popular tradition in the county of Cork. There is not a fisherman, we believe, who visits

*Metternich*—The age of diplomacy has succeeded to the age of war, and the cabinet has its heroes as the bay of Cloghnakilly, but can show the green hillock, known as the *Virgin Mary's Bank*.

"In the bay of Cloghnakilly, which divides Ishawne from Barryroe, is the pleasant island of Inchidony. The island, by an inquisition at Cork, Nov. 4th, 1584, was found to be escheated, for want of heirs, to Queen Elizabeth, and the Bishop of Ross had but seven marks, half-taiced money, out of the same."—*Smith's History of Cork*.

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well as the field. Metternich's name is already distinguished for dexterity in council, but he is now about making an experiment in which the chances are formidably against him. The German papers say, he is going to marry the Countess Melaina Zichy, daughter of a Count Zichy Ferrara, who is young enough to be his grand-daughter. This well-known statesman is nearing the venerable age of sixty. We presume it must be his attachment to the "Holy Alliance" that induces him, at such an age, to marry. It has often been found less difficult to govern an empire than a wife. The prince lately requested his eonze from the emperor's service, and the request set all the cabinets of Europe in a fever of inquiry. That any individual in possession of so good a thing as the purse of the imperial treasury, should give it up in any case short of death, was pronounced to be an impossibility. But the secret is now out. Some time since an English member of parliament applied for leave of absence, on the ground of very particular business, which required all his attention. A member, in observation, desired to know whether he was not going to some of the disturbed districts? He was answered by the absentee's friend; "that it was pretty much the same—he was going to be married!" The prince's eonze is now accounted for.

**National Honour.**—This code differs curiously according to longitude and latitude. In England smuggling is a crime, which costs some millions a year, in revenue officers, revenue cruisers, and preventive service, and in the teeth of the three, smuggling goes on as briskly as ever. The communication with foreigners, however, is so far from an offence, that all our rising generation of men, are furnishing themselves with cigars, chin-tufts, and gibberish from foreigners, and are succeeding wonderfully in looking like monkeys; and our ladies see so much grace in a lip covered with mustache and rappee, that every word muttered by a varlet goes to the heart, keen as the keenest arrow of Cupid, and the fair one, if she have money enough, becomes the happy spouse of Monsieur Le Comte Coquin, without delay. But in China the sentiment takes another turn, as may be seen by the following proclamation, glowing from Peking:—

**"Proclamation.**—The Emperor of the Universe has issued the following notice to his subjects:—"*Smuggling is a trifling affair*; but having a communication with foreigners is a thing which involves vast interests. It is indispensably necessary to strain every nerve to eradicate the first risings of baseness or mischief.—Respect this!

**Idolatry in India.**—There are many temples in India from which the East India Company receives tribute, of which the principal are Gya, Allahabad, and Tripetty. The total amount of revenue received from all these sources is unknown; but that supplied from the following four temples amounts to a prodigious sum. Mr. Poynder estimates it as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Clear profit for the seventeen years ending in 1829, exclusively, for Juggernaut	99,205	15	0
Clear profit for the sixteen years ending in 1829, inclusively, for Gya	455,980	15	0
Clear profit for the sixteen years ending in 1829, inclusively, for Allahabad	159,429	7	6
Clear profit for the seventeen years ending in 1829, inclusively, for Tripetty	205,599	18	6
Total tribute received from idolatrous worshippers, for seventeen years	920,215	16	0

**March of Intellect.**—Towards the latter part of the fourteenth century, sixty teachers (forty male, and twenty female,) could scarcely pick up a decent livelihood at Paris: whereas, at the present day, several thousand schools are at hand to supply intellectual demands. Forty years back, the reading population of France was estimated at seven millions; it now exceeds sixteen. In 1770, four circulating libraries were an abundance; in 1831, two hundred find ready customers. The consumption of the press, so lately as the year 1814, and, independently of periodical works, was for the whole of France about forty-six millions of sheets, (about ninety-five thousand reams:;) in 1816, it exceeded fifty-five millions of sheets; in 1820, it amounted nearly to eighty-one millions, and in 1828, it had increased to more than one hundred and forty-four millions, or 300,000 reams! The reams of paper stamped for the periodical press in 1817, were 38,242; but, within three years afterwards, they had risen to 50,717 reams.—In this country, the number of newspapers for 1782, was seventy-nine; in 1790, they had reached one hundred and fourteen, and in 1821, two hundred and eight-four. The North American colonies, in the year 1720, possessed no more than seven newspapers; in 1810, the United States alone had three hundred and fifty-nine; and sixteen years subsequently, the number had increased to six hundred and forty! Though their population is but ten millions, they muster more newspapers than the whole one hundred and sixty millions on the European continent.

**Society Islands.**—It is a curious fact, that nearly all of the Society Islands at the present time are governed by women. These ladies each preside at the debates of their chiefs on the state affairs of their islands, and take an active part in them. The meetings are open to all the natives, and whether of high or low degree, any one is allowed to give his opinion on the subject in question. When a measure is decided on, it is promulgated as a law from the chapels which have been built since the visit of the missionaries to the islands. In these debates the women generally evince mental qualities superior to the men, and also surpass them in their attainments at the missionaries' schools. Since the establishment of the missionaries on the islands, the condition of the women has undergone a great change; from a state of abject slavery and misery they have become comparatively free and happy; and the first object of the natives on visiting a ship newly arrived, is, to procure a bonnet or some such article for their wives, their own wants being a secondary consideration.

**Delivery out of Purgatory.**—The Sacred and Royal Monte de Piedad, of Madrid, have relieved from Purgatory, since its establishment in 1724, to Nov. 1826:—

1,030,305 souls at an expense of	£1,790,437
11,402 do from Nov. 1826, to 1827,	14,376

1,041,797 \* 1,734,813

The number of masses celebrated to accomplish this piece of work, was 548,921; so that each soul cost 1 9-10 masses, or 1*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*

**Dew.**—The annual average quantity deposited in this country [England] is estimated at a depth of about five inches, being about one-seventh of the mean quantity of moisture supposed to be received from the atmosphere over all Great Britain in the year; or about 22,161,337,355 tons, taking the ton at 252 imperial gallons.

**Marshal Diebitsch.**—Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of *Zabalansky* (or the Trans-Balkanian,) the additional one of the *Semavar* (or the tea-kettle.)

Count Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face. He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was on the staff of Frederic. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The Emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him, that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company; for, adds he, 'l'empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'exterieur terrible.' This 'delicate hint, that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of the troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balaan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country.

"The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimate of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line. He has subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service, where beauty was not indispensable, that the late emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command.

**The Annuals.**—They have not flourished this season: proprietors, publishers, sellers, and buyers, all unite in the same complaint. We were going to say, we did not regret the intelligence—they have not done much good for art, and we know they have done very little for literature. The engravers have been crammed with subjects that must be ready to a day, to the exclusion of works of higher claims; and, we believe, they would rejoice at the reign of steel being on the brink of a revolution. Landscape Annuals are, however, yet in vogue, and the rival productions of Standfield and Harding are giving busy note of preparation.

**Soughing of the Wind.**—The people inhabiting the neighbourhood of the range of hills which extends from Macclesfield eastwards, are, at certain seasons of the year, but particularly in March, struck with sounds of a melancholy and expressive kind, which proceed from those hills. The mountain music seems to be created in this manner. The elevated range is intersected by a number of narrow ravines, which, in their natural construction, resemble so many pipes of an organ. The breeze, in its progress over the summits of the hills, passes the mouths of those ravines, which respond like the pipes of the instrument just mentioned.

**Remarkable Calculation.**—To ascertain the year in which the existing Pope is to die, take, says an Edinburgh Journal, the title of the preceding Pope, the title of the reigning Pope, and add ten, prefixing the century. Thus:—

Pius 6th	Pius 7th	Leo 12th
Pius 7th	Leo 12th	Pius 8th
10	10	10
18:23	18:29	18:30

**An aged Tree.**—A yew tree, at Peronne, in Picardy, which flourished in the year 634, was in existence in 1790—it is known, therefore, to have existed for 1156 years.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"A short series of interesting Essays, adapted to the understandings of young persons, on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, the Immortality of the Soul, and the great and manifold advantages which have accrued to mankind from Christianity; with the supposed reflections of an Enlightened Heathen in Judea, in the time of Christ." By Mr. R. Ainslie, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, author of the *Father's Gift*.

The "Mythology of Greece and Italy" is just about to appear, with etchings from the antique. The French have several elegant popular works of this sort, but in English we have as yet had nothing readable. From the industry and talents of Mr. Keightley, the author, who, besides the "Fairy Mythology," has written some striking articles in the "Foreign Quarterly Review," on the Northern Mythologies, we are inclined to predicate well of the present attempt.

It is boasted of as a circumstance honourable to British enterprise, that there are in Calcutta, in the English language, Annuals, Magazines and Newspapers, amounting to thirty-three periodical publications. In the new state of Ohio, alone, in America, there are no less than one hundred and one Newspapers, besides five monthly Journals.

"Rustum Khan, or Fourteen Nights' Entertainments at the Gardens of Ahmedabad." The Author, it is said, has resided several years in that part of India.

A second series of "Tales of a Physician," by W. H. Harrison.

"French Poetry for Children, with English notes," by L. T. Ventouillac.

Mr. Arrowsmith is about to publish the "Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography," which he has compiled for the use of Eton school. It comprises illustrations of the most interesting points of History, Poetry, and Fable.

**Lord Byron.**—A satire has been left by Lord Byron, in which the "English Bards," in point of bitterness, is only a mixture of milk and honey.

The interest which is felt in this country in German literature, particularly in the imaginative departments, seems to increase. The Old Man of the Mountain, the Love-charm, and the Pietro of Abano, of Tieck, are announced as about to appear in an English dress.

Mr. Henry D. Inglis, author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands," having just returned from a tour in Spain, is about to publish a work on that country, in two volumes, entitled, "Spain in 1830."

"Philip Augustus," a Historical Romance, by the Author of *Richelieu*.

"The Canon of the Old and New Testaments ascertained; or, the Bible complete, without the Apocrypha and unwritten Traditions." By Archibald Alexander, D. D. New Jersey; with introductory remarks, by Jno. Morrison, D.D.

A Family Library of French Classics is announced. Part I., the French Theatre, will consist of the works of Moliere and Racine, and a selection from those of Corneille and Voltaire.

"The Records of a Good Man's Life." By the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M. A. Author of "May you like it."

"The Fire Side Book," &c. is in the press.

A New Edition is now preparing of "The Deliverance of Switzerland," &c. By H. C. Deakin. In post 8vo.

Also by the same Author, a Second Edition of his "Portraits of the Dead." In one vol., folscap 8vo.

A Second Edition of Mr. Dawson's able and interesting work on "The Present State of Australia," describing that country, and detailing its advantages with reference to Emigration, &c. is now in the press.



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